THE

European Magazine,

For JUNE, 1808.

[Embellished with, 1, a Portrait of the late Right Rev. RICHARD HURD, D.D. LORD BISHOP OF WORCESTER, &c. &c. &c. and 2, a View of the ARCHIEPISCOPAL PALACE, or MANOR HOUSE, at CROYDON, SURREY.]

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At the BIBLE, CROWN, and CONSTITUTION,

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

We are extremely obliged to our old correspondent AMICUS, both for his commendations of our present, and his hints for the improvement of our future labours. These, as we are about to commence a new volume, shall certainly be attended to. We approve very much of his suggestions respecting the mode of conducting the department to which he alludes, and, as far as is consistent with our system (and indeed *our space*) mean to adopt them.

We shall not suffer to pass unnoticed the critical essays taken from the weekly paper called the News; though we must hint to the critic, that, with respect to his censure of the *vitious* pronunciation of a celebrated actor, ridicule, to be effective, should be founded upon a natural hypothesis. Such a question as,

"Canst manage to *dress* my *bird*?"

could not have been asked in any barber's shop out of *Duke's-place* since the reigns of James or Charles. It would, therefore, have heightened the humour if he had made the actor say,

"Canst manage to *shave* my *bird*?"

"Shave your *bird*!" (the barber might have replied) "[illegible] ever heard of such a thing? BIRDS are always *plucked*, and there is an excellent pounterer at the corner of the street."

The Annuity Fund for the benefit of GOVERNESSES has our best wishes; but it is impossible for us to do more than hint that such a plan is in agitation.

The Petition of ST. MARGARET'S STEEPLE we have ordered to lie upon the table.

Mr. Irwin's ballad shall be inserted in our next.

Supposing that J. DOE is the *legal* gentleman with whom we have long been acquainted, if he does not *let us alone*, we shall treat the *fictitious* practice of him and his friend RICHARD with the asperity which it deserves.

We fear that the length of the poem entituled "The Shipwreck," &c. will preclude us from the possibility of inserting it.

The *Observations on Grammar* are under consideration.

The remarks of SPECULATOR upon the picture, or, rather, the print in question, and also on the mode of treating subscribers, are, we have no doubt, very proper; but we cannot enter into the controversy.

CORRECT and *picturesque* drawings of the subjects mentioned by *J. T.* would certainly be very agreeable to the editors of the E. M.

We will endeavour to pay *all* our *critical debts* in the ensuing volume.

Several poetical communications are postponed for want of room.

WESTMONASTERIUS soon will see
We've urg'd no *dilatory plea*;
Nor do we feel the smallest terror,
Tho' *threaten'd* with *a writ of error*.

ERRATUM.—Page 378, col. 2, line 18, for *lover's* read *father's*.

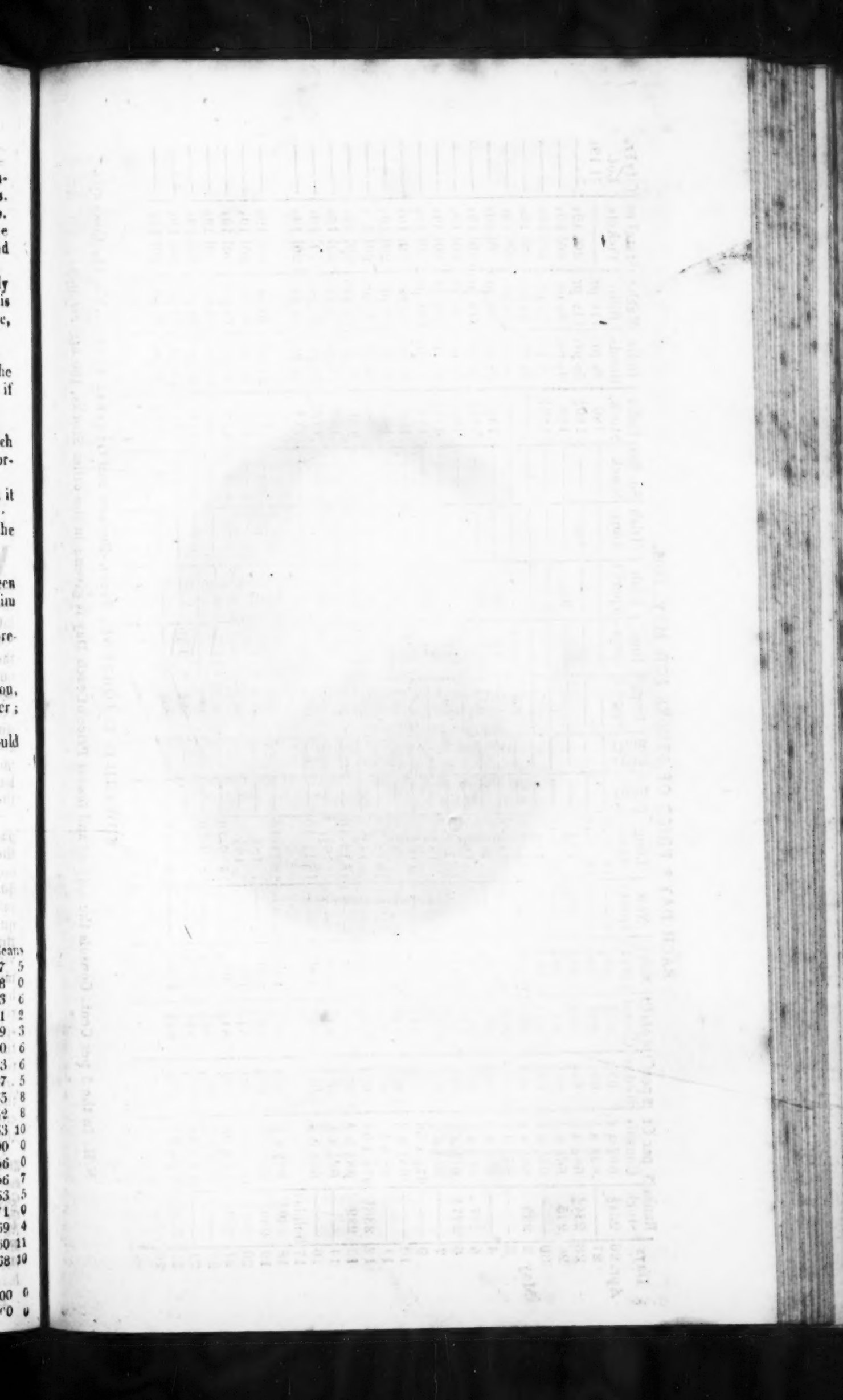
AVERAGE PRICES of CORN from June 11 to June 18.

MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat	Rye	Barl.	Oats	Beans
Essex	78 6	49 0	49 6	47 6	59 3
Kent	80 9	00 0	46 0	43 0	59 3
Sussex	76 4	00 0	46 0	43 6	00 0
Suffolk	78 5	50 0	45 1	40 7	61 0
Cambridge	79 7	00 0	45 0	41 10	64 0
Norfolk	77 5	53 0	44 8	35 9	62 0
Lincoln	80 5	61 0	46 3	40 4	64 8
York	75 5	00 0	43 7	38 6	67 8
Durham	87 7	00 0	48 0	36 5	00 0
Northumb.	82 5	66 0	55 9	50 2	00 0
Cumberland	89 7	65 2	48 2	40 7	00 0
Westmorl.	90 0	70 0	52 8	40 4	00 0
Lancaster	91 4	00 0	50 4	38 0	50 8
Chester	84 11	00 0	00 0	39 8	00 0
Gloucester	78 0	00 0	40 8	37 0	61 2
Somerset	75 8	00 0	37 4	39 2	62 1
Monmouth	76 6	00 0	41 0	00 0	00 0
Devon	77 3	00 0	34 10	33 6	00 0
Cornwall	75 0	00 0	41 2	32 0	00 0
Dorset	72 8	00 0	39 0	36 6	00 0
Hants	75 6	00 0	41 9	40 8	00 0

INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat	Rye	Barl.	Oats	Beans
Middlesex	85 8	54 0	46 11	48 4	67 5
Surrey	85 0	50 0	47 2	47 4	68 0
Hertford	76 6	43 0	45 6	39 10	53 6
Bedford	75 3	00 0	44 9	14 8	71 2
Huntingdon	76 2	00 0	46 11	38 8	59 3
Northampt.	75 0	46 0	43 6	39 0	60 6
Rutland	84 3	00 0	50 0	40 0	63 6
Leicester	78 10	00 0	43 6	36 11	57 5
Nottingham	86 4	52 0	47 6	39 0	65 8
Derby	83 10	00 0	43 0	37 10	62 8
Stafford	86 2	00 0	48 1	35 1	63 10
Salop	89 6	64 0	45 1	37 1	00 0
Hereford	76 0	41 6	34 3	33 11	56 0
Worcester	81 5	00 0	39 10	37 1	56 7
Warwick	84 6	48 0	48 3	41 11	63 5
Wilts	73 4	00 0	38 10	40 4	71 9
Berks	84 2	00 0	44 8	45 0	69 4
Oxford	77 3	00 0	40 6	40 9	60 11
Bucks	77 7	00 0	47 0	50 0	68 10
WALES.					
N. Wales	82 8	00 0	43 0	30 0	00 0
S. Wales	80 4	00 0	44 2	30 0	00 0



EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

Ridley sculp.

RICHARD HURD, D. D.

Bishop of Worcester.

Published by J. Sewell, 32 Cornhill, March 1 1800.

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW,

FOR JUNE, 1808.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE RIGHT REV. RICHARD HURD, D.D.

LORD BISHOP OF WORCESTER, CLERK OF THE CLOSET TO HIS MAJESTY, &c. &c.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

WHEN we contemplate the hierarchy, from the time of the Reformation to the present period, we mentally view, in the long series of prelates who have, by their talents and learning, adorned and added dignity to their mitres, beside those that have frequently been adduced, an additional reason for exultation at the change in the ecclesiastical system which at that period took place. The Reformation has always appeared to us not only as a most beneficial change in the religion, but also in the morals, the ideas, and the habits of the people.

When we turn our eyes to the historic pages, and glance from the seventh to the sixteenth centuries, we are frequently induced to consider (leaving out of the question the savage fury with which matters of small importance were frequently agitated, and the barbarous zeal that impelled men to endeavour to convince each other of the truth of the mild tenets of christianity by the most horrid cruelty) how little good was derived from the emanations of insipid splendor, and the cogitations of voluptuous indolence; how few, in proportion to the leisure afforded by a system which secluded one third of society, were the improvements in the arts and sciences; how literature languished through those ages emphatically termed *dark*;

"How the monks finish'd what the Goths begun;"

how commerce was deprived of stimulation, manufactures of energy, and the whole people of that kind of mental activity which leads to pursuits and researches, such as chain down the human faculties to objects of *real use*, and thereby prevents them, in the first instance, from corroding themselves, and, secondly, from bursting into those terrific explosions which have very frequently armed father against son, sons against their sires, neighbours against neighbours, and one half of the nation against the other, till the rebellious torrent has spread like a deluge, swept myriads into its vortex, and devastated the country.

When we reflect on these the tragical consequences of CRAFT, operating upon credulity and superstition, it is, as we have observed, impossible to refrain from exulting in the transition from a religious system, whose foundation is ignorance and superstructure indolence, to one calculated to awaken all the dormant powers, and excite all the latent energies of the human mind.

That these purposes have been effected since the REFORMATION (which we deem so in every sense of the word) is too self-evident to render it necessary to corroborate assertion by PROOF; though, if proofs were wanting, the labours of the hierarchy alone, in their religious studies, and in every branch of elegant and polite literature, the pious examples of their lives, and their indefatigable industry to promulgate their doctrines, would most amply supply them. When we record the names of Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, Parker, Bramhall, Hall, Wilkins, Taylor, Tillotson, Fleetwood, Atterbury, Gibson, Potter, Herring, Secker, Warburton, and Shipley, whose works display a long succession of the effusions of piety and

learning, we reflect that they assist recollection, and point to those of many other prelates who have also most eminently distinguished themselves by their piety, their erudition, their philanthropy, and true patriotism. Pleased with this subject, we could much enlarge on it, were it not necessary that we should recollect that we are not composing a general treatise, but an individual memoir, and that it is only our intention, in this short notice, to add *one* eminent name to those of the prelates whom we have already commemorated.

It is a difficult task to undertake, to tell rightly the story of one who died yesterday at an age protracted beyond the common boundary of human existence. In such a case we can have but very imperfectly the benefit either of written or of oral testimony; our subject was too lately among us for the one, and too long for the other: and the hand of time, which has swept into the silent grave those contemporary intimates who might have furnished us with genuine information, has not yet been stretched far enough to wipe away the published extravagances of unjust reproach or unmerited praise.

These observations may be applied with peculiar force to the biography of men of letters, and more particularly of critics, who may be considered as the leaders of factions in literature, and who, in common with the heads of political parties, are always celebrated or vilified with equal partiality, in a thousand petty publications, the intemperance of which must be corrected or forgotten, before the merits of their respective subjects can be fairly appretiated.

Impressed with these sentiments, we shall, in paying the following small tribute to the memory of the venerable Bishop Hurd, confine ourselves to mere incontrovertible facts. He was the second son of John Hurd, a respectable yeoman, at Congreve, in the parish of Penkridge, Staffordshire. He received at a country school of no fame the rudiments of an education which was completed at Emanuel college, in Cambridge, where he was placed at a very early time of life, and of which he became in due time a fellow. From this situation he was removed to a benefice of small value, the secluded parish of Thureaston, in Leicestershire, and imbibed there a love of rural retirement, which he avowed in very feeling terms in his dedication of the *Arte Poetica* of Horace to Bishop Warburton. His first steps towards eminence were marked out for him by that prelate, whose ardent passions seldom failed to procure a due reward to those merits which his acute and busy observation never overlooked. It is said, that Mr. Hurd was introduced to him by Ralph Allen, Esq. of Prior Park, near Bath, whose friendship for Dr. Warburton is well known; and that he had attracted the notice and the favour of Mr. Allen by his singularly elegant Dialogues on chivalry and romance. Be this as it may, certain it is, that Warburton advanced him to the archdeaconry of Gloucester, and soon after procured his appointment of preacher at Lincoln's-inn-chapel, upon the vacancy occasioned by his own resignation.

The twelve discourses which he delivered at the lecture which had been founded by his patron for the illustration of the prophecies, added to the high literary reputation which he already enjoyed, that of a pious, acute, and learned divine; nor was the elegance and purity of style which distinguished those sermons inferior to the deep research and strength of argument which they exhibited. He owed to them all his future advancement. They attracted the attention of that last survivor of the Augustan age in Britain, William, Earl of Mansfield; and at the request of that nobleman, Dr. Hurd was appointed to succeed the late Archbishop of York as preceptor to their royal highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York; and very soon after, in 1774, his majesty, with circumstances of grace and regard which peculiarly marked his perfect approbation, conferred on him the bishoprick of Lichfield and Coventry. In 1781, the king appointed him clerk of the closet. In the same year he was translated to the see of Worcester; and in 1783, on the death of Archbishop Cornwallis, he had the honour of receiving an offer of the primacy, and the still higher honour of declining it.

The remainder of his life was passed, with very few intervals of absence, in his diocese, where he enjoyed an almost filial affection and respect from all around him. His serious employments consisted in the strictest discharge of the spiritual and temporal duties of his station; and his amusements, in literary composition, and the revisal of his former works. The see of Worcester is

obliged to him for many benefits which he has left to his successors, and in particular for a library in Hartlebury Castle, which he has dedicated to their use. If this library includes his own private collection, it must be indeed an inestimable treasure, for he possessed, by purchase, the books of Bishop Warburton, which included those of Pope.

He died unmarried at Hartlebury, on Saturday, the 6th of June, in the present year, in the eighty-ninth year of his age.

Of his familiar and domestic story we know little; for, as has been already observed, he outlived, generally speaking, those who might have furnished us with such intelligence. In the manuscript diary of a late literary friend, the following memorandum occurs: "Dined in company with Bishop Hurd, and Ross, Bishop of Exeter, at Mr. Burrell's, in Harley-street, the 7th of February, 1784—Hurd is a man of pleasing appearance, good countenance, and genteel address, but of very few words; at least he said but little that day." His literary history is, in fact, the history of his life; and we shall look forward with an anxious hope to an impartial and justly critical publication of it. The limits of this work, both as to time and space, while they confine us almost to a mere catalogue of his works, may save us from the imputed arrogance of disquisitions to which we are, perhaps, unequal.

His first publication was Horace's Epistle to the *Pisos*, in 1749, which was reprinted, together with the epistle *ad Augustum*, in 1753, in two octavo volumes, with an English commentary and notes. This work, various editions of which have since appeared, in three small volumes, in octavo, is esteemed one of the most acute and classical pieces of criticism ever produced by an English writer. Of his Letters on Chivalry and Romance, and of their fortunate effect, I have already spoken: they were republished in 1765, together with his Moral and Political Dialogues, in three small volumes, each of them having before appeared anonymously. About the same time, Mr. Hume put forth his Essay on the Nature and History of Religion, which, while it surprised the indifferent, offended the pious. Dr. Hurd answered it with a boldness and perspicuity which suited his calling and his talents, and drew on himself a bitter invective from Hume, who, in his rejoinder, charges him with "all the illiberal petulance, arrogance, and scurrility of the Warburtonian school."

The twelve Discourses at Bishop Warburton's Lectures for Lincoln's-inn Chapel, have been mentioned before: they were published in 1772. Some passages in them attacked by a Mr. Evanson, who had been a clergyman of the established church, and was then labouring to justify his secession from it, by a sort of nibbling criticism on the theological works of eminent orthodox writers: to this person, we believe, Dr. Hurd returned no answer. He was then employed in a work which, though of a different cast from the generality of his literary occupations, was not less suited to the character of his talents, "Select Works of Abraham Cowley," with a preface and notes, which appeared also in 1772, in two small octavo volumes. In 1776, he published a volume of Sermons preached at Lincoln's-inn Chapel, between the years 1765 and 1776; to which, in 1781, he added two more. It is needless to dwell on the praise of Bishop Hurd's pulpit discourses, as their elegance and their energy have long combined to render them deservedly popular.

His largest work appeared in 1788: this was, an edition of the works of Bishop Warburton, in seven volumes, in quarto, with a supplemental volume, in octavo; to the purchasers of which he then promised to deliver, at a future time, some account of the life and writings of that remarkable person: that promise, however, was never performed. He printed, in 1794, a discourse to that purpose, in a quarto pamphlet, by way of preface to the splendid book of which we are speaking; but it was never sold: and the suppression of it was made the subject of many paltry reflections, no sooner published than forgotten by all but the authors of them. The recollection, however, of those pointless shafts leads us to mention the only ground on which this prelate, not less distinguished by his talents than by the sweetness of his character, ever sustained an attack with any colour of justice. While he idolized the profound abilities of Warburton with all the enthusiasm of congenial acuteness and erudition, he loved him with all the force and vehement ardour of pure gratitude. Warburton's passions knew no medium: he either loved or hated; and in hatred, at least, the world will always be even with us. He left many bitter enemies: Bishop Hurd undertook the arduous

task of defending his memory against them, and involved himself in the post-humous persecution. In this spirit he published, in the early part of his life, a pamphlet, entituled, "An Essay on the Delicacy of Friendship," intended to arraign the conduct of Dr. Jortin, who had ventured to utter some sort of censure on his patron; and this pamphlet the bishop, in his cooler moments, took great pains to re-collect and destroy. This amiable disposition, which, perhaps, he indulged too far, drew down (or, perhaps, rather up) on him, in his latter years, a bitter attack from a celebrated literary meteor, which occasionally condescends to illumine the utter darkness that he thinks surrounds us in his absence. Bishop Hurd was his equal in learning and in criticism; in piety, morals, and urbanity, he had no superior.

Before we close this sketch, it will be necessary to make one observation on the portrait of the good bishop which forms its embellishment. The beautiful miniature from which this plate was copied was lent to the late Mr. Sewell, under a strict injunction that the print should never be published during the life of the prelate. It was finished and worked off, and, upon the transfer of the property of this Magazine, came, of course, into the hands of Mr. Asperne; which is the reason why the name of the original proprietor still appears on the engraving.

On Comets.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

YOUR correspondent EXPOSITUS having given range to his fancy upon the nature of comets, permit me to state what Sir Isaac Newton and other astronomers have said upon the same subject. Comparing our own ideas with those of the best authors, without any partiality, is the best means for leading us from those errors which men have fallen into by their own obstinate opinions.

Comets have been for ages regarded as portending war or some great calamity; even the vulgar of the present day suppose them to have influences which are entirely groundless. For instance, the extreme heat of the weather, last year, was said to be owing to a comet. They have as much reason to say, that the coldness of the winter is owing to the absence of a comet. The origin of these false notions, I suppose, is owing to some calamity which happened at the time some one of those bodies had made its appearance. What they and their tails are composed of, has been, in all ages, a matter of great dispute. Sir Isaac Newton's system of the heavens has ever been accepted as the clearest of any that has hitherto been formed: I shall, therefore, mention what he says upon comets, and, afterwards, what may not be called objections to his theory *of those bodies*; but far be it from me to oppose that glorious system of gravity which has been accepted by almost all nations, with regard *to the planets*. To the theory of the latter bodies, I do not think there have been any objections; but as for that of the former, I confess I am at a loss to comprehend it. He, in the first place, supposes comets to move round the sun in eccentric ellipses, which, as there have been no material objections to it, will be granted. As for the tail, he thinks the atmosphere of the comet will furnish a sufficient quantity of vapour to form it, for, the atmosphere of the earth, at a distance, is extremely rare, and, therefore, the tail of the comet being so long, of course, extremely rare, he thinks it is easy to account for the stars being seen through it. He supposes the ascent of vapour in the tail to be caused by the immense heat of the sun at the comet's perihelium, and the motion of it round the sun; and, as it is observed to be much longer when the comet is near the sun than at any other time, it may be accounted for in this manner. He supposes the sun to have an atmosphere; now, if any thing that is of less specific gravity than the substance in which it moves, ascend, then, as the tail of the comet is of less specific gravity than the atmosphere of the sun, of course it must ascend. It may, from hence, be accounted for, why the comet's tail keeps a direction opposite to the sun. An assertion which Sir Isaac Newton makes as to the centrifugal and centripetal forces of the comet, I cannot comprehend: he says, that when the comet arrives at its perihelium, it receives a great projectile force, which throws it forward, notwithstanding the centripetal force, into the regions of space, and, having gone, one would think, almost out of the reach of the sun's attraction, the centripetal force overcomes the centrifugal, at the time the comet is attracted least by the sun, and it descends again to that body; when, on the other hand, it is attracted

most by that luminary, the centrifugal overcomes the centripetal, and the comet flies off again; and, thus it is continually. He also says, that the cause of the tail being seen, is, that it reflects the rays of the sun. It is, however, known, that the fixed stars can be seen through the tail of the comet, and, if it reflects the rays of the sun, it must also reflect the rays of the fixed stars; but, we find, as above, that is not the case. From this last objection it was supposed to be a self-shining substance. Sir Isaac Newton believes that the comets are necessary for preserving the moisture of the planets, for, what is evaporated by putrefaction, and other natural causes, is supplied by the vapours of the comets; but, here, I think, he is mistaken, because, in evaporation, the water will remain suspended in the atmosphere, in the same specific gravity of the air as itself, and never ascend higher, consequently it must remain near the earth; for vapour is about the same specific gravity as the air about two or three miles above the ground. As the rarefaction of the air increases, according to the distance from the earth, the most intense heat could not cause vapour to ascend above five or six miles. He farther thinks that the spirit which makes the finest, subtilest, and best part of our air, and which is absolutely required for the life and being of all things, comes principally from the comets; whereas, modern chymistry has taught that it is composed of two or three different substances, which are generated from the earth.

But, if the comet's tail is caused by the immense heat of the sun, at its perihelium, and the swiftness with which it moves round that body, and if seen at a much greater distance from the sun than Mercury, why (as your correspondent rightly observes) is there not a tail to that planet?—Is not the following theory of comets by Mr. Brydone much more conclusive? It is well known, that, in electricity, when a body is charged with the same quantity of the electric fluid as another, they repel each other; and, when one is charged with more than the other, they attract each other. Now, he supposes the sun to be covered with the electric fluid, and when the comet arrives at the sun, he supposes it to be changed, with the fluid, from that luminary, and, consequently repelled from him, and, after having gone in the regions of space, and discharged the electric fluid to the neighbouring planets, it returns to him again by the above-mentioned principle, receives a fresh quantity repelled by him, and so on. This appears to be the most reasonable system; as it accounts for the various phenomena of those bodies, such as the cause of the vapours which form the tail being seen, &c. But, one great objection even to this hypothesis, is, that, although, by it, the motion of the *comets* can be explained, yet, that of the *planets* cannot.

Though some of the objections which I have mentioned to Sir Isaac Newton's theory of the comets were made by Dr. Hamilton, of Dublin, and Mr. Brydone, I must confess that they seem to be just, and, therefore request any of your correspondents to satisfy me respecting them; which will oblige

Yours, &c.

February 11, 1808. COMETARIUS.

ESSAY *on* VERSIFICATION.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR, *T——ll, May* 12.

YOUR work is general in its plan, and liberal in its conduct: you have been sufficiently candid to admit the remarks of an intelligent correspondent on an article of your poetical department, and will, therefore, I presume, feel no reluctance to introduce some observations on the laws of metre in the modern languages; more especially as they have been glaringly violated in contemporary miscellanies, and, as some ingenious specimens of that nature have been inserted in your own.

That the feminine *e* has the force of a syllable, in French poetry, will be allowed by every scholar, who is already aware, from Mr. Tyrwhitt's preface to Chaucer, that it formerly existed in our own to a considerable extent. For this reason, I was much amused on reading the following lines, in the Gentleman's Magazine for February, as a poetical compliment from a lover to his mistress;

Cherē Laure, oh c'est que ie t'adore!—
De l'union sainte les douces prémices, &c.

This metre is apparently intended for eight syllables: but, owing to the excess of the feminine *e* that I have *marked*, it evidently includes *nine* and *ten*. This vowel added to words in the French, frequently gives them the same number of syllables as in their etymon from the Italian and Latin languages; as *cherē*, *cara*, *graces*, *grazie*. Indeed, without attention to this circumstance, them be-

roic verse (which we term Alexandrine) will be frequently converted into Anapæstic, as in

Je chante le heros qui regna sur la France,

which is analogous to

"A cobler there was, and he liv'd in a stall;"

unless the *e* in *chante* be pronounced. Let us but imagine that Dryden's Virgil were written in this species of metre, and consider the effect it would produce.

If authority be required for these assertions, any well-informed native of France can verify them: but the English reader may consult l'Abbé Olivet on French Prosody, and Voltaire. The latter, moreover, says,—"*Nos rimes feminines terminées toutes par un* e *muet, font un effet très desagréable dans la musique. Le chanteur est absolument obligé de prononcer* e—u."—*Mélanges de Littérature.*—[*Réponse à M. l'Abbé Olivet.*] It appears, from the same author, that four masculine rhymes together are not admissible in French versification, but a proper mixture of these, and of feminine terminations.

Since the mechanism of verse, sir, has employed the pens of our first critics, indulge me in some farther consideration on this point. The anapæstic is employed with propriety in any hasty or rapid emotion, wish, or effect: Beattie's Hermit forms no exception, as it betokens a series of ardent reflections in the mind of a recluse, who is giving way to lofty contemplation. Neither can any argument be drawn from the different effect of the anapæstic and iambic in *ancient* metre; since we have irrevocably lost that *accent* which qualified it. To compare the iambic measure to the monotonous one of

Ti—tum, titum, &c. [et pudet et referam!]

although in a magazine of "superior literary character" [Athenæum, vol. II. p. 231], I scruple not to characterize as equally prejudiced and absurd. Verse is not scanned, but *read*, in compound feet, or pauses: take, as example, the subsequent verses of Tickell.

Farewell! | whom join'd in love | in friendship tried, |
No chance could sever, | nor the grave divide!

Elegy on Addison.

What reader of taste could utter these lines otherwise? and the iambics of the ancients, if *thus* delivered, would almost justify the classical author of Metron Ariston.

So well are the moderns acquainted with the nature of the anapæstic, that Metastasio introduces it to implore *relief* from a deity, which every votary naturally wishes to be *rapid*.

Dagli as | tri disceń | di,
O nu | me giocsn | do,
Ris toro del mondo,
Compagno d' amor!

Alessandro, fine del alt. 3.

I merely add one or two niceties of Gallic verse, because the subject is not generally studied. In modern times, I believe, without exception, the feminine *e* is elided before a vowel; but, this did not always take place formerly.—Thus, Voiture, in eight syllable verse:

Ou, pour en parler comme il faut,
Angélique avec Renaud.

[*Epistre à M. de Colligny*].

Again, Voltaire, in heroic metre:

Votre nuit est venue après le beau jour.

[*Le Russe à Paris*].

Un chef, un soldat, un citoien, un maitre..

Henricide, 7. v. 445.

The following may serve as examples of the proper mode of reading eight-syllable metre.

Colas est mort de maladie;
Tu veux que j'en pleure le sort,
Que diable veux tu que j'en die,
Colas vivait, Colas est mort.
Gentille Agnes, plus d'honneur tu merites,
La cause tant de France recouvrer:
Que ce que peut dedans un cloitre ouvrer,
Close nonnain ou bien dévot hermite.

[*Verses written by Francis I. on Agnes Sorel.*]

In dactylics, to express impetuous emotion or effect, the ancients and moderns agree; as in Virgil's Eneid, and Carlo Goldonis Vittorena.—(Atto 2.)

Die, quibus imperium est animarum umbraque silentes!
Il cielo turbido
Di nubi carico,
Rimpiuti avevaci
Con nere tenebre.

We may also observe, that, in addressing the deity, Metastasio begins with a spondee, on account of the sublimity of the subject.

To account for our emotions from principle as well as practice has ever been deemed a worthy object of criticism; and, our "labour of love," Mr. Editor, may not be considered as lost, if, in protecting an elegant modern language from misrepresentation, we show ourselves assiduously VIGILANT.

NOURMAHAL,
EMPRESS OF HINDOSTAN.

A MELO DRAMA.

IN TWO ACTS.

WITH SONGS, DANCES, &c.

BY JOSEPH MOSER, ESQ.

Act II. Scene I.

The garden of the palace of Agra. Through a long vista of trees the back front of the palace appears, behind the wing of which are seen the rays of the declining sun. On the fore ground are stages of the most beautiful flowers and shrubs: a pagod is seen at a distance; and the side scenes represent statues, vases, trees in blossom, &c. &c.

Enter ZEID *and* MOULTAN.

Zeid.

OH, my friend Moultan, I am glad that I could at last retire, not only from the presence, but from the noise and acclamations of the people, and within the enclosure of this garden, while I seek repose, endeavour to recover from my amazement.

Moultan. While I have been obliged to relieve the guard, you have continued at court.

Zeid. I have.

Moultan. Strange things are frequently seen there; therefore I do not wonder that you seem surprised.

Zeid. Surprise is, my friend, too cold a term to express my astonishment at the events that were crowded into those hours which have elapsed since the infatuated Gehanguire resigned his crown to the fascinating Nourmahal.

Moultan. Yet is your astonishment more than equalled by the approbation of the people.

Zeid. Granted: a rapid succession of events, whatsoever may be their tendency, never fail to make an impression on the public mind.

Moultan. But those that have occurred during the short domination of Nourmahal are, in their nature, so stupendous, that they seem, by the celerity of their progress, compared with their importance, to have bid defiance to the rapidity of time, and, in a few hours, to have effected, in the renovation of the Mogul empire, what imagination would have supposed to have been the work of ages.

Zeid. Yet, my friend, the celerity of the change effected by Nourmahal has been entirely owing to the zeal and enthusiasm with which the people have obeyed her commands. In her capacious mind, the whole business of those transactions had long been arranged; the mandates by which the grand vizier, and the whole of the Divan, who were very generally hated, were displaced, have long been prepared, as have the appointments of their successors; they only waited her royal signature. The firmans, directed to the nabobs, rajahs, and omrahs, in the distant provinces, were ready for execution the moment she ascended the throne: the plans of civil, military, and domestic regulation had been privately drawn under her immediate inspection; they had been long the subjects of her deepest consideration and her greatest care, and only waited for the touch of her sceptre to render them efficient.

Moultan. But what an astonishing mind must that be which could form those plans, and make those arrangements; that could, from observation, and probably information, pervade every system of abuse, and from the energy of its own talents prepare the appropriate remedies?

Zeid. And this not the capacious mind of an ancient statesman, long observant of human events and human actions, long conversant with the rise and fall of kingdoms, the revolutions of politics, and the fluctuations of parties, but of a beautiful young female, born and educated in a distant province, and in a situation comparatively humble. What stronger proof can we, therefore, have of the predominance of genius over even learning and assiduity; or, in other words, of the dictates of nature over the documents of art?

Moultan. This, O Zeid, is true: the mind of Nourmahal is rather inspired than taught. Her fame will descend to the latest posterity, and ages yet unborn will bless her memory.

Zeid. The applause of posterity she has, indeed, secured, in a manner as daring and as ingenious as any other part of her conduct.

Moultan. Her actions will speak to every age and nation.

Zeid. True: but general applause, however desirable, would not suffice ambitious Nourmahal: she had determined, that not only her merit but her countenance should live for ever.

Moultan. As how? Explain.

Zeid. When she had regulated the whole concerns of the empire, she turned her attention to the coinage.

Moultan. The coinage?

Zeid. Yes: behold these pieces.

Moultan. These, indeed, are beautiful, inasmuch as they exhibit the portrait of the lovely Nourmahal.

Zeid. They do: while her exalted views were in contemplation, she had the preparation made for stamping them the moment of her accession to the throne. Observe the dates and the legends: the reverse of the gold bears the image of our solar deity mounted on a lion; the silver, the goddess of the moon riding upon an antelope: the smaller pieces, different planetary emblems, and in the series is displayed the whole Indian zodiac.

Moultan. My wonder increases with every accent you breathe.

Zeid. So, when the account of her transactions was detailed to him, did that of Gehanguire. As the events of her short reign crowded upon his mind, his passions rose to an ecstacy of astonishment: therefore, when she attempted to resign her sceptre, he folded her in his arms, and exclaimed, "My lovely Nourmahal, first of womankind, retain the sceptre which you so well deserve to wield, and for the future share with me in the honours and cares of a situation that you are so well qualified to adorn."

Moultan. This approbation was flattering.

Zeid. "I have," he continued, "considered the change that you have almost instantaneously effected, and, while I am astonished at the stupendous attempt, am prepared to rejoice in the success of your measures, as they at once tend to ensure the safety of the people, and increase the glory of the monarch."

Moultan. Did he notice the coinage?

Zeid. He did: he said, "perhaps that assumption is in a small degree reprehensible, but I can discern in it the traces of a sublime and elevated mind, panting to reach posterity; therefore, from this hour, you reign my equal; though I have little doubt but your genius in the active and executive part of your arduous task will rise as superior to mine as your beauty is to that of your sex."

Moultan. Then on this solemn occasion the rejoicings were renewed?

Zeid. Certainly: the most unbounded hilarity reigns throughout the district. (*Shouts.*) You hear the bursts of public joy; they pervade even the recesses of the palace garden: the bostangis and female slaves have caught the passion which agitates the bosoms of the people, and, as I guess, will soon be here to display the effects of it.

[*Flourish of trumpets: shouts and acclamations without, "Long live illustrious* NOURMAHAL *our Empress!" repeated.*

Moultan. As they approach, let us, my friend, retire: those persons who have the least concern in the change, seem inclined to make the most noise about it.

Zeid. The very sound of liberty is pleasing, even in a land of slaves.

"Oh Liberty! thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight."
Fairest of visions, thy idea charms;
Thy fond pursuit the coldest bosom warms:
For thee the sailor ev'ry tempest braves;
Thy trophied symbols mark our heroes' graves:
Thou ardent passion, universal grasp,
Tho' oft a cloud we for thy substance clasp.

[*Exeunt* ZEID *and* MOULTAN.

Scene II.

Enter HERMAN, FORO, SERIM, ALIDA, CORA, *and* LYRA.

Foro. I say, if Captal himself, or the omrah who is his master, was to say, "Why, honest Foro" (they always speak to me with respect, because they know my virtues), "honest Foro," then, if either of them was to say, "get the borders cleared, the alleys swept, and the plants watered," may *Jug Soom* bear me aloft in his talons, and cover me with his sooty wings, till I had mounted——

Alida. How high?

Foro. Why, as high as the eastern pagod. This girl always interrupts me. Where was I?

Alida. Why aloft, as high as the eastern pagod——

Foro. Pshaw! but, as I was saying, if the black angel was to threaten to fly away with me, as he does with idle slaves, I would not work any more to day.

Alida. No!

Foro. No! so there goes my shovel and broom (*throwing them*). There, you inanimate blocks, rest in peace, while I rejoice and caper in noise.

Herman. There, my beloved waterpots, stand there (*setting down the pots*). Your bellies are quite full. Stand there,

I say, till you are called for, or till I, your governor, command you to move. I must say a word or two to the plants, because Simo, the philosopher, says, that they have souls, and passions, and what not; therefore,

Lovely plants, if you're dry,
You know where to apply,
For liquor is nigh.

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Alida. As we are all in such a merry humour, I don't see why our rakes should not enjoy themselves as well as the rest: so I think we must give them a holiday, and leave them.

Foro. There is but one reason why you should not leave them, fair Alida.

Alida. What is that, wise Foro?

Foro. Because, when ladies make holiday, they like to have their *rakes* to accompany them.

Serim. Good!

Alida. It may be good, but it is not true; for we shall throw our rakes by, like discarded lovers.

Cora. And, to shew the world that we suffer no danglers, lie thou there! [*Throws down her rake.*

Alida. Let my worn-out rake keep him company. [*Throws down hers.*

Lyra. And mine support him. [*Throws down hers.*

Herman. That's right, my little Lyra! but a truce with your tongues, or, at least, suffer your feet to run as fast; therefore, a dance, a dance, I say. [*Music.*

Lyra. Your water-pots shall dance sooner than we will, until we have a song: so, lovely Alida, begin.

ALIDA *sings.*

Superb the crown imperial glows,
Surmounted by an emerald crest,
While close, behold the damask rose,
Whose blushes seem but half suppress'd,
Symbolic of the splendid ball,
Where Daria stands by Nourmahal.

LYRA.

Pinks, jessamine, lilies, bescatter'd around,
Are emblems of flowers at court;
While posies like us do on commons abound,
To shew that gay nature loves sport.

CHORUS.

Then let us with garlands bedizen each other,
While we pay our devotions to Nature, our mother.
Then let, &c.

A DANCE.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A magnificent hall in the palace of KOURAM, *ornamented with hunting trophies: the skins of lions and tigers displayed upon the columns: arms and implements belonging to the chase upon the walls.*

Enter KOURAM, BYRAM, *and* YEZID.

Kouram. The realm is shaken to its very centre;
The imperial missives, in their rapid flight,
Have torn our ancient system from its roots,
And crumbled into dust our laws and customs.

Yezid. Customs, which from prescription grew to laws,
And, like the clinging vine that grasps the palm,
Had wound themselves around the pile of empire,
Producing blossoms and luxurious fruit.

Byram. Luxurious fruit indeed, that was our bane.
Fair to the eye the purple clusters hung,
Courting the taste, but poison lurk'd within.

Kouram. How?

Byram. In every form. My lord, permit your slave
To say, that governments, like men, grow old,
And feel diseases like the human frame.
The youth of Hindostan was strong and glorious,
Vig'rous in council, active in the field,
'Till, as the system wore, diseases enter'd;
From avarice and luxury they rose,
Palsied our nerves, and feebled all our efforts.

Kouram. You, then, approve new-fangled renovations?

Byram. They are not renovations, but restraints
Which stop the flood that laid our country waste.

Yezid. 'Tis dang'rous thus to tamper with the laws.

Byram. I'll grant it is. Tho' in this case successful,
No prudent monarch e'er would delegate
Such power to another.

Kouram. And a woman too.

Byram. Sex in this case makes all the difference.
The willing people seem to hug their chains,
And kiss the lovely hand that puts them on.

Kouram. Such is the power of beauty.
Byram. And of genius;
For sure the lovely Nourmahal unites,
With charms that shine superior to her sex,
A mind that towers far above the wisest
And brightest of the male.
Kouram. You seem enamour'd.
Byram. Of her talents only.
Kouram. I'll grant her more, perhaps, than ladies would,
The force of genius, and the pride of beauty;
While in her actions, darkly as a glass,
I mark the policy of Gehanguire.
Byram. The policy of Gehanguire!
Good, my lord——
Kouram. Yes, his policy:
If, as you say, the state became corrupt,
And measures strong and sudden were requir'd,
He knew, at once to strike with admiration
The public mind, was more than half the task
Of reformation. Therefore the plot was laid;
The beauteous empress, as she wish'd, employ'd.
If it succeeded, he must share the glory
Of giving to his subjects fancied freedom:
While, if it fail'd, the blame alone would fall
On her devoted head.
Yezid. This bears a face.
Byram. Yes, double fronted, like the Roman Janus:
But yet it may be so.
Kouram. Depend upon't it is. The easy monarch
Devotes his days to sloth and luxury.
While all the cares and burthen of the state
Rest on his active consort.
Byram. To depress her spirits,
The anxious mind will wear the human frame,
And she, in vain, will wish for that repose
She erst forsook for the fallacious glare
Of this false meteor, glory.
Yezid. This the monarch minds not.
Day after day is wasted in excess:
Even now the banquet waits.
Byram. This, noble Kouram, is a splendid feast.
As first of India's princes, you must take
Your royal state.
Kouram. Alas! I little wish
To share the sensual joy of Gehanguire:
But the whole court, I know, require my presence,
And therefore lead the way.

[*Exeunt* KOURAM, YEZID, *and* BYRAM.

Scene IV.

The apartment of NOURMAHAL, *in the palace of Agra.*

Enter NOURMAHAL *and* DARIA.

Daria. While, from the united voice of grateful millions,
The name of Nourmahal ascends the skies,
You seem at once to shrink within yourself,
To shun the praise annexed to brilliant acts,
And leave ambition to the ardent grasp
Of meaner minds.
Nourmahal. Yet short the period since I felt that passion,
Felt its strong influence, and ador'd its power.
An eaglet basking in the fervid blaze
Of Sol, with daring wings I darted upward,
'Till, from the height sublime, my dazzled sight
Observ'd a wide expanse, a general haze,
Thro' which I wanted the pervading power
To pierce.
Daria. That haze is clear'd,
The clouds dispers'd that hung athwart your zenith.
You shine the planet of this brilliant sphere,
And nations round admire while they adore.
Nourmahal. Yet still my bosom feels an anxious load;
The public cares oppress my feeble frame;
Gay hopes recede, and fancy's airy forms,
That erst in quick succession danc'd before me,
Have flitted on their evanescent wings,
And vanish'd from my sight.
Daria. But still o'er Gehanguire you reign superior.
Nourmahal. In politics, I grant, he lets me range
Thro' all the entangled labyrinths of state,
And, when develop'd, praises oft the clue
That guided to the goal: but much I doubt
Whether this toilsome task is woman's province.

While he, devoted to the blandishments
Of other beauties ——————

Daria. I now discern the source
From which your grief proceeds.

Nourmahal. Not quite.
Of love and of ambition I am sated.
I wish'd to shine superior; I have done it;
And gladly now I would resign my station.

Daria. That must not be!
Whoever could so well
Adorn the Mogul court?

Nourmahal. The brilliant idol of a public day
Like this, when for our triumphs o'er our foes,
Arabia's hordes, a solemn feast's ordain'd.

Daria. To which th' attractive object is your presence.

Nourmahal. I shall attend, tho' with reluctant steps;
For somewhat presses on my anxious mind,
And seems to bode misfortune.

Daria. Phantoms like these arise from sensibility,
And in their circuit mark superior genius.
Let mirth and music chase this horrid gloom,
Which makes the ball as sable as the tomb;
Resume your spirits at this splendid feast,
And shine like Mithra darting from the east.

[*Exeunt* NOURMAHAL *and* DARIA, *attended.*

Scene V.

The grand hall of the palace. The Arabian standard, banners, and other ensigns, displayed from the roof; trophies on the sides. Behind the throne, two figures of Avaters are represented in niches upon the flat; over which hang superb drapery curtains. A most magnificent banquet is displayed upon a table; at the head of which GEHANGUIRE ***is seated on an elevated throne, under a canopy of state.*** KOURAM, PORO, JEIPAL, BYRAM, YEZID, MOULTAN, ***and other omrahs on his left hand; the great officers of state, according to their rank, on his right. Musicians on one side; singers on the other. Heralds and officers attending. Flourish of martial music. Symphony.***

Song and Chorus.

Arabia's cruel troops no more
Shall stain Hindostan's plains with gore;
Where the sacred Ganges laves
Her rocky shores, with tinged waves,
Shall white-rob'd peace and plenty smile,
While halcyon days reward the toil
Of our conqu'ring heroes brave.
O'er the fallen warrior's grave,
August shall rise the sculptur'd tomb,
Where shall flow'rs perennial bloom,
And in groups be ever seen,
Cypress black, and laurels green.

CHORUS.

White rob'd peace and plenty smile,
Halcyon days reward the toil
Of our conqu'ring heroes brave, &c. &c.

Gehanguire. Cease, cease your strains! the living and the dead
Have both been honour'd: now let Mirth advance
Her smiling features to the general gaze,
And, as the circling glass inspires your hearts,
Catch her reflection from the flowing bowl.

Kouram. But first, with great submission to my emp'ror,
Howe'er presumptuous it may appear,
I do conceive I pay a subject's duty,
While, lowly bending, I entreat a favour.

Gehanguire. Your sovereign and your friend will ne'er deny
Whate'er you ask: so freely speak your purpose.

Kouram. It is, to mark my duty and affection
To the exalted virtues of the empress,
And solemnly invoke the gods to grant
Long life and happiness to Nourmahal!

Gehanguire. In this you do a favour to the emperor.

Kouram. Long life and happiness to Nourmahal!

All. Long life and happiness to Nourmahal!

[*Flourish of martial music; then softer strains: the virgins advance.*

Song.

FIRST VIRGIN.

Sweetly, gently fall the strain,
From war and dire alarms,
To sing of Venus' softer reign,
And Cupid's potent arms;
To sing the love-directed dart,
That pierc'd our valiant monarch's heart.

CHORUS.

To sing the love-directed dart, &c.

SECOND VIRGIN.

In ardent notes your voices raise,
And give to female genius praise;
Let ev'ry muse my fancy fire,
May eloquence my theme inspire,
While I the loves and graces call,
To hail the lovely Nourmahal.

CHORUS.

While I the loves and graces call, &c.

Enter ABDUL.

Abdul. My gracious sovereign, on my bended knee,
Permit me to inform your sublime highness
The empress approaches.

[*Shouts and acclamations: all the company rise.*

Enter NOURMAHAL, DARIA, *and a train of ladies, attendant slaves, &c.*

Nourmahal. Imperial lord, behold, at your command,
Your wife attends you thus to pay her duty.

Gehanguire. My empress, and my equal in dominion,
Light of the empire, now your lovely presence
Graces our banquet, is our joy complete:
Our happiness may now be term'd supreme:
Yet I must urge you to discharge your debt.

Nourmahal. My debt, my lord; to whom?

Gehanguire. Of gratitude to Kouram,
Whose speech, well suited to the beauteous theme,
Has prais'd your virtues, and invok'd the gods
For your prosperity.

Nourmahal. Praise doubly valued, issuing from the lips
Of wise and valiant Kouram,
Excites toward him my warmest gratitude.
To the young hero thus I bow my thanks.
But now, my royal lord, another duty
Demands attention: hand the regal cup.

[*A superb vase placed before* NOURMAHAL, *who rises and sings.*

From romantic Chelum's banks,
Hydaspes call'd of old,
Where verdant poplars wav'd in ranks,
And sands appear'd like gold,
To Agra's court a virgin came,
Humble in birth, in dress, and name;
Her request the emperor mov'd,
She urg'd, she press'd, he saw and lov'd.
Her request the emperor mov'd, &c.
Exalted now to India's queen,
And empress of the east,
She comes to fill this splendid scene,
And grace this royal feast.
Her tongue may gratitude inspire
To bless imperial Gehanguire,
And in enthusiastic strain
Invoke his long and happy reign.

[NOURMAHAL *tastes the cup, and gives it* DARIA, *who hands it to the attendant lady.*

CHORUS OF LADIES.

Our tongues may gratitude inspire
To bless imperial Gehanguire,
And in enthusiastic strain
Invoke his long and happy reign.

Nourmahal. Our duty now perform'd, my royal lord,
Permit us to retire.

[GEHANGUIRE *bows: the company rise.* NOURMAHAL *makes a low obeisance; first to the monarch, then to the company, and retires with* DARIA *and attendants. Music. The scene closes.*

Scene VI.

A view of another part of the garden of the palace of Agra: a magnificent temple appears, the architectural ornaments of which are heightened by the reflection of the rising sun, whose rays also gild the branches of the surrounding palm and other trees that are dispersed in groups. The landscape represents a river and beautiful country in the back ground; a side view of part of the palace on the fore ground.

Enter MOULTAN *and* ZEID.

Moultan. The rising of the sun does not seem to indicate the least hint to our luxurious monarch, and his jovial company, that it is time to separate.

Zeid. On the contrary, when I was lately in the hall, the bowls seemed to flow with an eternal spring, and the glasses to circulate with unceasing rapidity.

Moultan. Yes: this seems to be an Alexandrine feast. To that conqueror we are obliged for the introduction of riot and debauchery into Hindostan.

Zeid. To whom we are obliged for our present licentiousness I know not, nor is the inquiry of much importance, because, whomsoever was the inventor, I am sure the voluptuous Gehanguire has improved upon his design, and reduced that which was, perhaps, ori-

ginally casual into a system. You hear how they proceed.

[*Shouts from the palace.*

Moultan. I do, and lament this continued intemperance. Bacchus is said to be the Indian Jupiter. Yet I think if his orgies were neglected ———

[*Shouts, shrieks, and groans from the palace.*

Zeid. Holy Mithra! what new alarm? Whence can these frantic exclamations proceed?

Moultan. Some attack upon the emperor! [*They draw their cimeters.*

Zeid. Let's fly to rescue him!

[*Exeunt* Moultan *and* Zeid.

Enter Poro *and* Abdul. (*A cry of horror.*)

Poro. Horror indeed! the bolt has surely struck,
And Gehanguire has fallen.

Abdul. By whose hand?

Poro. By the Almighty's fiat, in a moment
When his blasphemous pride defied his power.

Abdul. Defied his power!

Poro. To curb his domination.

Abdul. Heaven and earth!

Poro. Surrounded by his flatt'rers long he sate,
And with voracious pride devour'd the praise
Which they, with honied accents, spread around.
At ev'ry period of their florid speeches,
The circling glass, and music's cheering sounds,
Excited new applauses from the monarch;
'Till mentally exalted to a god,
He cried, "for me the sacred fires shall burn;
The altars blaze; the magi's mystic rites
Shall be perform'd for me: the people kneel,
And pay to me devotion."

Abdul. Horrid arrogance!

Poro. When sudden rising from his seat sublime,
He call'd for homage. At that awful instant,
Struck by the dart of fate, he fell to earth,
Where prostrate, on a level with the lowest
He lies, at once a dreadful spectacle,
And lesson to mankind.

Abdul. A dread example of the Almighty's vengeance
On the dire head of him that brav'd his pow'r. [*Noise without.*

Poro. Fly to discover whence those sounds proceed. [*Exit* Abdul.
The people seem already to assemble.

Enter Jeipal.

Jeipal. They do indeed; they storm the palace gates,
And loud proclaim that Kouram shall be emperor:
The nobles join the congregated voice;
So India's sceptre he already wields.

Poro. It is his right by birth, as by election.
But what becomes of lovely Nourmahal?
Who has inform'd her of her husband's death?

Jeipal. That melancholy task I have perform'd.

Poro. And how did she receive the tragic tale?

Jeipal. At first with silent horror.
To this succeeded an hysteric burst,
Which melted into tears:
But soon she rose superior to affliction,
And with a settled brow condemn'd my zeal,
That wish'd to make her sharer in the empire.

Poro. Did the ambitious Nourmahal disclaim
All thoughts of future sway?

Jeipal. She did indeed! With dignity she rose.
"With me," she said, "ambition's dream is o'er.
An interview with Kouram will determine
The destin'd purpose of my future life."

Poro. Is this the woman whose exalted mind
Grasp'd ev'ry splendid object; and unsated
Rang'd through the wide expanse of pow'r and glory?
What has induc'd her instantly to shrink
Within herself, and all at once to shun
A throne that late seem'd to her dazzled eyes
The only seat of happiness on earth?

Jeipal. That she can best explain.

[*Flourish of trumpets.*

The trumpet's sounds
Proclaim that now the council is assembled.
We must attend the summons. Death and glory
Seem to bestride the fleeting steeds of time,
And course each other in a quick succession:

Laurels and trophies wither and decay,
As sable night obscures the brightest day.

[*Exeunt* JEIPAL *and* PORO.

Scene VII.

The grand presence chamber: the throne displayed, upon which KOURAM *is seated. The great officers of state stand on the right hand: on the left,* PORO, JEIPAL, BYRAM, YEZID, ABDUL, MOULTAN, ZEID, *and others. Solemn music.* KOURAM *rises. Flourish of trumpets.*

Kouram. Rajahs and omrahs, tho' the general voice
Has plac'd me on the throne of Gehanguire,
Yet it must be remember'd, that his empress,
Illustrious Nourmahal, still lives and reigns.
To her he delegated half his power;
That power she must retain. Her glorious acts
Shall live recorded long as time exists;
Therefore to her, as to her country's genius,
I mean to bend.

Poro. But does the empress herself desire
To bear in future half the load of care
Attach'd to royalty?

Jeipal. I think not.

Kouram. That point she must determine.

[*Trumpets. Shouts without.*

Yezid. Perhaps, my lord, she comes to make her claim.

Enter NOURMAHAL, *with a brilliant crown on her head, a sceptre in her hand, supported by* DARIA: *her train borne and attended by a number of ladies. She comes to the steps of the throne; makes three low obeisances;* KOURAM *meets and gives her his hand. She ascends, and takes her seat. Solemn music.*

Kouram. The council, lovely partner in the empire,
Impatient waited for your royal presence,
First to condole with you your recent loss,
And next to hail you partner in the empire.

Nourmahal (rises, and after a solemn pause). Painful my task, but it must be perform'd,
For gratitude admits of no delay.
To you, the princes of our eastern world,
I bow with ardent thanks. I still am empress.
However short be my intended reign,
I hope my splendor, like you brilliant orb,
Will set with glory. To yourself, my lord,
'Tis now my turn to speak, and hail Cha Jehan,
No longer Kouram, Emperor of Hindostan;

[*Shouts and acclamations.*

I mean, my lord, sole emperor of the east.
Let all the cannon from the battlements
Proclaim this greeting as my last decree,
For with this act my royal pow'r expires.
I here divest myself of regal state,
And, as becomes me, take a subject's place.

[*Kneeling, and presenting her crown. Solemn music. Ordnance is heard from a distance.*

Cha Jehan. How can I, most illustrious Nourmahal,
Accept this brilliant gift without reluctance,
While I behold in you, your country's genius,
That tow'ring spirit, whose exalted talents
Secur'd the safety and display'd the splendor
Of wide Hindostan's empire? No, I entreat you rise,
Resume your state, and be my guide, assistant, and example.

Nourmahal. At your command, my sov'reign lord, I rise,
But I must urge 'tis only to retire.
My fate's determin'd! Regal pow'r and I
Here part for ever: 'tis my fix'd resolve.
These splendid robes, the livery of ambition,
Are cast aside, and mourning takes their place.
To strict seclusion, and a widow's weeds,
Within the palace given me by my husband,
I mean to dedicate my future years.
There, free from care, with mind compos'd, I'll wait
The sometimes slow, but certain stroke of fate.

[*Exeunt* NOURMAHAL, DARIA, *and attendants.*

Cha Jehan. In all the acts of Nourmahal we find
The strong impressions of an ardent mind;

Genius superior, to command, controul,
And to obedience awe each daring soul:
May her example in my heart remain,
And all her virtues gild my future reign!
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by DARIA.

Be hush'd! and listen to what ladies say,
"A woman empress only for a day!
This Hindoo was a tame forbearing wife;
Here ev'ry married dame is queen for life."
But here, indeed, our sex is not so plenty,
Where *we* have one kind girl, an OMRAH'S twenty.
Lord! Lord! What horrid creatures, who could bear 'em;
What, lock up scores of beauties in one haraam?
Confin'd at home by some unwieldy *porpus*,
I'd soon remove without a *habeas corpus*.
But tho' a RAJAH may have wives a score,
The SUDRA *cast*, alas! are tied to four.
"Four wives at once! the poor men's hands are full,"
Methinks I hear repeated by JOHN BULL.
"Four wives at once, what a domestic jar;
In ev'ry house what barb'rous civil war!"
"My dear, I'll have my way: nay, never pout;
This day, that's poz, I'll take the carriage out,"
Exclaims the first. The second, "While you roam,
My life and soul, I've company at home:
The highest ton you know I am most apt in,
So *tête-a-tête* I shall enjoy the captain."
"This night I'll fill the rooms with noble dames:
A brilliant *fête* I'll give," the third proclaims.
The fourth, "My dear, attempt not to dissuade,
For I'm determin'd for the masquerade!
An Indian queen, I mean in gems to shine."
All this were pleasant t'other side the line:
But India breeds not such untamed colts,
To *pen* their female flocks, they've bars and bolts.
Restrain their wives! what monstrous horrid frights!
Where's MAGNA CHARTA and their BILL OF RIGHTS?
Let English ladies bless ELIZA'S sway,
Who taught the men to honour and obey;
Shew'd them a woman born to rule alone,
And made them crouch before a female throne.
A matron now, I've caught the glorious flame,
And, far more potent, mean to do the same.
Should spouse rebel, I'll make him tame and meek,
And rough BOB BRUIN turn to JERRY SNEAK.
Would miss in teens, there, learn this art?
No doubt.
Get married, then, my dear, you'll find it out.

THE MELANGE.

No. VII.

MILES, THE HARLEQUIN.

THIS gentleman, as a public character, passed through life with less *personal* notoriety than any performer of whom we have heard; which was, perhaps, owing to two circumstances attached to his situation and stage existence: the first was, that he was for many years under Harlequin at Lincoln's-inn-fields and at Covent-garden theatres, where, although he took all the most *dangerous leaps*, RICH, his principal, received the whole applause that was due to his activity; the second, that, whether he *trod* the stage or *flew over* it, as he generally was *masked* and *dumb*, he may be said to have performed all his life, and scarcely to have been *seen* or *heard*. He was not only extremely useful to the theatre as a Harlequin, but as a contriver of *tricks*; and we think he had the honour to *write* the *carpenters' work* for more than one pantomime. When RICH, whose want of agility had long kept him *upon the ground*, resigned the part of first Harlequin in THE SORCERER, MILES assumed it, and obtained in it, during some *very long runs* (after its revival in 1758), great and deserved celebrity. He also performed Harlequin in PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA, APOLLO AND DAPHNE, THE FAIR, and many other entertainments of that nature. He had, as has been observed, in early life been extremely active, but in his more advanced years grew corpulent, and consequently unable to *fly*. However, as *ground Harlequin* he has been often celebrated for conveying the meaning of *his author*, or rather his own, *by signs*, in a manner that was deemed by connoisseurs superior even to that of his master: but as we do not profess to understand *dramatic signs* (nor indeed at present *designs*), and therefore were never perfectly satisfied with exhibitions, however ingenious, that were merely *pantomimical*, we are not competent to decide so important a question.

Of all the Harlequins that we have seen, WOODWARD only seemed to convey to our minds any truly *comic* meaning. His action was, in every situation, so appropriate, that although his face was *covered*, and his tongue *dumb*, every limb appeared to speak: yet we have been *gravely* told, that in this line of

acting Woodward was too *farcical*, as if the character of *Harlequin* could be burlesqued, and that Miles was the more *chaste* and *correct* performer. Be this as it may, it certainly was the opinion of the latter (an opinion which he probably inherited from his master Rich), that there was a *grandeur* and *solemnity* in the part of the patch-coated hero, which combined the essence of elegant comedy and elevated tragedy. Of the latter he gave a specimen in the last scene of the Sorcerer, and in many other pieces, where his assumed terror, rage, and grief, it has been said, were the envy of the buskined heroes of those times.

Upon the subject of pantomiming the passions he delighted to descant; and would prove that Harlequin was not only a great tragedian, but an accomplished gentleman; as specimens of which he used to quote the opinions of the *critics* respecting *his* courtship, his dexterity at table, his mode of receiving letters, his address to Pantaloon, &c. &c. In all these instances, though we do not very generally concur with the critics, we are willing to allow that Miles was excellent.

The frivolity of the French pantomimical school he held in abomination.

As an actor (for, though seldom, he has been known to *speak* upon the stage), he could, from the parts in which he appeared *unmasked*, obtain but little celebrity; though, had his rhetorical talents been greater, there is, from his situation in the theatre, no doubt but he would have succeeded to better parts.

We think we have heard, that he once performed *Justice Silence*: so that we should suppose his cast of acting was *comic*, though his deportment off the stage was grave and sedate.

As a man he was much respected; he was regular in his habits, and economical in his expenses. He lived near the theatre, and was a constant, though *sober*, visitor at the Great Mogul's Head, then a famous punch-house in Drury-lane.

His principal theatrical companion was a gentleman who lived to exhibit one of the last vestiges of the school of Quin, and who, from his pompous manner, obtained the appellation of Count Wignal. Tom Clough, who sometimes made a third in their parties, will be remembered as a *comedian* who amused himself by attending at every *execution* that occurred.

LORD NORTH.

When this nobleman was prime minister, a gentleman (who, it appears, was independent) attended in Downing-street, in consequence of a pressing and particular appointment.

It has been said, that there is *quackery* in all things: whether a spice of this estimable property ever used to enter the political purlieus, we neither know nor care: perhaps the gentleman suspected something of the kind, however unlikely; for, after waiting a considerable time, he rang the bell. An attendant in due course appeared, whom he desired to intimate to his lordship, that he came according to his request, and was waiting with some small degree of impatience.

The attendant vanished, and soon after returned. His lordship was still deeply engaged.

Patience, it seems, was not a virtue which the gentleman possessed in a very eminent degree; so, after again waiting a short time, he wrote a note to the following purport:—

"MY LORD,

"You are a man of business, and consequently must attend to those important affairs that continually encroach upon your time: but I am a man of *no business*: and as I did not come here *for pleasure*, I shall instantly endeavour to seek it elsewhere; for, be assured, I will not wait five minutes longer for any minister in Europe.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"———."

ESSAYS,

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND MORAL.

No. XXII.

Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.
TERENT.

It is universally allowed, that the proper object of writing is to diffuse useful knowledge and promote virtue, and, by administering to that ardent curiosity which is implanted in the human mind, to improve the understanding and to mend the heart. But in the present age, when the "*cacoethes scri-*

bendi," the itch of writing, has pervaded every rank of society, when the learned and unlearned conspire to swell the catalogue of literary labours, we must expect that the cause of virtue will be sometimes postponed to the advancement of interest or the gratification of passion; and that vice and depravity, vanity and ignorance, will pervert the end, and abuse the means.

It has often been inquired, What mode of writing is best adapted to answer the purposes alluded to? and, How can entertainment and instruction be so combined as to satisfy the mind without corrupting? The solution of this question has given birth to a variety of opinions, and every species of writing has, in turn, been extolled as possessing a superiority over the rest. Some have contended, that the drama is entitled to a pre-eminence, inasmuch as its plots and incidents being selected from, and adapted to the occurrences of real life, and being aided by scenery and action, it is best calculated to seize the attention, and occupy the avenues of the heart. But notwithstanding the advantages of dramatic representations, they will rarely be found fully to answer the ends proposed: for, however great may be the merit of the actor, or however he may excel in the art of dissimulation, we are too prone to consider his efforts as a mere pastime: and the mind, accustomed to reflection, feels a repugnance to the admission of sentiments and precepts merely uttered by the mouth, and in which the heart has no concern.

Others have maintained, that works of imagination and fiction, especially when invested with the garb of poetry, by giving a wider scope to the inventive powers, and by varying the forms of instruction by a boundless diversity of combination, captivate the judgment by a warmth of sentiment, or please the fancy by a splendor of imagery, and thus gain an easier passage to the heart. But writings of this romantic nature are less capable of improving the mind, than of working on the imagination; and if, while reading them, we examine our own sensations, we shall find ourselves engrossed chiefly by the gracefulness of the diction, or beauty of the description; and whilst the fancy roves without restraint through the fields of visionary delight, the mind is seldom enriched with one useful truth or moral precept.

Narratives of travels may be applauded, as displaying the human character in a great variety of forms and appearances; and where the author is a careful and judicious observer, this species of writing becomes a pleasing source of instruction.

History, however, advances the loftiest pretensions to the palm of superiority, and is generally considered to impart the most solid instruction in the most agreeable manner. The characters of individuals, the progress of civilization and refinement, the revolution of states, their causes and consequences, when delineated by a writer of discernment and discrimination, tend to enlarge the views, expand the heart, and divest it of that morbid and narrow disposition which is the result of a limited acquaintance with human affairs.

It has, however, been justly objected to history, that it depends upon events that are far out of that course of existence in which the bulk of mankind is doomed to move, and presents few lessons that are strictly applicable to those whose actions are confined to the humbler duties of life. When we are engaged in the perusal of one of those struggles for empire with which history abounds, we are hardly interested in a greater degree than when surveying a game of chess: we experience the different emotions of joy, fear, and solicitude, and are variously affected according to the various aspects of the scene; and, in the end, close the book, as we finish the game, with the obvious reflection, that the most exalted station, and the noblest talents, cannot repel misfortune, or ensure success. When we follow Alexander the Great in his rapid career of conquest, we are astonished at the magnitude of his projects, the greatness and fertility of his mind; but here our admiration ceases: we turn aside with disgust from those scenes of blood and misery of which he was the author, and gain little by being thus admonished to shun enormities we shall never have the power to practise, and crimes we shall never be tempted to commit.

Biography, describing the lives and characters of individuals, combines more instruction with amusement than any mode of writing we have hitherto enumerated. What study can be more worthy the attention of mankind, than that which teaches them to profit by the experience of others, and disposes

of prudence and virtue at the trifling expense of intellectual labour?

Solon, one of the sages of Greece, left to posterity, as the sum of his researches, this simple precept, Γνῶθι σεαυτόν—*Know thyself.* The greatest part of mankind are willing to acknowledge the usefulness of this precept, and imagine it is sufficiently obeyed by such an acknowledgment: but daily observation discovers to us the disinclination of men to review their thoughts and actions, and their eagerness to divert, through the channels of dissipation, frivolity, and pleasure, that attention which they should devote to the examination of themselves. Is not, therefore, a study to be applauded which reconciles us to the necessary task of self-examination, whence we imbibe principles and maxims that are perpetually influencing our conduct, and which the complicated scenes of human existence will constantly employ?

It has been a complaint in every age favourable to the cultivation of letters, that men of learning are too frequently engaged in the prosecution of studies that have no tendency to correct the manners or meliorate the heart. Seneca, in his treatise *de Brev. Vit.* censures, with becoming warmth, this absurd propensity, "*supervacua descendi;*" and enjoins the cultivation of a study that tends to "rectify error, repress desire, and render the mind more sensible of what is noble, just, and liberal." In the lives of individuals, we meet with abundance of lessons to which the mind affords admittance without the wearisome task of laborious deduction; and if we resolutely persevere in apportioning to every action its just reward of praise or censure, and refuse homage to vice though dressed in the spoils of virtue, we shall be continually accumulating a store of useful knowledge, that will dispose us to obey with less reluctance the precept of Solon.

We are accustomed to view the conquerors of history and the heroes of romance in lights which incline us to think too favourably of their characters; and in the estimate we hastily form of them, we slightly notice those vices and follies which are too indistinctly visible to divert our attention from the blaze of glory inseparable from a great name: we are captivated with those great and prominent features which distinguish the hero from the vulgar throng; and forgetting that the motive determines the quality of an action, endeavour to imitate what is capable of exciting our admiration. It is hence that vice is often cherished in the place of qualities that are attainable only by him whom nature has fitted—

———*Se*
Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.

Biography instructs us to trace the action to its source; and from its display of the various workings of the human mind, we may be said to discern the effect while latent in its cause. If we follow a human being through the circle of existence he describes, we shall rarely be deceived with respect to his character; though vice may at one period gain an ascendancy by the force of her allurements, her triumph seldom extends to the grave, and she will ultimately be divested of her ornaments, and appear naked and deformed.

T. N.

Monument *to* Locke.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

WITH what grateful emotions does the enlightened mind contemplate its vast obligations to the benefactor of mankind! To those philosophers, scholars, and moralists whose deep and laborious researches have so largely contributed to our mental culture! What secret stores of knowledge have they not unfolded—how many facilities of acquiring wisdom and science have they not furnished—how have they enlarged the faculties of the human mind! Grateful for the labours of such exalted characters, nations have vied with each other in doing them honour. What, then, is our surprise and regret, that the immortal John Locke, one of the greatest philosophers and best of men that this or any other age or country ever produced, is, in the land of his fathers, neglected, unhonoured, and undistinguished by any monumental pile! But can his name or his worth be forgotten? or shall we be satisfied that the name of a Locke should only be embalmed in our grateful recollections? That he should have been neglected for more than a century is at once matter of regret and astonishment. To do justice to his exalted memory, and, as a stimulus to others

who labour in the mines of knowledge, and who are anxious for human improvement, to redeem the honour of our country, and prove to the enlightened world our love of virtue and sense of national obligation, at length we resolve to raise a monument to his fame. The committee for carrying into effect the above dignified object have, through the channel of the newspapers, published their intentions. Subscriptions of two guineas and upwards, we understand, will be received at the Literary Fund Office, the use of which has been generously offered to the committee for the purpose, and where the model of the intended monument may be viewed by the public.

I am, sir, yours, &c.

AN ADMIRER OF LOCKE.

London, June 10, 1808.

P.S. The committee have also signified, that each subscriber is to have an elegant engraving of the monument; and that subscribers of five guineas shall be presented with a medal executed by the celebrated Mr. Bolton, of Soho, with the head of Locke, and on the reverse a representation of the monument; and those of ten guineas, the same in silver.

ANECDOTES *relative to the* CIVIL HISTORY, RELIGION, LAWS, LEARNING, ARTS, COMMERCE, MANNERS, CUSTOMS, DRESSES, *&c. of the* PEOPLE *of* BRITAIN.

From the Arrival of the Saxons, A.D. 449, *to the Landing of William, Duke of Normandy, A.D.* 1066.)

(Not commonly, or but partially, noticed by general Historians.)

(Continued from page 344.)

——"To know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom." MILTON.

History of Learning, &c.

WE have before observed, that the Romans, though they conquered the Britons, at the same time polished and refined them. The Saxons, a fierce illiterate people, acted a different part; so that about the sixth century, there was scarcely one person possessed of any degree of literary fame in England. The scholars of *Derbricius* and *Illutus*, however, who remained in Britain, prevented the total extinction of literature; and among these may be reckoned *Gildas*, the historian, who was born A.D. 493, and who obtained the appellation of *Gildas the Wise*. His History of Britain, however, is only valuable for its antiquity, and from our total want of information before his time. His satirical epistle concerning the British princes and clergy of his own time, appears to be mostly poetical—as it is hardly possible to believe that they were such odious miscreants as his gloomy disposition has made them.

Towards the conclusion of the seventh century, *Aldhelm*, a near relation of Ina, king of the West Saxons, appeared as a poet, and a man of general learning: he had travelled through France and Italy, and at his return home had studied under *Adrian*, abbot of St. Augustine, Canterbury. The venerable *Bede*, who lived in the beginning of the next century, speaks of him, "as a man of universal erudition, having an elegant style, and being wonderfully well acquainted with books, both on religious and philosophical subjects; and King *Alfred* the Great declared, "that *Aldhelm* was the best of all the Saxon poets, and that a favourite song, which was universally sung in his time (though near two hundred years after its author's death) was of his composition.*

He was the first Englishman who wrote in the Latin language, both in prose and verse, and composed a book for the instruction of his countrymen in the prosody of that language. Beside this, he wrote several other treatises on various subjects, some of which are lost, and others published by Martin Delrio and Canisius.†

From this period the state of learning began to expand a little: seminaries were established, and grammars of the Greek and Latin languages were studied with no little success under St. Augustine, Theodore, and others. Bede (or, as he is generally called, "the venerable Bede") greatly contributed to this stock of learning, who, though a simple monk, was not only one of the most learned men of the age in which he lived, but of the whole western world.

This extraordinary man was born in the year 673, on the estate belonging afterwards to the monasteries of St.

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* Anglica Sacra.

† Hist. Literat. Secul. A.D. 680.

Peter and Paul, in the bishoprick of Durham, at Weremouth and Jarrow, near the mouth of the river Tyne. In 679, he was sent to the monastery of St. Peter, under the care of Abbot Benedict: under whom, and his successor, Ceolfrid, he was educated for twelve years. At nineteen years of age he was ordained a deacon, and a priest at thirty, by John of Beverley, then bishop of Hagulstad, or Hexham.

He applied to his studies with so much diligence and success, that he soon became eminent not only in England, but all over Europe; insomuch that Pope Sergius wrote to Abbot Ceolfrid in very pressing terms to send Bede to Rome, in order to give his opinion upon some very important points then under discussion. But notwithstanding this pressing invitation, and from such a man as the pope was at that time of day, Bede remained in his cell; and being perfectly contented with the pleasures of a monastic life, he had time and opportunity to make himself master of almost every branch of learning.

His great work, his Ecclesiastical History (published in eight folio volumes), he spent several years in writing, being obliged to draw his materials from the lives of particular persons, annals in convents, and such chronicles as were written before his time. This work he published when he was fifty-nine years of age, which gained him such reputation, that he was afterwards consulted by some of the greatest prelates of the age, and in particular by Egbert, Bishop of York, a man of very extensive literature himself. In our own times, the work has been highly praised for some of the earliest information relative to church affairs, by Bishop Nicholson, the learned Selden, Sir Henry Spelman, and Dr. Stillingfleet. Bale says, "that there is scarcely any thing in all antiquity worthy to be read, which is not to be found in Bede, though he never travelled out of his own country; and that if he had flourished in the times of St. Augustine, Jerome, or Chrysostome, he would undoubtedly have equalled them, since even in the midst of a superstitious age he wrote so many excellent treatises;" and Pits tells us, "he was so well versed in the several branches of learning, that Europe scarcely ever produced a greater scholar in all respects: that even while he was living, his writings were of such great authority, that it was ordered by a council held in England, and approved afterwards by the catholic church, that they should be publicly read in the churches."*

He died of the asthma, A.D. 735, which, William of Malmesbury says, "he supported with great firmness; for though in much weakness and pain for six weeks together, he attended the duties of the monastery in the instruction of the young monks, and the prosecution of his learned labours."†

The state of learning declined very much after the death of Bede and his scholars, from the general contempt learning was in all over Europe; partly owing to the establishment of the Lombards in Italy, the incursion of the Saracens in France and Spain, and partly to a wrong turn given to the studies of the clergy in all these countries; the sciences commonly taught at this time being divided into the *trivium*, comprehending grammar, rhetoric, and logic, and the *quadrivium*, comprehending music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy. The first of these (music) was in such great repute, that a bare proficiency in this art was the surest mode of promotion in the church; and, as a proof of the ignorance of princes, Charle-

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* Biogra. Britan.

† Living in an age of much superstition, many legendary stories were told of him, and particularly the two following, which relate to the cause of his being called the *venerable* Bede, and the origin of his epitaph. When Bede was blind through age, one of his disciples carried him to a place where there was a large heap of stones, and told him he was surrounded by a great crowd of people, who waited with silence and attention to receive his spiritual consolation. Upon this the old man began a long discourse, which he concluded with a prayer; when the *stones* very punctually and piously made this response, "Amen! venerable Bede!"—(*Petr. Equilin. Catol. Sanctorum in Vita Bedæ.*)

The other story is thus reported:—A young monk, wishing to write an epitaph on Bede, after studying a long time, could only get thus far,—

Hac sunt in fossa Bedæ ——— ossa.

Vexed and disappointed at his insufficiency in not being able to fill up this hiatus, he fell fast asleep; when next morning returning to his task, in hopes of a more poetical inspiration, behold! he found the line thus completed by an invisible hand:—

"*Hac sunt in fossa*—*Bedæ*—venerabilis ossa."

magne (who was unquestionably the greatest and wisest monarch of his age) *could not write*, and he was full forty-five years old when he began to study the sciences, under Alcuenius. (*Eginhard Vita Caroli Mag.*)

Natural and experimental philosophy was totally neglected; nor were the foundations and principles of knowledge, any part of the study of the learned. This state of learning continued thus till its revival under Alfred the great, for (if we except the celebrated Johannes Scotus) it is to him this country owes its happiest establishment, in letters, as in its constitution and laws.

The history of this great man is too well known to need a recapitulation here; yet there is one part of it, which, for a further confirmation of that axiom, "that genius is often determined by some particular accident," we cannot help reciting, which is as follows: Alfred's education was at first neglected; and though he was carefully instructed in the art of hunting, in which he attained to a great dexterity, he was not taught to know one letter from another, till he was above twelve years of age, when a book was put into his hand, by accident, rather than any formed design.

The queen, his mother, one day being in company with her four sons, of which Alfred was the youngest; and having a book of Saxon poems in her hand, beautifully written and illuminated; she observed that the royal youths were charmed with the splendour of the book; upon which she said, "I will make a present of this book to him who shall learn to read it soonest." On this, Alfred took fire, and applied to it with such ardour, that in a very little time, he both read and repeated the poem to the queen, from whom he received the promised reward.

From this moment he was seized with an insatiable thirst for knowledge; not only as it applied to the improvement of his own mind, but as becoming a great prince, for the general improvement of his subjects. He invited the learned men, of all kingdoms, to his court; founded several seminaries of learning, and, amongst the rest, the university of Oxford, by building three halls in the name of the holy trinity, for doctors in grammar, philosophy, and divinity. He made a law obliging all freeholders, who possessed two hides of land or upwards, to send their sons to school, and give them a liberal education. He spoke at all times in favour of learning; and made it the great road of preferment, both in church and state. He likewise composed many original works himself, and translated others out of Latin into Saxon, for the instruction of his people.

But the most effectual expedient employed by Alfred for the encouragement of learning, was his own great example, and the constant assiduity with which, notwithstanding the multitude and urgency of his affairs, he employed himself in the pursuits of knowledge. He divided his time into three equal portions: one was employed in sleep and the refection of his body by diet and exercise; another, in the despatch of business; and a third, in the study of devotion. And, that he might more exactly measure the hours, he made use of burning tapers, of equal lengths, which he fixed in lanterns; an expedient suited to that rude age, when the geometry of dialling, and the mechanism of clocks and watches were totally unknown.

By such a regular distribution of his time, this martial hero, though labouring under great bodily infirmities, and who in his own person fought fifty-six battles by sea and by land, was able, during a life of no extraordinary length, to acquire more knowledge, and even to compose more books, than most studious men, though blest with the greatest leisure and application, have, in more fortunate ages, made the object of their uninterrupted industry.

Such are the astonishing effects, which a great and good prince (animated with an ardent zeal for the happiness of his people,) can produce, not only in the circumstances, but in the very spirit and character of a nation.

Though Edward, the son of Alfred, was an encourager of letters, and founded, as it is said, the university of Cambridge, learning in general began to decay, till almost its final extinction, previous to the commencement of the Norman Conquest.

Various reasons may be assigned for this, from the existing circumstances of the times: first, from the continual ravages of the Danes (who destroyed the two universities of Oxford and Cambridge), the great difficulty in procuring masters, the uncommon scarcity of books, and the incommodious method they had of teaching; which rendered the acquisition of a moderate degree of

knowledge a very tedious and laborious work. How difficult, for example, was the acquisition of *arithmetic* at this period, before the introduction of Arabian figures, when the teacher of this science had no other marks for numbers than the following six letters of the Roman alphabet:

M.C.L.X.V.I.

or the twenty-seven letters of the Greek alphabet.

Geography, Law, and Medicine.

These sciences were in as much decay as general learning. Geography, though well known among the Romans when Rome was a great empire, yet, when divided into petty states, mostly inhabited by barbarians, every country beyond their own was reckoned *terra incognita*. The laws from being rendered simple, wise, and efficient, were now mostly committed to memory; and so little study was requisite for it, that Alfred was one of the first who made the knowledge of letters necessary for the administration of justice. As to *medicine*, the Anglo-Saxons, chiefly employing themselves in hunting and in war, left the care of life and health to old women, who spent their time in gathering and preparing herbs for healing wounds and curing diseases; and being naturally superstitious, they administered them with many religious ceremonies, which excited more the admiration, than the sanity of the patients. There were, however, a few physicians, or rather surgeons, about the beginning of the 11th century, amongst the clergy; but even these were much tainted with the ignorance and superstition of that age.

HISTORY OF THE ARTS.

Agriculture.

During the Roman settlement in this country, we have sufficient evidence that England was one of the greatest granaries in Europe, and exported prodigious quantities of corn; but was so ill cultivated by the Anglo-Saxons, that, in the most favourable seasons, it yielded only a scanty provision for its own inhabitants; but, in unfavourable seasons, presented a scene of most deplorable distress and scarcity. The ploughing, sowing, and harrowing of their fields, they committed to their slaves, who had little or no interest in their success. Water-mills seem to have been unknown to them, and they had no better way of converting their corn into meal, than by grinding it by hand-mills, which were turned by women.* Gardening was in the same state of imperfection, except by the monks, who cultivated their monasteries occasionally with a great variety of shrubs, herbs, and fruit trees, which added much to the commodiousness and beauty of those places.

One circumstance, however, must have facilitated agriculture, if a people so taken up with hunting and with wars could have turned their thoughts that way: and this was by the extirpation of wolves out of the kingdom, which, under King Edgar, about the ninth century, was accomplished. This prince took great pains in hunting and pursuing those ravenous animals, who at that time swarmed in this country; and when he found that they had all taken shelter in the forests and mountains of Wales, he changed the tribute of money, imposed on the Welch princes by Athelstan, his predecessor, into an annual tribute of *three hundred heads of wolves*,† which produced such diligence in hunting them, that the animal has been no longer seen in this island.

Architecture.

This science suffered no less than agriculture, by the irruption of the Saxons, who, accustomed to live in wretched hovels built of wood and earth, were ignorant of the arts of building, and therefore destroyed with gothic barbarity all the fine monuments of art left by the Romans. But towards the end of the seventh century, it was revived by Welfred, bishop of York, and Benedict, bishop and founder of the abbey of Weremouth.

The art of making glass was likewise introduced into England, about the year 670, by one Bennet, a monk. Before this period the windows of churches and houses were filled either with linen cloths or lattices of wood.‡ Bennet, the monk, likewise introduced the building with stone, instead of wood and earth, which made some advances towards the revival of architecture; but though these arts of building edifices of stone, with windows of glass

* Wilkins Leges Saxon.
† W. Malmsb. lib. ii. cap. 8.
‡ Bede and W. Malmsbury.

and other ornaments, were introduced towards the latter part of the seventh century. They do not seem to have flourished, in any degree, for several centuries afterwards. The metallic arts appear to have been better understood, by covering the churches and other public edifices with lead; and by the fabrication of swords, armour, and various offensive weapons; the chief smith being an officer of considerable dignity in the courts of the Anglo-Saxon monarchs

St. Paul's was first built by Ethelbert, King of Kent, A. D. 596, upon the foundation of an old temple, dedicated to Diana. The most part of this original church was built of wood, and was burnt down, A.D. 964. Many have been the revivals and conflagrations of churches built upon this site since, and dedicated to the same apostle, till Sir Christopher Wren has left us a model of architecture, which is only surpassed by one in all the countries of Europe.

Arts of working in Silver and Gold.

As all the clergy were taught some mechanic arts, and were obliged by the canons of the church to exercise them at their leisure hours, many of them wrought in metals of different kinds, in which they became the most expert and cunning artists. The famous St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the 9th century, who governed both church and state with the most absolute sway, was the best blacksmith, brazier, goldsmith, and engraver of his time; and it was during his being at work at the anvil, that the legends of that day tell us, "that the devil sought to seduce him, and whom he punished for his impertinence, by taking him by the nose with a pair of red hot pincers." King Alfred himself was a great artist; and the English in general were so famous for excelling in this branch of mechanics, that curious caskets adorned with gold, silver, and precious stones, in which the relics of the saints were kept, were made in England, and well known by the name of *Opera Anglica.**

Clothing, &c.

To the arts of clothing, spinning, weaving, dying, &c. which were known amongst the Britons, the Saxons added *embroidery*, adorned with the figures of men and women, animals, flowers, and other devices; which was likewise followed by ladies of the highest distinction, for the ornaments of churches, and the vestments of the clergy. There is still a work of this kind preserved in the cathedral of *Bayeux*, executed, about the end of this period, by Matilda, Consort of William Duke of Normandy; representing in a web of linen cloth, only about nineteen inches in breadth, but no less than sixty-seven yards in length, the conquest of England, by her husband, beginning with the embassy of Harold, to the Norman court, A.D. 1065; and ending with his death at the battle of Hastings, A.D. 1066.*

Fine Arts.

Sculpture was not unknown to the Anglo-Saxons, as we find by their carving in wood, or cutting in stone, the images of their gods, Woden, Thor, Friga, &c. though executed in a rough clumsy style. But when Coisi, chief priest of the Northumbrian-Saxons, was converted to christianity, A.D. 627, he overturned the pagan altars, and broke down the statues of their gods, in the great temple, at Godmundham, near York. The forms of those statues of the Anglo-Saxon deities, with their various emblems, are still preserved in several authors.†

Painting.

After the establishment of christianity, paintings were imported for ornamenting the churches, emblematical of scriptural passages. In process of time, paintings came to be encouraged in England, and amongst others who painted for the churches, the famous St. Dunstan, who seems to have been an universal genius, employed his pencil on religious subjects. There is a picture of our Saviour painted by this sainted artist, with his own portrait at his feet; and several inscriptions in his own hand writing, still preserved in the Bodleian library It is to be understood, that on the first introduction of these pictures in the christian churches, they were intended only as helps to devotion, and a kind of key for the instruction of those who could not read the scriptures: and it was upon this principle that the venerable Bede contended for their lawful-

* Muratori Antiq.

* Memoires de Literature, tom. ix. p 12.

† Verstegan's Restitution, &c.

ness and expediency; though we find, in successive ages, they were abused for the interested purposes of the clergy.

Poetry.

Among the pleasing arts, poetry seems to have been the most admired and cultivated in Britain, during the ages we are now delineating. The greatest princes were no less ambitious of the laurel than of the imperial crown. Alfred the Great was the prince of poets, as well as the best of kings. Aldhelm, a prince of the royal family of Wessex, and bishop of Sherborne, was also the last poet of his age, and his poems were the delight of the English several centuries after his death.* Canute the Great was also a famous poet, as were many of the nobles of his court. In short, poets were the chosen friends and favourites of the greatest kings; they seated them at their tables, advanced them to honour, loaded them with riches, and were so much delighted with their sweet and sublime strains, that they could refuse them nothing.†

Their great men and chieftains never travelled, or went to battle, without their poets to sing their victories, and record their exploits. "All the ancient inhabitants of the north (says an excellent antiquary, see *Olai Wormii Literatura Danica*) composed in rhymes and verses accounts of all things that deserve to be remembered either at home or abroad, that they might be more easily instilled into the minds of many, make deeper impressions on their memories, and be more effectually handed down to posterity." And it is to those historical and military songs (though many of them have been lost), we have good reason to believe, we owe many of the particulars of our ancient history. Some of our historians, indeed, honestly confess, that they had no other authority for what they related, but those ancient poems; and one of those songs, on the great victory which Athelstan obtained over the Scots and Danes, A.D. 938, is inserted verbatim in the Saxon Chronicle, and literally translated by Henry of Huntingdon. Another of those ancient poems, on the death of King Edgar, and the succession of his son Edward, A.D. 975, is inserted in the same chronicle.

Of the astonishing powers of their poetry we have many accounts; such as their rousing or subduing all the most furious passions at will. We are told of one of them, *Egil Skellegrim*, a famous poet of his time, who, having killed a prince of Norway, and being afterwards taken prisoner, and brought before the prince's father, sung a poem before him, which conveyed such sweet and flattering strains to the royal ear, that the old king not only pardoned his crime, but took him into his royal protection. The power of their art is thus described in one of their most ancient odes.*

"I know a song by which I soften and enchain the arms of my enemies, and render their weapons of no effect. I know a song, which I need only to sing, though men have loaded me with bonds; when the moment I sing it, my chains fall in pieces, and I walk forth at liberty. I know a song useful to all mankind; for as soon as hatred inflames the sons of men, the moment I sing it they are appeased. I know a song of such virtue, that were I caught in a storm, I can hush the winds, and render the air perfectly calm and tranquil."†

Allowing for the poetical flights of this ode, we have otherwise reason to think respectably of the powers of poetry in this age; particularly as it is recorded both by King Alfred and the venerable Bede, in terms of the highest eulogium.

These poets were all the poets of nature, as neither Aristotle nor any of Greek or Latin critics were known to them; their voice and gestures were infuriated or softened according to the strains they sung, and they felt all the fire of an inspired person. Most of the metaphors were taken from the ancient pagan mythology, but the rules of their versification partook neither of the Greek nor Roman verses, nor any thing like the origin of our present verses. The different species of verses used by those poets, consisted at least of one hundred and thirty six kinds; and the harmony of them (says one of their best judges, Olaus Worms) "did not consist merely in the succession of long and short syllables, according to the Greek and Roman rules, nor in the similar

* Anglia Sacra.
† Hist. Ellens.

* Olai Wormii Literatura Danica.
† Bartholin, p. 347. North Antiqu. v. ii. p. 217.

sounds of terminating syllables, as amongst the moderns, but in a certain consonancy and repetition of the same letters, syllables, and sounds in different parts of the stanza, which produced the most musical tones, and affected their heroes with marvellous delight." They were likewise not unacquainted with rhyme,* independent of their 186 kinds of verses, beside martial songs; nor were the joys of love and wine forgotten in this catalogue.

Music.

Music, as the inseparable companion of poetry, was likewise much cultivated; for the poet and musician were generally the same person, who, with the united melody of his harp and voice, enlivened the halls of the ancient kings, princes, and nobles. The first musician, who was also a poet, was the eighth officer of dignity in the courts of the princes of Wales; and a harp, by the ancient laws of Wales, was one of the three things to constitute a gentleman; nor could this harp be seized for debt, as the loss of it would reduce the owner from his rank.† Church music was likewise understood and practised at this time; as we learn from Bede, who flourished in the eighth century, who tells us, that "organs were used in some of the principal churches of England."

(To be continued.)

Anecdotes *of* Garrick.

DURING the run of the Shakspeare jubilee, at Stratford-upon-Avon, in the year 1768, a lady of distinction, who was on the spot, wrote to a friend of her's, in London, a particular account of each day's entertainment; in which, of course, the manager's name was frequently mentioned, but under the plain appellation of *Garrick*. When the manager came to town, the lady shewed him this letter; at which he was weak enough to be offended for being treated so familiarly. This coming round to the lady's ears, she took her revenge by writing him a letter of apology, at the same time full of irony for the omission of the word "Mr." telling him, amongst other things, that "nothing could be farther from her intention than the most distant idea of impropriety or neglect of ceremony; that she only wrote while her heart was full of the great poet and his ablest commentator; and under that impression, she could no more bring herself to say *Mr. Garrick*, than *Mr. Shakspeare*."

It was amongst the familiar habits of Garrick, who was generally an early riser, to stroll about the purlieus of Covent-garden, to see that the bill-stickers did their duty at the proper hours. In one of those morning rambles, he dropped into a poulterer's shop near King-street, and pretended to cheapen some rabbits. The man (who knew Garrick very well) shewed him several, but none would do—some were too fat, others too lean, and others at which he turned up his nose as if they stunk. This irritated the poulterer so much, that he suddenly put them all by, and said he would sell him nothing; for that, thank God! he was bred to business, and not brought up to *acting farces*. On this, Garrick took the hint, and was retreating towards the door; when the poulterer, following him, bawled out as loud as his lungs would let him, "My horse! My horse! My kingdom for a horse!" on which several people came up to him to know what was the matter. "I really can't tell the whole of the story," said the man; "but there's a *mummer* just passed that can tell you all about it."

Anecdote *of* Farinelli.

AFTER this celebrated Italian singer left England, Philip, the then King of Spain, happening to languish under a complaint for which, according to his physicians, there was no cure but *music*, Farinelli immediately repaired to Madrid, where he ingratiated himself so well at court, that in a little time he had a pension settled on him of about *three thousand two hundred pounds a-year*, with a coach and equipage kept for him at the king's expence.

Ferdinand continued his attachment to Farinelli after the death of his predecessor Philip, and, still to go beyond him in liberality, honoured him with the cross of Calatrava, one of the most ancient orders of knighthood in Spain. Whilst he was under the ceremony of

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* Rhyme was not known in Europe till about A.D. 800. Our ancestors seem to have taken it from the Saracens, who were possessed of Spain, and of Sicily, then or soon afterwards.

† Leges Wallicæ.

investiture, and the spurs were fixing to his heels, according to the custom of knighthood, an old Spanish nobleman, disgusted at this honour being so prostituted, could not help exclaiming, "Well! every country has its customs —In England they arm their game-cocks with spurs—In Spain, I find, they put them upon *capons*."

Anecdote *of* Ariosto, *the celebrated* Italian Poet *and* Dramatist.

It is reported of this very singular genius, that his father being, one day, extremely angry with him, reprimanded him in terms expressive of the strongest resentment and invective; to which Ariosto not only listened with patience, but with the most profound attention, not offering a single word in his vindication, but, on the contrary, seeming to wish the lecture had continued longer. A friend of his, who was present, asked him, after his father was gone, what could be the meaning of his strange behaviour? To which Ariosto thus replied:—

"That he had been for some days hard at work on a comedy, and on that very morning was much perplexed how to write a scene of an angry father reprimanding his son; that at the moment his father opened his mouth, it struck him as an admirable opportunity to examine his manner with attention, that so he might paint his picture as close as possible after nature; and that, being thus absorbed in thought, he had only noticed the voice, the face, and the action of his father, without paying the least attention to the truth or falsehood of the charge."

Far Sought *and* Dear Bought.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

Sir, *June* 10, 1803.

Observing, in your last acknowledgments to correspondents, that you indulge us with an *old saw*, which states, that "things far sought and dear bought are the fittest for ladies;" I was led into the reflection, that foreign, or, at least, distant manufactured articles are as much sought after by *gentlemen*; for although I am willing to allow that such is the prejudice of the Caledonian fair, for instance, in favour of *town-made* goods, that the manufacturers of Glasgow are obliged to make use of a harmless deception, and mark their beautiful productions London; yet we well know, it is not a great while since your sex, Mr. Editor, imagined no elegant toys could be manufactured but at Paris; though it is now certain, that Birmingham has, for more than a century, taken the lead of all the world in every article of that nature, dependent upon taste and genius. Our Warwickshire friends, aware of this Gallic predilection, used to have a private countermark; so that, if necessary, they might claim the product of their own ingenuity. But this is not all: it is equally well known, that, *even now*, our patriots are as fond of *champagne* as ever, though, *entre nous*, the *more wholesome* beverage which they quaff under that appellation, it is generally believed, has, in its voyage from *Worcestershire*, never been nearer to the coast of France than, perhaps, Bristol. The same may be said of our *genuine port*, only that its voyage is, more correctly speaking, shorter, as it is *seldom* imported from a greater distance than *cross the Thames*. So with respect to *virtu*—not virtue, public or private (for heaven only knows where these come from), but taste displayed in smoky scumbled-down pictures, mutilated statues, &c. such as well justified the censure of Mr. Garrick, in Peter Puff; of these the *ideal* merit was their being exotic, *e. g.*

"'Tis said, *virtu* to such a height is grown,
All artists are encourag'd but our own:
Be not deceiv'd—I here declare on oath,
I never yet sold goods of foreign growth;
Ne'er sent commissions out to Greece or Rome;
My best antiquities are made at home:
I've Romans, Greeks, Italians, near at hand.
Free Britons all, and living in the Strand:
I ne'er for trinkets rack my pericranium,
They furnish out my room from Herculaneum."

This seems to be a most laudable practice: but still it shews, that the encouragement which these *pseudo*-foreign articles received was derived from the *gentlemen*. As to my sex, I declare we want nothing from abroad but the *raw materials*: let those be supplied, and if we do not get them manufactured, Mr. Editor, say that your correspondent Anabella is no

ENGLISH WOMAN.

A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS

OF THE LATE

MR. SAMUEL RICHARDSON,

AUTHOR OF PAMELA, CLARISSA, AND SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

(Never before published.)

No. IV.

To Miss WESCOMB.

YOU do me very great honour, dearest Miss Wescomb, in your adoption. To be chosen for the second papa of one lady, and the uncle of another, both of whom I so much respect, as to wish my own children may be but half as worthy; and this the first motion from yourselves, gives me equal pride and pleasure. How doubly, and trebly, by the tenderest ties, dear children of the mind, do you endear yourselves to me, and interest me in your welfare, by my wishes. By my wishes, I say: for what room for more, when you have each of you the blessing of so tender, so affectionate, so companionable a parent?

You do me great honour, likewise, in inviting me frequently to wait upon you in Ormond-street. I would, indeed, be very, very often your visitor, if my business (a troublesome business, that has great calls upon me,) would permit; and on the presumption, that I might go and come, without any farther notice or compliment, than the relation might do, which you have done me the honour to call me. And I will, as often as I can;—But, as you, madam, my first daughter, have more time upon your hands than I, give me, I beseech you, the pleasure of seeing you on every convenient turn; and this without regard to dress, or ceremony; and then you'll make me happy.—And you'll make a truly good woman also happy, who already very much admires you both;—and who, if admitted into the relation, would be as proud of such a daughter, and niece, as I am.

I am sorry your messenger came in vain. I was in an extreme hurry, obliged to put off one meeting on business, to humour another; one east, the other west; and unhappily answer'd neither. I have now sent you but at random; and know not what you have read, or what not, of the book which accompanies this; for in the work, there are many letters of Greenville to Lovelace; and you did not give me the particular subject. But, my dearest ———, if I have not hit the place, do me the honour of a personal call, and put it right.

My best wishes, and most respectful compliments attend your good mamma. She did not perceive it; but when her hand took her own attention, and yours, it engaged a good deal of mine. I hope the incroaching malady has withdrawn itself.—Never to trouble her again, is my wish.

Let me see some pinn'd-on pieces of paper, of corrections and observations on the return of this book. I am sure you wish me good, and would do me good—This would do me *great* good, as it might possibly prevent my exposing my self; and this only by telling me what you least like. I will excuse you what you most approve, if there be any thing that you do approve more than other.

I am, my dearest first daughter,

Your ever-obliged and affectionate

Jan. 27, 1746-7. S. RICHARDSON.

No. V.

I WAS very sorry, my dearest ———, when I came home last night, that I had not the precaution to leave the accompanying volume in readiness; or that I had not sent it to you, when I found it would be acceptable as well to your mamma as to your self. But I was obliged to go out in a hurry; and thought of returning sooner.

Perhaps, this may reach you sooner than Monday by Mr. Spooner. And if it does, and affords your good mamma, and you, but half an hour's diversion, or amusement, that otherwise would have been vacant, I shall be extremely glad. Few children, in the natural relation, can lay an obligation on their papas; or do more than their duty: but you, my dear ———, my daughter by adoption, can oblige, and do oblige, in every thing you say, or do, that is favourable to

Your sincere admirer, as well as paternal friend and servant,

S. RICHARDSON.

Due respects to the kind and ever-valued sister your goodness has given me. My wife desires hers: very proud she owns her self of such a relation, and so worthy a daughter.—And pray allow of my hearty compliments to Miss Jobson.

Sat. Morn. 14 *Febr.* 1746-7.

Observations *on the* Utility *of the* Leaves *of the* Vine.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

FROM the experiments I have tried, I find that, on being dried, which should be done in the shade, the leaves of the vine make an excellent and extremely wholesome tea, though somewhat different, both in flavour and taste, from that commonly used. I have also found, that, besides being admirably calculated for making vinegar, the prunings of the vine, on being bruised, and put into a vat or mashing-tub, and boiling water poured on them, in the same way as is done with malt, produce a liquor of a fine vinous quality; which, being fermented, forms a fine substitute for beer, and which, on being distilled, produces a very fine spirit of the nature of brandy. As this is the season for pruning the vine, many thousand cart-loads of which are, year after year, thrown away as useless where there are not goats to eat them, and the idea here suggested is not only new but of high importance to the inhabitants of this country, particularly at the present juncture, your inserting it in your useful and highly interesting Magazine will oblige, sir,

Your constant reader,
and most humble servant,
JAMES HALL.

London, June 10, 1808.

A Literary Query.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

IF a literary query be admissible on your pages, allow me to inquire, What was the name of the person on whom Milton composed his classical *Epitaphium Damonis?* I well know that Carolo Deodati is generally supposed to be the individual whom the poet meant to designate by that name; but, in Dr. Symmonds' edition of Milton's prose-works, I find a letter, addressed by the latter to Deodati, dated 21st April, 1647, in which *Damon* is expressly mentioned as a distinct person.

Yours,
DAVID L. S.

P.S. The *riddle* in your poetical department may be found in Parnell, vol. xxxiii. p. 29, of Bell's edition. Will you permit me a conjecture (divested of rhyme), that *rain* is the direct answer; the gradual process of which, from the original state of water, reposing on its bed of clay, to vapour, from the influence of the sun, and the following condensation, is very correctly typified in the different stanzas.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

IF the following calculation merits an insertion in the European Magazine, I shall be obliged to you in so doing; if not, shall thank you to return it.

Yours, &c.
R. D.

2, *Old-street-road,*
7*th June*, 1808.

The 18th verse of the 13th chapter of Revelations exactly applies to the French emperor (agreeably to the manner of spelling his name in Corsica, as I am informed, viz. Napol*a*en Buonaparte), according to the ancient custom of spelling names with figures.

ALPHABET.

Table of Figures.

A....1	H....8	P....60
B....2	I....9	Q....70
C....3	K....10	R....80
D....4	L....20	S....90
E....5	M....30	T....100
F....6	N....40	U....110
G....7	O....50	V....120

See N in the table is 40
A..... 1
P..... 60
O..... 50
L..... 20
A..... 1
E..... 5
N..... 40

B..... 2
U.....110
O..... 50
N..... 40
A..... 1
P..... 60
A..... 1
R..... 80
T.....100
E..... 5

The number ..666 of the Beast, as is mentioned, Revelations, chap. xiii. verse 18.

ESSAY

On TIME *and* PATIENCE.

By the Author of the "Essays after the Manner of Goldsmith."

"By time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin."

ORIENTAL PROVERB.

THE above beautiful quotation describes, in the most natural and impressive manner, the wonders of time and patience, as they operate on the circumstances of human affairs, and by the aid of which we can obtain almost any just object we desire. Time and patience present the only rational means of success, the only safe road to competence; and by their influence the honest man proves the truth of his claims, discomfits his enemies, and at length is rewarded with the meed of justice due to his virtue and merits.

Let us see how the mulberry-leaf becomes satin. It is not by any sudden or magical transition; it is by a regular system and order of nature. The mulberry-leaf supports the silk-worm, and the silk spun from the *silk-worm* is the produce of that same leaf, beautiful from the hand of nature, still more beautiful in its changes and modifications, created originally for man, and pursuing the design until it ends in his comfort or convenience, or in that luxury which, exclusively enjoyed by a *few*, is made subservient to the *good* of *many*; for the things sought after by wealth are more of blessings to others than to the owners, to whom, indeed, they frequently prove, in their attainment, the materials of misfortune or ruin.

It is remarkable, that very few men who have passed through the untoward circumstances of an active life, will have it in their power to say, that time and patience would not, had they been trusted to, have, in the end, obtained the object they had most desired.

Time is friendly to all the sober and regular plans of life; it assists honest endeavours, and ripens what is well begun: but there must be a time for the mulberry-leaf to grow, and patience in the workmanship by which it becomes satin: and if that time be given, great and beneficial advantages will arise. It may be truly said of the good and industrious man,

"*Serit arbores quæ alteri seculo prosint.*"

His trees he plants, a future age to serve.

It is a rash and vain attempt to outstrip time in its steady and equal pace; and it is always punished by crosses and disappointments. The moment we begin to speculate for, rather than to earn our successes, from that instant we put every thing to a risk: we forsake the plain road for a shorter way, but the path of which is along the edge of a precipice where a fall may be every instant expected. It was a saying of Demosthenes, that the beginning of all virtue is consultation and deliberation, and the end and perfection constancy.

FEBRICIO was a man who set out in life with talents, and had many friends: he had, it is true, his fortune to seek, but he was of an industrious and active disposition. The fault of FEBRICIO was impatience. He had entered into an honourable service; but promotion is generally slow, and FEBRICIO was tired of waiting for it. Some in the same line appeared to him as having made their way sooner than himself, and he was satisfied it was injustice, without a strict examination of facts. FEBRICIO, who had never noticed the slow work of the silk-worm, had not patience to wait the time for *the mulberry-leaf to become satin*. FEBRICIO fancied that he saw a nearer and pleasanter road to competency, and set out afresh, as alert, but as impatient as ever. FEBRICIO found, however, some obstacles on which he had not calculated: he presently grew tired and disgusted with the new path he had chosen, and catching sight of another, which seemed to lead immediately to the temple he was in search of, he did not hesitate to forsake the road he was in, to follow the new one. The temple which presented itself was that of MAMMON, and was covered with gold. FEBRICIO was so enraptured, that he did not see that he was on the edge of a dreadful precipice, from whence he fell by a false step into a tremendous hollow. FEBRICIO was staggered with his fall, but not so much hurt but that he recovered his legs; though it was only to have the mortification of finding that he was exactly at the same spot where he had at first set out. FEBRICIO now found that he had lost much time; for there is no surer way to *lose* time than to outstrip it, or to lag behind; either way it is lost: time should always be accompanied; we should walk with him side by side, employing ourselves as we go along. FEBRICIO, sick, weary,

and broken-hearted, sat on the ground wringing his hands in doleful plight, when he observed his old friend Time, who had made the revolution of a month since he had left him, pass by, and invite him to join company again. Fenbricio, whose impatience had abated, obeyed, and with a great deal of cheerfulness and humility attended the steps of his friend, and he was rewarded; for Time led him, before he could have possibly believed it, to the temple of competency, the object of his journey.

The reasonable man has only to wait patiently for success; and he will find that even the vicissitudes of life will, at length, end in a peaceful and happy repose, which will last, because the object sought for is true, and which will give contentment, because the mind is temperate, and disposed to receive real blessings in place of the fancied advantages of avarice or ambition. This moment will arrive whenever we may be willing to treat fairly for the blessing.

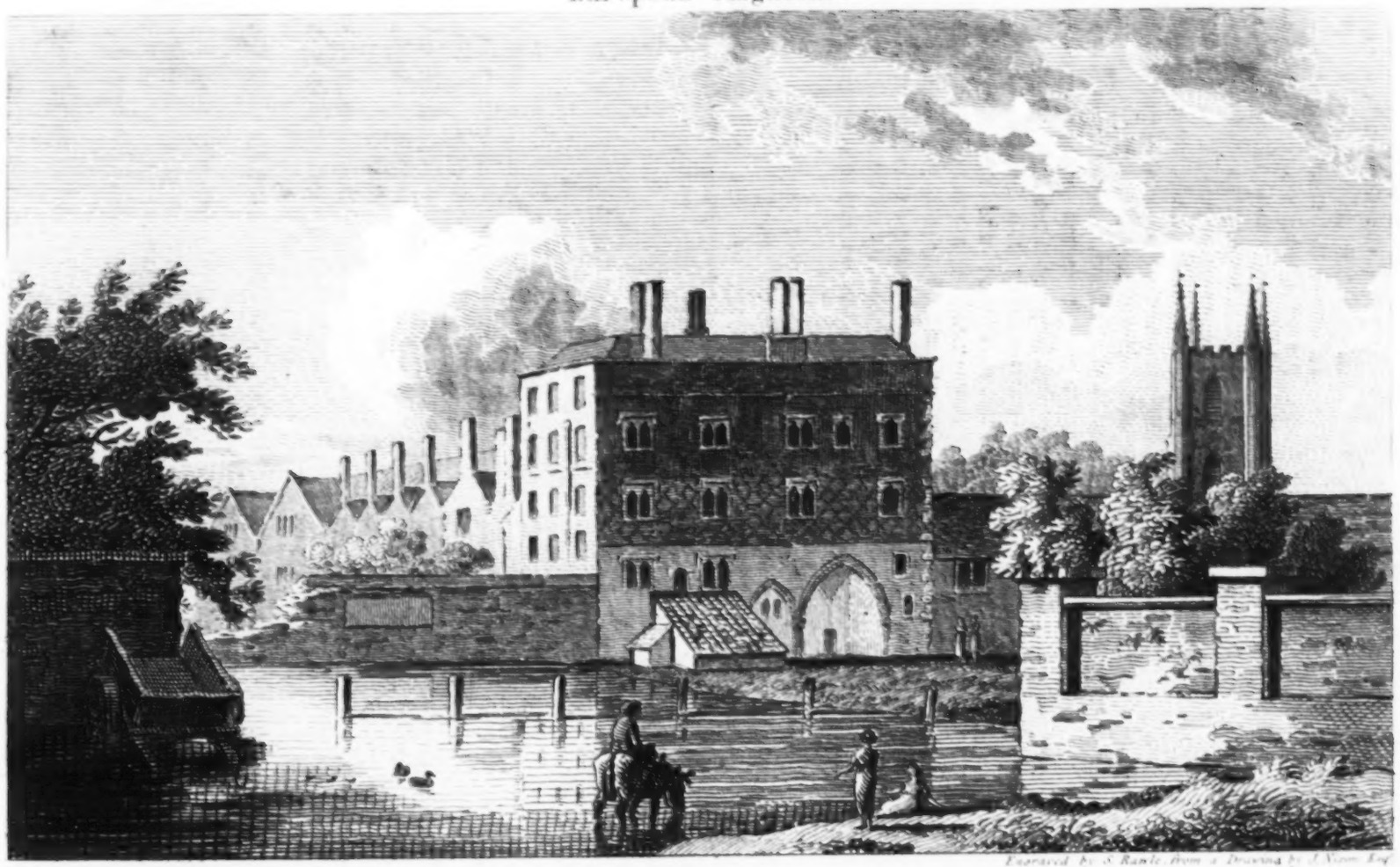
Multa dies variusque labor mutabilis ævi
Retulit in melius: multos alterna revisens
Lusit, et in solido rursus fortuna locavit.
Eneid, lib. xi.

Good unexpected, evils unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as Fortune shifts the scene;
Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling down again;
Then fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

There is, however, a human being so badly fitted for happiness in this world, that he stands but little chance of finding it as long as he lives. This human being is the one who has the good, or, rather, ill luck to have been born a gentleman, and who finds ready created for him, at his entrance into life, innumerable wants and desires, whether he has or has not a fortune to attain them, and which belong not to other people: such a man is poor *ab initio*. Those who have gone before him in life have felt the necessity of displaying what are called the habits of gentlemen; such as playing, drinking, and keeping women. These vices, so efficacious to the designs of sharpers, adventurers, and gamblers, were doubtless first established by them, as the leading points of a fashionable character, that the ingenuous and noble mind might be vitiated gradually, until it became an easy prey to those artful and designing enemies of human happiness.

Salutius was of a disposition the most cheerful, social, and benevolent. Salutius would gladly, and for his own part, have passed through life temperately, desiring only the delights of domestic happiness. The fortune of Salutius was equal to his wishes; and with him, by time and patience, *the mulberry-leaf would have become satin.* It was not, however, long after Salutius had entered into the world, before the gay and splendid Dorina persuaded him that his cottage was an unfit residence for a gentleman; that the country was not congenial to polished manners; and that his education and birth entitled him to introductions into the higher circles; but that to obtain so inestimable a privilege, he must remove to the capital, and dress and live like others; having a suitable equipage and establishment, Salutius would doubtless soon become the favourite of some great man, he would be noticed for his talents, and promoted in life. One part of the scheme Salutius was able to realise; his credit was good, and the appearances required were, with him, easily obtained. Salutius was presently in the possession of numerous luxuries unknown to him before; he was elated with his success; already *the mulberry-leaf appeared satin*, but it was not the workmanship of time, it was done by a delusive magic, which blinded the eyes of the mistaken Salutius. Salutius was courted and caressed, because he was able to give entertainments, and because he dressed and lost his money like a gentleman. It was not long, however, before the same time which realizes to the humble and industrious their reasonable wishes, proved to Salutius that *his mulberry-leaf had not yet become satin*; that it had withered by neglect; that the industrious silk-worm, for want of nourishment, had afforded no thread whereof to make satin; and that it was a cobweb merely, and of no use. Salutius startled at his situation: he saw that his time had been misspent; that his impatience had ruined his hopes; and that his advisers had wished to witness rather his disappointment than his success. Salutius resigns himself to despair.

Comfort thyself, mistaken Salutius! thou mayest yet find a leaf on the tree of Providence; tear it not, then, hastily from the spray; *it will yet, in due time, become satin.* G. B.



Engraved by S. Rawle, from a Drawing by J. Nixon, Esq.

CROYDON PALACE, SURREY.

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Archiepiscopal Palace, *or* Manor-House, *at* Croydon, Surrey.

[WITH A VIEW.]

IT is with pleasure, and indeed pride, the editors reflect that they have, in the course of their labours, been able to draw the attention of the public to such a number of the vestiges of the antiquities of their native country; particularly those that, by bringing the architectural remains of magnificent fabrics again to view, have led the minds of their readers to the contemplation of remote periods, and, consequently, turned their thoughts to the manners, customs, habits, propensities, and local anecdotes of their ancestors.

When we behold the representation of an ancient building operated upon by time, and hastening to decay, it is so natural to consider it not only in a picturesque, but a philosophical point of view, that the mind can be but half satisfied with its delineation, however excellent; it is, therefore, necessary to aid the graphic by the literary art, and to combine the labours of the pen with those of the pencil.

Impressed with this idea, we must observe, that the annexed plate exhibits a view of the archiepiscopal palace, or, as it has in later periods been termed, the manor-house, at Croydon, in the county of Surrey. This building, which, it will be observed, has as yet suffered but little by the lapse of ages, in comparison with many others, was founded near the site of a royal palace which the king bestowed upon the archbishops of Canterbury; though, in process of time, they dilapidated it, and, with the materials, erected, nearer the river Wandle, which has its source in this parish, the fabric to which we would wish to direct the attention of our readers.

Near to this place John Whitgift, Archbishop of Canterbury, whom Queen Elizabeth used to call her little black husband, built and endowed a beautiful hospital for the relief of the poor, and a school for the promotion of good learning.

The manor of Croydon, to which the most ancient house was attached, belonged, at the time of the conquest, to Archbishop Lanfranc. Croydon park, of which the famous Sir William Walworth was keeper in the time of Richard II.* was given by Archbishop Cranmer to Henry VIII. in exchange for other lands; but it reverted again to the archbishop, by another grant, in the reign of Edward VI.

The palace, or manorial-house, which is situated near the church, was, for several centuries, the residence of the archbishops of Canterbury; of whom there have been few that have not dated their public acts from it. Archbishop Courtney received his pall with great solemnity in the hall of this palace, in the presence of a great number of persons. His successors, Arundel, Chichele, and Stafford, resided here very frequently. It seems probable, that James I. King of Scotland, who was taken prisoner by the English on his passage to France, and who was kept in confinement eighteen years,* was in the custody of Archbishop Arundel; a charter of his being extant, by which he grants the barony of Drumlanrig to Sir William Douglas, dated at Croydon, 1412.

Archbishop Parker, so eminent for his knowledge of Saxon literature, his general learning, and for his virtues, made this palace his principal residence. In the month of July, 1573, he entertained Queen Elizabeth and her whole court seven days at Croydon. It appears that her majesty honoured him with another visit the ensuing year, or, at least, that such a visit was in contemplation. The following original memorandum of the arrangement for her reception, written by Mr. Bower, gentleman of the black rod, is bound up with a manuscript copy of the History of Croydon, deposited in the library at Lambeth.

"Lodgings at Croydon, the busshope of Canterburye's house bestowed as followeth, the 19th of Maye 1574.

"The lord chamberlayne his old lodgings.

"The lord treasurer wher he was.

"The Lady Marques at the nether end of the great-chamber.

"The Lady of Warwicke wher she was.

"The lord admyral at the nether end of the great-chamber.

"The Lady Howard wher she was.

"The Lord Honsdone wher he was.

"Mr. Secretary Walsingham wher Mr. Smith was.

* This was, probably, among other grants from the crown to this knight for his eminent services.

* He obtained his liberty, 1424, on condition of marrying the daughter of the Earl of Somerset.

" The Lady Stafford wher she was.

" Mr. Henedge where he was.

" Ladies and gentilwomen of the privie-chamber ther olde.

" Mrs. Abbington her olde and another small rome addid for the table.

" The maydes of honour wher they were.

" Sir George Howard wher he was.

" The capten of the gard, wher my lord of Oxforde was.

" The grooms of the privye chamber ther olde.

" The esquyers of the body ther olde.

" The gentlemen hussers ther olde.

" The physycyons, two chambers.

" The queens robes wher they were.

" The groome porter wher he was.

" The clerke of the kitchen wher he was.

" The wardrobe of beds.

" For the queens wayghters I cannot yet find any convenient roomes to place them in, but I will do the best I can to place them elsewhere, but yf it plese you sir that I doo remove them, the gromes of the privye chamber nor Mr. Drewrye have no other waye to their chambers, but to pass throw that waye. Agayne, if my lady of Oxforde should come I cannot then tell wher to place Mr. Hatton, and for my Lady Carewe here is no place with a chimney for her, but she must lay abrode with Mrs. Apparry, and the rest of the privye chamber; for Mrs. Skelton here is no rome with chimneys. I shall staye one chamber without for her. Here is as mytche as I have been any ways able to do in this house. From Croydon this present Wensday morning your honours always most bounden, " S. Bowyer."

Archbishop Whitgift, whom we have before mentioned, is said " more than once to have entertained Queen Elizabeth at his palace of Croydon. Upon the refusal of the archbishop to accept the high office of lord chancellor, Sir Christopher Hatton was in this place made lord high chancellor. It appears by a letter of Rowland White's, that the queen dined at the archbishop's, at Croydon, in 1600. His successor Abbot was frequently there.

" Being at Croydon when the proclamation for permitting sports and pastimes upon the Lord's day was ordered to be read in churches, he peremptorily forbad its being read there."

During the civil wars, the parliament seized on the possessions of the see of Canterbury, and leased the palace at Croydon to the Earl of Nottingham. After Archbishop Laud's death, it came into the hands of Sir William Brereton: " a notable man," says a pamphlet writer of that day, " at a thanksgiving dinner, having terrible long teeth and a prodigious stomach to turn the archbishop's chapel at Croydon into a kitchen, also to swallow up that palace and lands at a morsel."

Archbishop Juxon repaired and fitted up the palace, restoring it to its former state. He and his successors resided there occasionally till Archbishop Secker's time.

It is conjectured by Dr. Ducarel, Mr. Rowe Morres, and Dr. Milles, that the whole of the building which forms the subject of our plate has been erected since the middle of the fourteenth century. How far the pointed arches of the gate and chequered work of the middle part of the wall may repress our confidence in that conjecture, it is not necessary here to state.

" Of the present structure," says Lysons, " I think it seems sufficiently evident that the guard chamber was built by Archbishop Arundel, whose arms are placed there, and the hall by Archbishop Stafford; the coats of arms with which it is ornamented, and its style of architecture, each adding support to the conjecture. There seems to be no satisfactory evidence to shew when the chapel was built; it appears to have been repaired and ornamented by Archbishops Laud and Juxon. Several large sums of money have been expended on the palace by the succeeding prelates, particularly by Archbishop Wake, who built the great gallery, and Archbishop Herring, by whom the whole was completely fitted up and repaired. The materials, in the survey of 1646, were valued at 1,200l. In the year 1780, the palace, not having been inhabited for above twenty years, was become much out of repair; in consequence of which an act of parliament was obtained for disposing of it by sale, and vesting the produce in the funds, towards the building of a new palace upon Park-hill, about half a mile from the town. It was sold under this act, October 10, 1780, to Sir Abraham Pitches, Knt. for 2,520l. It is now let to tenants who carry on the calico-printing manufactory upon the spot: the garden is used as a bleaching-ground."

The inhabitants of Croydon have obtained the use of the chapel as a Sunday school.

Mr. JUSTICE HARDINGE'S ADDRESS *to the* GRAND JURY *at* PRESTEIGNE, *Tuesday, April* 12, 1808.

Gentlemen of this Grand Jury,

IT is now the twenty-first year of my judicial attendance in this court;—a period, in which more "signs and wonders," more "distress of nations," and more awful changes (not of empire alone but of man,) have convulsed, and have desolated the world, than ever took effect in so limited a compass of time.

Yet, in the midst of such alarming visitations around us on every side, this island—this little spot in the map, holds up its head, and covers under its wing the most envied community of the inhabited earth.

What is it that has accomplished this unexampled security, and this elevated character?

Is it the army?—is it the navy?—is it the peasant, or the merchant?

It is not any one of these, nor all of them united, though each of them tells powerfully in the balance;—but it is the soul which animates them; in the constitution of the government, and the native spirit of the people.

These are vital parts of us, which the tyrant of Paris cannot reach; which his inordinate wealth cannot impoverish; and which his gifted abilities, in seduction, cannot mislead.

We cherish these barriers against him the more, because we have taken a note from the example of his friends. The enemy there has been our friend. A reluctant witness against his own credit is, in courts of justice, the most powerful advocate upon earth for the interest of truth.

A time was—it was a passing cloud—that some of us were tinged with levelling principles; but the good sense of the national mind and spirit soon recovered its tone, and with prophetic sagacity escaped in time from those vipers of the bosom.

What is it that we now live to see, in the wisdom of that awful instructor, Time?—Engrafted upon the savage frenzy of popular clamour against all government (whether of God or of man), is a despotism the most unbridled, and the most insolent that ever degraded the liberty it overcame.

Every nominal stake for which innocent blood was the order of the day, and the policy of the guillotine, has been more than superseded—it has been thrown into wanton ridicule by the parade of that supercession.

Kings were to be dethroned and murdered—Regicide was an attribute of honour—the very name of "king" was to be a curse.

An imperial king has not only taken the sceptre of his own "French territory," as he calls it, into his personal hand, but, as if to laugh at the fool he has enslaved, has littered, if I may use that phrase, half the continent with petty sovereigns, at the mercy of his breath:

> "What seem their heads
> "The likeness of a regal crown have on."

The pillars of the church were to be subverted—the pope of the day was banished, was degraded, was imprisoned, was a rambling fugitive, under a guard, and shewn to the multitude as an object of derision; it was a murder—it broke his heart.

The successor of that pope (terrified or corrupted) is received into the very heart of Paris, and consecrates the imperial diadem with all the imposing fopperies of the catholic altar.

The nobles were to sink into the dust—all were to be citizens. One of the noblesse, who was descended from the Bourbon race, took the name of D'Egalité, and paid for it with his head.

What is become of that vulgar and brutal spirit now?

Ask the dukes and princes, elevated into the peerage, for being janizaries to the usurper, who animates their energies by terror, not by love!

All badges of honour were to be torn off, trampled under foot, and abjured, as humiliating memorials of slavery to kings.

They are now spread over a court as full of parade as that of Louis the Fourteenth; and are wantonly exchanged in the coquetting intercourse of a regal confederacy, against the obstinate, though solitary, embers of spirit, independence, or freedom left upon earth!

We thank him for this note, which he has given to history—for this living proof, upon a record, which "he who runs may read," that "rebellion "against the legitimate principles of "government, and of religion, is the "unequivocal parent of tyranny in "the church and state."

Returning home, with a generous abhorrence, from the awful picture of experiments like these, upon a foreign shore, our national spirit feels pride of heart in the scene before us. The dignity of independence receives every one of us into its open arms, animated by a social union of all the links in our political chain, from the palace to the cottage; each of them, sacred, and revered in its turn, but not one of them entrusted with a power to injure the rest.

You, gentlemen, of this county in particular, if you are asked, "what you have done as contributors to the bank and stock of your country's welfare," can tell us, without one feather of arrogance, "that you have promoted, with success, tranquillity and justice, the most valuable blessings of human life;—that your judges, who visit you at stated periods, find their office anticipated, or disarmed, by your public spirit as magistrates, and by your example as men."

Some Account *of the* Loss *of the Portuguese* Ship Bowaniong, *Captain* John Napremassena, *on her* Passage *from* Calcutta *towards* China.

We left our Bengal pilot the end of April last, and stretched across the bay till the 4th of May, when, in the latitude of 16 deg. 57 min. north, longitude, 91 deg. 7 min. east, we encountered a severe gale, accompanied with a heavy swell, in which the ship laboured much, and became leaky. The gale increasing, it became necessary, for the preservation of the ship, to cut away the main and mizen-masts. During the violence of the storm, it was with difficulty that the incessant working of the pumps could keep the ship free; and from her masts being gone, she was exposed to the swell, which broke over the hull with such force and frequency, that we were every moment in dread of foundering. In this alarming situation, our commander not only displayed the utmost professional skill, but, by his presence of mind, by his collected, manly, and judicious conduct, afforded an example that served to raise our hopes, and to animate our exertions.

On the 26th of May, at 8 A. M. the weather having considerably moderated, we found almost the whole of our water butts stove in, so that, independent of other material wants, it became necessary to put into the nearest port for a supply of water. The land upon our lee was an unfrequented part of the coast of Ava, which we knew to be inhabited by a barbarous people, from whom we could not hope for the assistance we required; yet, as the south-west monsoon, at that season, usually blows with violence, we had no other choice than to make the land in any point that the disabled state of our vessel would admit. We accordingly stood before the wind, and made the coast, after a short run in the vicinity of the Broken Islands, and sent a boat on shore some leagues to the northward of the river Bartoon, for an immediate supply of fresh water. In this we were disappointed. The coast where the boat landed was a barren desert, and although wells were sunk in various places along the beach, in the hope of reaching water, all our attempts proved fruitless. We were therefore obliged to make what sail we could before the wind, to the northward, in quest of water. It was proposed to put into Cheduba, but unfortunately we fell to leeward of the island, and found it necessary to anchor off Saduha, where we obtained water and some provisions, but as we could not there repair the losses of the ship, so as to enable us with safety to put to sea, we were desirous, if possible, to reach either Cheduba or Chittagong. On the 16th of June, we weighed and stood out from Seduha. In the mean time the leak was increasing, insomuch that it required the constant working of the pumps, both night and day, to keep the ship clear. While in this situation, on the 17th of June, the day after leaving Saduha, we experienced a second gale of wind, as violent as the first. In the now disabled condition of our ship, and the exhausted state of the crew, from constant labour at the pumps, we had no other alternative than to endeavour to run the vessel on shore, in the hope of saving the lives of the people on board; while in pursuance of this design, we were so fortunate as to run into a bay, where being somewhat sheltered from the storm, we came to anchor at six P.M. the pumps incessantly working, and the leak rather gaining on us in spite of all our exertions. At 11 P.M. the gale still increasing, the ship drove from her anchors, and soon afterwards struck upon a narrow insulated rock, on which it was evident she would quickly

go to pieces. The unshaken mind of our commander was now eminently displayed. Finding that the ship must certainly go to pieces, and that the people could no longer continue on board with safety, he ordered the long boat to be got out, himself superintending the operation, which was not effected without difficulty. As soon as the boat was in readiness, the supercargo, myself, and as many of the people as she could carry, were embarked, when the captain, unmindful of his own safety, ordered us to quit the wreck, and to make the best of our way to the shore. As the boat could not contain all the people, some sought their safety upon spars, planks, hen-coops, &c. while the captain and five or six of his people continued with the wreck, endeavouring to prepare a raft. We, who were in the long boat, passed a dreary night, ignorant of the fate of our companions, and despairing ourselves of reaching the shore alive, the gale still continuing in all its fury. At length the sun arose, when we had the mortification to find, that our brave and faithful friend, our late commander, had voluntarily sacrificed his life to a sense of duty—he who so well deserved a better fate, and the men who were with him, perished with the wreck, which went to pieces in the night.

The long boat did not get on shore till noon, when we landed, and were soon afterwards seized and conducted by the natives, as prisoners, to the presence of the rajah, in the capital of Saduha, where we were detained for four months, during which time we experienced every privation and indignity from a barbarous government, alike insensible to the claims of justice or of humanity.

At length, after incessant entreaties, we, with the exception of the supercargo, his brother-in-law, the purser, and four others, were, on the 17th of last month, set at large. The persons detained were to be marched up to the presence of his majesty at Ava. They were to be accompanied by some of the chests of opium, and bales of cotton, which floated on shore from the wreck. Of the cargo that came on shore, the chief part was seized and sold by the inhabitants of Saduha.

We who were released, to the number of forty-six, were provided with a small-fishing-boat, in which we hastened to leave the inhospitable shore of Saduha. In our uneasiness to embark, we neglected a proper supply of water and provisions, and overlooked the insufficient accommodations of our boat; we were, however, but a short time at sea, before we found ourselves cramped for room, and so much exposed to the inclemency of the weather, that we preferred going on shore, wholly unprovided as we were, determined to traverse the woods, and to seek our way to Chittagong on foot. Having landed, we proceeded along the coast, and after walking day and night, without refreshment or food, we arrived, at the end of the fourth day, more dead than alive, at Chittagong: here our wants were doomed to be completely removed; here our sufferings were soothed by the tenderest offices of humanity.

James Bruce Laing, Esq. judge and magistrate of Chittagong, animated by sentiments honourable to humanity, and congenial to the British character, succoured our distresses with a zeal, promptitude, and liberality, calculated to excite both our gratitude and admiration. I have no expression equivalent to my sense of the beneficence and generosity experienced from this gentleman, in the kindness of whose attentions all my companions and myself lost every trace of our late distresses, except their remembrance. I trust that my countrymen, whether in Europe or in India, will justly appretiate such benevolence, and that they will be proud to acknowledge its claim to our national and individual gratitude, by employing every opportunity that may present itself to relieve a distressed or shipwrecked Briton.

Mr. Laing was desirous to detain the people some time longer at this place, under the apprehension that they were not fully recruited. A longer stay was, however, unnecessary. The Lascars being amply provided with money and other requisites for their journey, set out some days ago for Lukepore, on their way to Calcutta. The Europeans, nine in number, and two Chinese, being equipped from the same liberal source, with a boat, money, and whatever was required for their voyage, proceeded hence a few days ago, for Calcutta. Subjoined is an account of the fate of the persons late of the Bowaniong.

Number of souls embarked from Calcutta, 63.

Drowned.—Captain Napremassena, 3 Lascars, 2 Chinese, 1 Christian. Total, 7.

Arrived at Chittagong, 46.

Chittagong, November 10, 1808.

Shipwreck *and* Death *of Lord* Royston, *&c.*

A LETTER from Memel, dated April 12, gives the following distressing particulars of the loss of the vessel on board which Lord Royston and several other persons of great respectability went passengers from Liebau, originally bound to Carlscrona.

"When we came within 40 miles of Carlscrona, the wind became direct west, and blew a gale. We were several times close to the island of Oland, but could not land on account of the ice; but that would not have prevented our attempting it, had not the captain said that there was no place for anchorage, nor was there a harbour; so we tacked about till the 6th, all the time the pumps going, and all hands baling the ship; but we did not gain on the leak, and had always four or five feet water in the hold.

"On the 6th instant, at noon, Colonel Pollen asked the captain if he thought the ship would stand the sea? He answered, that 'It was impossible;' whence it would appear, that had Colonel Pollen not put that question, the ship must the next day have foundered with us all. Upon receiving that answer from the captain, Colonel Pollen ordered him immediately to put back, and make the first port (this was Memel); and as it blew a gale, and the wind quite fair, we were sure of reaching it early next morning. During the whole of the day and night we were employed in clearing the ship of water, and prevented it exceeding five feet. At two o'clock on the morning of the 7th, we saw the coast, and, at four, Memel. I immediately went into the hold, opened my desk, and took out what money I had there, placing it in the pocket of my kibitker, that I might secure it at a moment's warning, in case of danger.

"When I came upon deck, we were close to the bar; I had not been there five minutes, when the ship struck with such violence, that the ladies and children in the cabin, and the passengers in the hold, had just time to reach the deck, when the ship filled with water, and immediately after the rudder was knocked off. The women now took refuge in the sailors' cabin on deck, where I also put the children. The sea running dreadfully high, we were obliged to cut away the mast to prevent the ship upsetting; the boats were then cut loose and launched, and Lord Royston with three or four others,* jumped into them, but were upset in a moment. I determined to take my chance with the women, and followed them into the round house, where I found eleven persons: Mrs. Pollen, and three servants, Mrs. Barnes, three children, and maid, Pereyra, and Focke. All the rest of our dear friends, except those who were lost by getting into the boats, were immediately washed overboard.

"Shortly after, the life-boat† came alongside, and found the captain and three sailors upon the bowsprit, who, telling the captain of the life boat that every one else was washed overboard, it put off, leaving us 12 in the round-house, in water up to the middle.

"In order to shew the people on shore that there were still living people on board, it was necessary for some of us to shew ourselves occasionally. Mrs. Pollan's two servants, Anthony and Hearn, and myself, were the only three who would venture out, and one of us did so every quarter of an hour. During this day, the life-boat made four or five attempts to relieve us, but could not come near, on account of the tremendous sea.

"Next morning, at nine o'clock, Anthony who was out, gave notice that the life-boat was at the bowsprit. I went out with Mrs. Pollen and the youngest child; Mrs. Pollen with great difficulty reached the life-boat. I was twice knocked down by the sea, with the child in one arm, but succeeded in keeping fast hold with the other. Finding, however, my strength failing me, I gave the child to Ann (Mrs. Barnes's maid), desiring her to remain where she was, till I could send one of the men from the life boat to take the child. Whether she attempted to follow me or not I cannot say, but just as I threw myself into the boat, the sailors called out that the woman with the child and a man were washed overboard; this man was Hearn, Mrs. Pollen's servant.

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* Those were, as we learn from a letter from St. Petersburg, Colonel Pollen, and Messrs. Bayley and Renney.

† The Memel life-boat was built by the original inventor, Mr. Greathead, and sent to Memel in the year 1802; since which time, it has been the means of saving a great number of lives from ships wrecked on that bar; particularly, in September 1805, the Swedish Count Lowenhielm, chamberlain to the Queen of Sweden, and suite.

"The weather was too boisterous to permit the boat to remain long where it was; it therefore put off with Mrs. Pollen, her servant Anthony, Mr. Pereyra, and myself. When we reached the shore, I told the people there were still four living persons on board, viz. Mrs. Barnes, her two children, and the third servant of Mrs. Pollen. They were with difficulty persuaded to return, and we succeeded in saving them.

"Mr. Focke had died during the night, from cold, in the little bed-place before described; the body is now on shore, and is to be buried to-morrow, according to directions he gave me about half an hour before his death.

"Mr. Pereyra is not expected to survive this day.*

"Mrs. Barnes is laid up, having had her feet frozen. Mrs. Pollen is tolerable, but, as you may imagine, very low. We were upwards of forty hours without meat or drink, and must have all perished, had we remained six hours longer."

Lost.—Lord Royston, and man-servant; Colonel Pollen, and one man-servant; Mrs. Barnes's man-servant, maid-servant, and youngest child; Mr. Halliday's servant, Thomas D. Bayley, Mr. Becher,* and Mr. Renney; Mr. Focke (died on board), and Mr. Pereyra (since dead on shore).

Alive.—Mrs. Barnes and two children; Mrs. Pollen and two servants; Mr. Halliday; the captain, and three sailors.

* His death happened as was foreseen.

* Mr. Becher also was taken from the wreck, but died a few hours after he was landed.

THE LONDON REVIEW, AND *LITERARY JOURNAL*, FOR JUNE, 1808.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London during the Eighteenth Century: including the Charities, Depravities, Dresses, and Amusements of the Citizens of London during that Period; with a Review of the State of Society in 1807. *To which is added, A Sketch of the domestic and ecclesiastical Architecture, and of the various Improvements of the Metropolis. Illustrated by fifty engravings. By James Peller Malcolm, F.S.A. Author of "Londinum Redivivum," &c. &c.* 1 vol. quarto, pp. 490.

BEFORE we proceed to the examination of this work, we ought to apologize to the author for not having *yet* noticed his most laborious collection of parochial records, vestiges, &c. included in his four volumes, entitled *Londinum Redivivum*; to which, in our opinions, this forms a proper appendage. The other work shall certainly not escape our notice. In the mean time, our attention is attracted to this in consequence of the number of curious particulars which it includes, and from many other circumstances, some of which, even in this cursory sketch, will be noticed.

With respect to the persons of "the aborigines of London—the state of the parish children—anecdotes of the various species of charity exercised in London, between the years 1700 and 1800"—they are all subjects so well known, that, though extremely proper to form an introductory chapter, we shall be excused by our readers, as we wish to combine brevity with amusement and information, if we pass them over with only one observation, viz. that since the year 1778, such has been the im-

proved management of parish children, particularly in the first stages of infancy, that we do not believe the deaths of those under six years of age average half the number of those in the eleven years antecedent to that period.

This chapter is embellished with three etchings, viz. the Foundling Hospital, centre of Bancroft's Alms-houses, and the Small-pox Hospital.

The second chapter contains anecdotes of depravity from 1700 to 1800. To this catalogue we could, and probably shall at another opportunity, make a large addition. With respect to the executions in the metropolis, we shall give a comparative statement of the first six years of the last and of the present centuries.

Executed.		Executed.	
1701	66	1802*	10
1702	13	1803	9
1703	18	1804	8
1704	17	1805	10
1705	16	1806	13
1706	5	1807	14
	135		64

It appears that private lotteries were prevalent in those times. Mr. M. mentions three, viz. Mr. Sydenham's; "THE LAND LOTTERY;" "the *Twelvepenny*, or NONSUCH;" and "THE FORTUNATUS."

We have often wished to see a passage in Congreve's "Love for Love" elucidated. Jeremy says, in the first scene of the first act, "A plague of that Will's coffee-house; it has ruined more young men than the *Royal Oak Lottery*." We have now reason to believe, that this lottery took its appellation from a public or coffee-house, where, probably, it was drawn, situated either in New Tothill-street or Orchard-street, Westminster, which, it will be recollected, were parts of the town in much higher estimation at that period than they are at present.

"In so populous a city as London, no place is *sacred* from the contrivances of sharpers. Even plate used at the coronation of Queen Anne, in Westminster-hall, April, 1702, was stolen, with table linen and a great deal of pewter."

We quote the following advertisement, because it brings to our minds the ingenious artist against whom it was levelled, who was no other than BAT PIGEON, whose sign of a *bat* and a *pigeon* once attracted much attention, and of whom honourable mention has been made, both by *Steele* and *Addison*.

"Whereas a pretended hair-cutter between the Maypole, in the Strand, and St. Clement's Church,* hath, without any provocation, maliciously abused Jenkin Cuthbeartson behind his back, and at several persons' houses, by saying that he was a pitiful fellow and a blockhead, and that he did not understand how to cut hair or shave. I, therefore, Jenkin Cuthbeartson, think myself obliged to justify myself, and *to let the world know*, that I challenge the aforesaid pretended hair-cutter, or any that belongs to him, either to shave or cut hair, or any thing that belongs to the trade, for five or ten pounds, to be judged by two sufficient men of the trade. As witness my hand, this 9th day of November, 1702.

"JENKIN CUTHBEARTSON,
King-street, Westminster."

Another paragraph, we think, alludes to Goodman, the player, who is mentioned by Cibber as having prognosticated his future excellence, and who has been immortalized by Pope.

"His never blushing face he turn'd aside,
Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophecied."

"1716, a highwayman, named Goodman, had been apprehended with great exertion and difficulty, and brought to trial at the Old Bailey, where the jury pronounced him guilty; but at the instant the verdict was given, he sprung over the enclosure, and eluded every endeavour to arrest his progress."†

The transactions of the memorable year 1720 we have already mentioned in several parts of our preceding volumes, particularly in the VESTIGES. With respect to the bubbles that were afloat at that season, when villany, in a most especial manner, operated upon credulity, Mr. M. has enumerated many; to which, if it were proper in this place, we could make an addition of upward of *sixty*: but this we must leave to another opportunity, only (for a sample), can it be believed, that

* We cannot readily turn to 1801; which we the less regret, as we mean to give a more general statement.

* Honest Bat had a very handsome house and shop on the north side of the Strand, a few doors from St. Clement's Church-yard, betwixt Emerton's, a colour-preparer, and the *Seven Rolls*, a baker's.

† He was afterwards taken and executed.

Globe *permits* (for subscribing *some time* or *other* to a project for a sail-cloth manufactory) actually sold for 70l. per share? That Sir Richard Steele's fish-pool scheme bore a premium of 160l. per share before any money was paid: that a considerable sum should be subscribed for importing large jack-asses from Spain, in order to *improve* the breed of *mules* in England; or that a joint stock company should be erected for the immediate cure of a *certain* disease? Yet these bubbles, and, as we have observed, many more, the combination of avarice and folly, were in those times tolerated; and if we consider that we were likely to have had in our own a *Golden-lane bank*: that every man with a few pounds in his pocket was on the point of becoming *a distiller*; that each adventurer was invited to steep his senses *in ale*, to *dip* himself *in water*, or to stupify his brains with *porter* (not to mention a hundred other bubbles that were afloat), who shall say that we are *wiser* than our ancestors?

To follow our author through his account of the different species of felonies, frauds, and the variety of enormities that reigned in London in the early part of the last century, would, within any reasonable compass, be impossible. His statement of the parochial and ward police is correct; and we are fully convinced, that the mischief, diseases, and crimes arising from the practice of drinking gin are rather under than over-rated. This practice, we are sorry to observe, is once more gaining ground by enormous strides. We have lately seen a father sharing his glass of gin with an infant of not more than two years of age; have been informed, that a fishwoman (whom we know) drinks from twenty to thirty glasses per day; and have had it reported to us, that from the hours of ten to eleven, one Sunday morning, one hundred and twenty persons took their drams at a public-house noted for the *excellence* of this infernal spirit in the north part of the metropolis: so that we are likely to have occasion to deplore a return of those evils which are in this chapter stated to predominate.

The numerous convictions for the adulteration of bread prove that the custom of mixing alum (which is now ground to an impalpable powder) with the flour is not less common than formerly.

The examinations of Sir John Fielding, and James Sayer, Esq. deputy high steward of Westminster, exhibit a derangement in local police, which, as it is now in a considerable degree regulated, can only be read as an object of curiosity.

The remainder of this chapter is dedicated to quacks of various descriptions.

J. Pechey, a graduate of the university of Oxford, and many years standing in the College of Physicians, London, gave advice *for six pence* at the Angel and Crown, in Basing-lane.

J. Poley, we find, cured smokey chimneys at Broken-wharf; and Dr. Herwig *insanity* by *sympathy* over against the *Green Balcony*, Suffolk-street, Charing-cross.

The *Dutch styptic*, for the receipt of which the French king offered 150,000 pistoles, we can tell Mr. M. would be of far greater use *now* than it was in those times: indeed, we think the sage would deserve millions who could extend the virtues of this invaluable medicine, and bring into *general practice* a continental styptic. Such a *panacea*, and the *solar pill*, would, we conceive, render the present race of mankind immortal.

John Martin, we find, was (1712) the happy possessor of a specific which *threatened* to drive the gout out of the kingdom. How the disorder came to have the impudence to *fly in the face*, or rather in the head of the said John Martin, we are yet to learn.

Dr. Benjamin Thornhill, sworn servant to his majesty *King George* (this is at once a loyal and professional hint; the learned doctor, we find, would have nothing to do with *pretenders* of any description), *seventh son* of the *seventh son*, we find, had, for several months past, kept a stage in the *rounds* of *West Smithfield*, and lodged at the *Swan tavern* there; a place once noted for nobs and *horned cattle*.

Our old friend *Dr. Case* is mentioned: his medicine might, it is observed *by himself*, be called the *golden mine*: so it might; for he is said to have obtained a fortune by it.

How the editor came, in this place, to pass over in silence *Mrs. Mapp*,* *Mrs. Kideus*, the water-doctress from *Bromsgrove*, whose name does not at present strike our recollection, and, in particular, Drs. *Salmon* and *Partridge*, we are at a loss to conjecture.

* She is mentioned in a subsequent page.

The third chapter has this quaint title,

"*Manners and Customs, including many Descriptions of Folly which may be considered as Ramifications of Depravity, and others that rather excite Mirth than Reprehension.*"

In speaking of the *Whetters*, a *sect* pretty well known in those times, Mr. M. says,

"The effect of the queen's proclamation against vice and debauchery, in 1703, is thus noticed by the Observator, in his 92d number. He says, that the vintners and their wives were particularly affected by it; some of the latter of which had the profit of the Sunday's claret to buy them pins, and enable them every now and then to take a turn with the wine-merchant's eldest 'prentice to *Cupid's** garden, or on board the *Polly*.† The *Whetters* are very much disobliged at this proclamation, who used on Sundays to meet on their parade at the quakers' meeting-house in Gracechurch-street, and adjourn from thence through the tavern back-door to take a whet of white and wormwood, and to eat a bit of the cook-maid's dumpling, and then home to dinner with their dear spouses, and afterwards return to the tavern to take a flask or two for digestion. They tell me, that all the cake-houses at Islington, Stepney, and the suburbane villages, have hung their signs in mourning; every little kennel of debauchery is quite dismantled by this proclamation; and the beaux who sit at home on Sundays, and play at picquet and backgammon, are under dreadful apprehensions of a thundering prohibition of stage playing."

From the Female Tatler of 1709, the mercers' shops and shopmen are well discriminated.

"This evening, some ladies, having an opinion of my fancy in clothes, desired me to accompany them to Ludgate-hill, which I take to be as agreeable an amusement as a lady can pass away three or four hours in. The shops are perfect gilded theatres; the variety of wrought silks so many changes of fine scenes; and the mercers are the performers in the opera; and instead of *viritur ingenio*, you have, in capitals, 'No trust by retail.' They are the sweetest, fairest, nicest dished out creatures; and by their elegant address you would guess them to be Italians. As people glance within their doors, they salute them with—Garden silks, ladies Italian silks, brocades, tissues, cloth of silver or cloth of gold, very fine Mantua silks, any right Geneva (Genoa) velvet, English velvet, velvet embossed. And to the meaner sort —Fine thread satins, both striped and plain, fine Mohair silk, satinnets, Burdets, Persianets, Norwich crapes, Arterines, silks for hoods and scarves, hair camlets, druggets, or sagathies, gentlemen's night-gowns ready made, shalloons, durances, and right Scotch plaids.

"We went into a shop which had three partners: two of them were to flourish out their silks, and, after an obliging smile and pretty mouth made, Cicero like, to expatiate on their goodness; and the other's sole business was, to be gentleman-usher to the shop, to stand completely dressed at the door, bow to all the coaches that pass by, and hand ladies out and in."

This practice was continued till considerably past the middle of the last century: we remember (for, indeed, who can forget that has ever seen him?), Parsons spoke a prologue to one of the pieces at the Haymarket theatre, of which these were the first four lines:—

"Ladies, from Ludgate-hill, behold Paul Prig;
The same spruce air you see, same coat, same wig;
A mercer smart and dapper, all allow,
As ever from shop door *shot off a bow*."

"A singular wedding occurred in November 1715, *secundum usum tremulorum*, between a rich quaker apothecary and a daughter of Daniel Quare, the celebrated watch-maker* in Exchange-alley. The place of entertainment was Skinners'-hall, where 300 persons were present; amongst whom was the Duchess of Marlborough, &c. The Princess of Wales was invited, but did not go."

The author next expatiates upon duelling and other enormities of the times: he notices the *Hell-fire* and another club; and adverts to the laxity of manners which he says, and he is not much mistaken, pervaded all ranks. Among the fair sex, the custom of wearing masks

* This should be *Cuper's* gardens (formerly the *Bear-garden*); the latter entertainments at Cuper's are fast escaping from living memory.

† This should be *the Folly*; a very large vessel, said to have been the *hulk* of a ship of war or frigate, which was moored on the Surrey side of the Thames, nearly opposite Hungerford-stairs, and, consequently, abreast of *Cuper's* gardens. It was used as a floating *tavern* and *bagnio*. The proprietors had an idea, that a license was not necessary for a place of this *description on the river*, and it was continued many years unrestrained, till at length its enormities became so notorious, that its suppression was deemed a most necessary object of police.

* The shop of this ingenious mechanic was, we think, that which was occupied by Webster, and, we believe, is still by some of the family.

seems a strong trait of the profligacy of manners that prevailed. Mr. M. observes, that, in May, 1724, the White Lion,* in Wych-street, which had been long famed for riotous assemblies, under the pretence of concerts, was, by the activity of the police suppressed; and that among the company some females of distinction were discovered, also tradesmen's wives and their daughters, mingled with common prostitutes.

There are a great variety of other matters noticed in this chapter; of which we can only mention a few: but the reader will observe, that they are chiefly extracted from the public papers of those times; though he has also, with great industry, collected from the works of travellers, pamphleteers, and poets, those kind of materials which seemed to bear upon the subject.

The royal visits of George II. to the city, October 29, 1727, and that of their present majesties, November 9, 1762, are included in this chapter, which also abounds with a great variety of other articles, under the heads of Improvements—Men Milliners—French Convents—Fairs—Religion—Curiosity—Betting Policies—Credulity—General View of Manners *circa* 1772—taken from Nugent's translation of M. Grosley's tour; a work, in our opinions, of much less authority than the letter from the Chinese, in the Spectator.

The fourth chapter is entituled, "Eccentricity proved to be sometimes injurious, though often inoffensive."

The old miser of Dartmouth-street, Westminster, who *lived* upon four pence a-day, and *died* worth 600l. *per annum*, is not, we fear, a *singular* character; indeed, John Rice, Esq. who was also a *Westminster miser*, who died the other day, beat him hollow.

We can see little of eccentricity in the advertisement of Cavendish Weedon.

The musical entertainment at Stationers'-hall, 1701, was a very rational amusement; and the application of its produce to the support of "decayed gentry, and the maintenance of a school for the instruction of children in religion, music, and accounts," extremely laudable.

Every *almanack*, we must hint to Mr. M. is a *weather paper*; therefore Gustavas Parker, who, in 1711, chose to do that *monthly* which his predecessors and successors have done, and still do annually, was not more eccentric than Wing, Partridge, Poor Robin, Goldsmith, Moore, and twenty others.

"The malicious miser of Bow," says Mr. M. "deserves a niche in the temple of worthies. Such was Mr. Elderton, a farmer of Bow, who went by the name of the old Farmer of Newgate, where he was confined, and even died, *because* he had determined not to pay the assessments in common with his neighbours."

Original Weekly Journal, Dec. 6, 1718.

* * * * * * * * *

"Another worthy was Mr. Dyche, whose singularity is thus mentioned in the Whitehall Evening Post, August, 1719: 'Yesterday died, Mr. Dyche, late schoolmaster to the charity-children of St. Andrew, Holborn. He was a strict nonjuror, and formerly *amanuensis* to the famous Sir Roger L'Estrange. It is said he wore a piece of the halter in which Parson Paul was executed (in the rebellion of 1715, for carrying arms against the king) in his bosom; and some time before his death made a solemn vow *not to shift his linen* till the pretender was seated on the throne of these realms."

* * * * * * * * *

"Joseph Jacobs, the eccentric preacher, who leads the van in our collection of human rarities, died in June, 1722. He retained the name of Whisker Jacobs to the day of his death." (Why?) "As he was singular in his life, so he was at his departure, having given orders that no mourning should be used at his interment in Bunhill-fields. Accordingly, his executors gave the company white gloves and rings, but no scarfs or hatbands."

* * * * * * * * *

"Eccentricity is generally a source of ridicule, but rarely one of profit. An instance of the latter is recorded in the London Journal:—A Mr. Morrisco, an eminent weaver, and a man of vast possessions, resident in Spital-fields, had a bill drawn on him from abroad of 80,000l. which was held by an ambassador at our court, and sent for acceptance. When the old gentleman made his appearance, the messenger was appalled at his figure, which exhibited penury personified; he therefore hurried back to the ambassador, full of doubts and fears whether it could be possible such a man should be

* This house was one of the last of the hundreds of Drury taverns (for in that district it was included). Tradition formerly said, it had, in the reign of Charles II. been much celebrated for the *gayety* of its visitors. The rooms in which the concerts were performed and balls given were at the top of the house: these were large, others smaller; the bar conveniently situated to see who went up stairs. All the premises, except the tavern part, which dwindled into a public-house, were let to an organ builder and harpsichord maker.

capable of raising even 800l. The representative of sovereignty, terrified at the idea of his probable loss, resolved to satisfy himself by personal inspection; which he had no sooner done than Morrisco divined his thoughts, and to ease them, and turn his doubts to present profit, he offered to pay the bill immediately for a valuable consideration. The offer was gladly accepted; and Morrisco *fairly* pocketed 4000l. the *produce of his shabby habiliments*."

Speaking of the famous female bone-setter of Epsom, Mr. M. observes, that

"This person, we are told, is the daughter of one Wallin, a bone-setter of Hindon, Wilts, and sister of that Polly Peachem whom a gentleman of fortune married.* Upon some family quarrel, she left her father, and wandered up and down the country in a miserable manner, calling herself *Crazy Sally*, and often, as it is presumed for grief, giving way to a practice that made her appear to have a good title to that name. Arriving at last at Epsom, she has performed such wonderful cures, that we are told the people thereabout intend a subscription of 300l. a-year to keep her among them."

The concourse of people which this impostor drew to Epsom, it is said, "is incredible; and it is supposed she gets twenty guineas a-day, as she executes what she does in a very quick manner!"

This woman, who was afterwards Mrs. Mapp, travelled in a coach and six, out-riders, and every other appendage to nobility.

Lord Vane's advertisement for his wife, published January 24, 1737, is curious, as it describes the person of a lady whose manners and conduct have already been *amply* described by the late Dr. Smollet and others.

"Whereas Frances, wife of the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Vane, has, for some months past, absented herself from her husband and the rest of her friends: I do hereby promise to any person or persons who shall discover where the said Lady Vane is concealed, to me, or to Francis Hawes, Esq. her father, so that either of us may come at the speech of her, the sum of 100l. to be paid by me, on demand, at my lodgings in Piccadilly. I do also promise, the name of the person who shall make such discovery shall be concealed, if desired.

"Any person concealing or lodging her after this advertisement will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour.

"Or if her Ladyship will return, she may depend upon being kindly received.

"She is about twenty-two years of age, tall, well-shaped, has light brown hair, is fair complexioned, and has her upper teeth placed in an irregular manner.

"She had on when she absented a red damask French sacque, and was attended by a French-woman who speaks very bad English.

"VANE."

In the fifth chapter, Mr. M. states a few of the "Public Methods of raising Money, exemplified in Notices relating to Lotteries, Benefit Societies, &c."

These being, in many instances, so like the bubbles of the present day, we shall pass them over; though it must be observed, that much may be said, and much, it is probable, at a future period, will be said, on those important subjects.

The sixth chapter is dedicated to "The religious and political passions of the Community, illustrated by Anecdotes of popular Tumults."

With this subject, however useful such notices might sometimes have been *as warnings*, we have, for many special reasons, less to do than with the last. How all those disgraceful tumults originated, how they subsided, and the *real* motives that stimulated the incendiaries in most of them, are now well known. Whether our author is *quite correct* in his observations, is a question which it is not necessary *here* to discuss.

Chapter the seventh contains "Amusement—Detail of all its Varieties."

"Many pursuits called amusements," says Mr. M. at the beginning of this chapter, "will be found in this section, which the moralist must term *crimes*."

We are exactly of the same opinion; and have long considered the Bear Garden, Figg's amphitheatre, and many other places of the same description, as enormities which shew the morality of those times to have been *as loose* as their police. Who could now believe, that, in 1700, a concert at the theatre in Dorset-gardens should not have been considered as complete without the attraction of prize-fighters. One of the Hockley in the Hole advertisements runs thus:—

"*At his majesty's* Bear-garden, in Hockley in the Hole: a trial of skill to be performed to-morrow, being the 10th instant (July, 1700), at three in the afternoon, between John Bowler, of the city of Norwich, and

* The Duke of Bolton.

champion of Norfolk, master of the noble science of defence, and Will of the West, from the city of Salisbury, master of the said science of defence."

At the time that the *taste* of the people was refined by the amusements of the Bear-garden, their *morals* were *improved* by the public days at Lambeth-wells, where, we understand, there was music on Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, from seven in the morning till sunset; the other days till two. The price of admission was three pence: the water one penny *per quart* to the affluent, and *gratis* to the poor. These wells were, we think, situated in the Upper Marsh, Lambeth, near the sign of the *Perpetual Oven*.

"Public amusements," says Mr. H. "were generally very contemptible at the commencement of the century: for instance; Mr. Pawlet had a great dancing-room near Dowgate, Thames-street; hither the gay were invited to a "*consort*" produced by violins, flutes, hautboys, and a trumpet, with singing."

"One of the interludes at Dogget's booth, Bartholomew Fair, 1702, is well described, but too long for insertion. Barnes and Finley, after the usual exordium of their superior excellence, mention, that the spectator will "see my Lady Mary perform curious steps on the dancing-rope," &c. &c. Lady Mary, it appears, was a noble Florentine, who eloped with and married a merry-andrew. The sequel of this story is most tragical.

"The theatre in the Haymarket was opened 1705."

—"The theatre in Dorset-garden was taken down about 1709, and the site almost immediately after converted into a wood-yard and saw-pit."

Mr. Penkethman (the actor's) heathen gods are mentioned in the second volume of the Spectator; Mr. M. has, therefore, transcribed the advertisement from the original Spectator, No. xlvi. 1711; which, as many of our readers may wish to know the nature of this entertainment, we shall retranscribe:—

"Mr. Penkethman's wonderful invention, called the Pantheon, or the Temple of the Heathen Gods, the work of several years and of great expense, is now perfected, being a most surprising and magnificent machine, consisting of five several curious pictures, the painting and contrivance whereof are beyond expression admirable. The figures, which are above a hundred, and move their hands, legs, arms, and fingers, so exactly to what they perform, and setting one foot before another, like living creatures, that it justly deserves to be esteemed the greatest wonder of the age. To be seen from ten in the morning till ten at night, in the Little Piazza, Covent-garden, in the same house where Punch's opera is.* Price 1s. 6d. 1s. and the lowest 6d."

Clinch, of Barnet (mentioned in the volume of the Spectator to which we have alluded), we find,

"Entertained the public at the Queen's Arms tavern, Ludgate-hill, for one shilling each, by imitations with his voice of the flute, double curtel, the organ with three voices, the horn, huntsman, and pack of hounds, the bells, &c. &c."

Weekly Packet, Dec. 18, 1713.

"This day the new play-house in Lincoln's-inn-fields is to be opened, and a comedy acted there, called *The Recruiting Officer*, by the company that act under the patent; though it is said, that some of the gentlemen who have left the house in Drury-lane for that service are ordered to return to their colours, upon pain of not exercising their lungs elsewhere; which, in time, may prove of ill service to the patentee, who has been at vast expense to make his theatre as convenient for the reception of an audience as can possibly be."

The amusements on the Thames, both in *thaw* and *frost*, have been frequently described.

"The societies of the two Temples gave grand entertainments, at their halls, to the lord chancellor, and many of the nobility, in February, 1715-16; but the most remarkable accompaniment to these convivial meetings was the representation of the comedy of *The Chances*, performed within the greater hall, by the comedians of Drury-lane theatre."

This was the only remarkable circumstance attendant upon this exhibition; for Mr. M. must know, that masks had frequently been performed in their halls, by the gentlemen of the inns of court.

* * * * * * * *

"On Friday evening, September 13, 1716, several constables visited Southwark, particularly Penkethman's booth, whom they apprehended, and others of his company, just as they had concluded a play, and in the presence of near 150 noblemen and gentlemen

* This is the place which Addison warns his readers not to mistake for Covent-garden church.

seated on the stage. They were soon liberated, on making it appear that they were the king's servants."

* * * * * * * * *

"The opera of 1723 was supported by the introduction of a lady from Italy, of great musical celebrity, named Cuzzoni. She sung in private for the amusement of the Prince and Princess of Wales, to their great satisfaction, previous to her appearing in public. Her engagement was at the" (*then*) "enormous salary of 2,000*l.* per season, presuming on her future success; nor were the managers disappointed, for they were enabled, on the second evening of her performance, to demand and receive four guineas each ticket.* An excellent epigram was made upon this lady immediately after her first appearance:—

"If Orpheus' notes could woods and rocks inspire,
And make dull rivers listen to his lyre,
Cuzzoni's voice can with far greater skill,
Rouse death to life, and what is living kill."†

"The theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields seems entitled to the exclusive honour of introducing harlequinades to the public. The manager is mentioned, in 1723, to have been particularly successful; so much so as to have excited the envy of his brethren of Drury-lane, who determined either to rival or eclipse him, by the introduction of a piece, called, 'Blind Man's Buff, supported by the Freaks of *eight* Harlequins.' My author of the Weekly Journal adds:—'The thing was so ridiculous, there was no music to be heard but hissing.'"

We find that, during the run of the pantomime of Dr. Faustus, Dr. Young's tragedy of the Brothers, and Cibber's Cæsar in Egypt, were produced. The first was very coldly received, and the latter absolutely condemned.

The amusements of Figg's amphitheatre, Oxford-road, certainly did not deserve the many lines of poetry, middling as they are, that are, in this chapter, bestowed upon them.

"Prince Frederick of Wales gave a grand entertainment to the nobility at the *Opera-house*, in 1732. The same royal personage formed a company of soldiers, consisting of courtiers' sons, to which he declared himself corporal, and, as such, relieved guard betwixt the acts of the Indian Emperor, performed before their majesties and the court, in the grand ball-room at St. James's, by noble youths of both sexes."

"The first notice of Vauxhall-gardens that I recollect," says Mr. M. "to have seen in the newspapers, was in June, 1732, when a *ridotto al fresco* is mentioned: the company were estimated at 400 persons,* and in proportion of *ten men* to *one woman*, who generally wore dominos, *lawyers' gowns*, and masks, but many were without either. The company retired between three and four in the morning, and order was preserved by 100 *soldiers* stationed at the entrance."

* * * * * * * * *

"Ranelagh-house, Chelsea, the residence of a nobleman of that title, was sold, in 1733, to an eminent builder, named Timbrell, for 3,200*l.* who advertised it for sale the following year, as a freehold, with garden, kitchen-garden, and offices, and a smaller house and garden, with fruit-trees, coach-houses, &c. &c. These, I apprehend, were the first vicissitudes of Ranelagh, preparatory to its conversion into a place of amusement."

"Farinelli engaged to perform fifty nights during the season of 1734-5 for a salary of 1,500 guineas, and a benefit."

There are, in this chapter, abundance of theatrical anecdotes; but of these we have quoted sufficient to shew the reader their nature and arrangement. The other materials of it consist of—The Bottle Conjuror—Spouting Clubs; a subject which produces a long poem in blank verse, not destitute of merit—Handel's Decease; which comprehends his professional life—White Conduit House, a poem in blank verse, from the London Chronicle—St. Bartholomew Fair—The Theatrical Disputes respecting Half-price—Fireworks and Illuminations—The Drury-lane Pantomime, called "*The Loves of Mars and Venus*," invented by one Weaver, a dancing-master, of Shrewsbury; upon the great success of which Sir Richard Steele wrote the following lines:—

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* This, we presume, was for *a box* for the evening.

† An epigram *quite as excellent* has come into one of our heads, which we shall, for the sake of comparison, quote:—

"The notes of Orpheus mov'd the woods,
And made the mountains dance:
Like Virgil's Jove, he bid the floods
No further to advance.
He quell'd the forest's savage roar;
He sung—the beasts exclaim'd, "*Encore!*"

Cuzzoni's voice beats Orpheus hollow,
Her notes the town inspire:
The blockheads lead—the coxcombs follow,
While ladies round expire.
Think ye that this is real passion?
Oh, no! to faint and die's the fashion."

* We rather think that this number, by the 100 soldiers appointed to keep the peace, should have been 4,000 persons, or else they were very *disorderly*.

" Weaver, corrupter of the present age,
Who first taught silent sins upon the stage."

The Dancing-dogs, engaged by Rich at ten pounds per night: these brought above twenty good houses, while Booth, Wilks, and Cibber, were playing to empty benches, are also noticed. The disputes betwixt Harris, Colman, &c. occupy a considerable space in this chapter.—Mr. Macklin's affairs have a full share of observation—neither Mrs. Cornely nor Signor Torrè are forgotten—Mr. Garrick, of course—Dr. Kenrick—The *Regatta*—*Fête Champetre*—Foote—Kemble—New Drury, &c. &c. are included; and, in short, from the variety of subjects which are brought down to 1800, this division of the work may be aptly termed *the century of amusements.*

The eighth chapter is entituled, " Anecdotes of Dress, and of the Caprices of Fashion."

Here we are aware that we should tread upon very *tender* ground, if we were to attempt to follow our author over the *quicksand* of fashion. In fact, we have not *agility* sufficient for such an undertaking; our *weight* would *sink* us if we were to presume to criticise the drapery of the gentlemen; and as to the clothes of the ladies, perhaps it would be better for us to leave them as they are, or, rather, *as they were.*

Yet there is, to us, something so fascinating in the vagaries of taste (to which, it must be observed, the English have been more liable than any other nation upon earth), something so truly humorous and fantastic in the continual vicissitudes to which our apparel, like our weather, is subject, that we cannot omit taking notice, however slight, of a chapter that records those vicissitudes, and which has, in a manner, *fixed* these fleeting meteors of public absurdity, by a series of prints, that at once serve as embellishments and elucidations of the work; or, to adopt the language of Mr. M.

" To render the fashions as intelligible as possible, I beg leave to refer to the prints, by which every change of the male and female dress may be traced between 1700 and 1806.

These prints we really wish our readers could see, because they are, in many instances, extremely curious, and also because, on subjects of this nature, an artist with a few strokes of his pencil can convey ideas in a much stronger manner to the mind than an author in pages of laboured description.

The hood of the beginning of the last century has been immortalized by Addison, who is our *Alcoran* upon these subjects, as a political tegument, in which the ladies, at the time they *patched* one against the other, displayed the colours of the *parties* to which they belonged. We do not recollect that the gentlemen made the same distinction with respect to *their wigs*; or whether a brisk *tory-wig* snatching a kiss from a beautiful *whig hood*, would, in those times, have been considered as an abomination.

" At the same period the ladies wore holland petticoats, embroidered in figures with different coloured silks and gold, with broad orris at the bottom.

" It may be inferred from the ensuing story, that wigs of delicate and curious hair, whether for the use of ladies or gentlemen, were greatly valued by our beaux and belles. ' An Oxfordshire lass was lately courted by a young man of that country, who was not willing to marry her, unless her friends could advance 50*l.* for her portion; which they being incapable of doing, the lass came to this city to try her fortune, where she met with a good chapman in the Strand, who made a purchase of her hair (which was delicately long and light), and gave her *sixty pounds* for it, being twenty ounces, at 3*l.* *an ounce*; with which money she joyfully returned into the country, and bought her a husband."

" *Protestant Mercury, July* 10, 1700."

Sir John Cutler had, a little antecedent, made a good bargain for his hair:

" A few grey locks his rev'rend temples crown'd;
'Twas very want: he sold them for *two pound.*"

1703. " Satin gowns were lined with Persian silk; and laced kerchiefs, and Spanish leather shoes, laced with gold, were common. To these the ladies *added* bare breasts, with gold and other crosses suspended upon them."

" On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore."

" Mr. Bickerstaff notices the extreme nakedness of the ladies' breasts at this time" (1710), " and casually mentions the beaux' pearl-coloured stockings and red topped shoes, fringed gloves, large wigs, and feathers in the hat."

Whatsoever inclination we may have to follow our author through the mazes of his labyrinth of fashion, we must, looking at our space, repress it. We find, that it is impossible to compress a thick and close printed quarto volume into a few columns of this Magazine, and therefore, it is probable, shall take some future opportunity to resume our observations: for the present, we must content ourselves with merely giving the titles of the remaining chapters, and observing, that the architectural descriptions are, like the fashionable, elucidated with numerous plates, the subjects of which are equally useful and curious.

Chapter the ninth treats of "Domestic Architecture—traced from its Origin to its present improved State in London—Lighting and improving of Streets——Obstructions in them—Ornaments, &c. &c."

Chapter the tenth contains remarks on "The Ecclesiastical Architecture of London."

Chapter the eleventh, "Sculpture and Painting."

From which, by the cursory manner in which he has treated it, the author seems glad to *have escaped*.

The twelfth chapter, which is the last, includes a "Sketch of the present State of Society in London."

From this abstract, therefore, desultory as it is, the reader will see that the subjects treated on in this volume are curious, multifarious, and various. Were we to assert that they are *entirely new* we should not gain nor deserve credit. In fact, there are many of the notices with which we were well acquainted, and some which we have in our works already used: yet there are others of a different cast; and therefore, when we consider the labour which Mr. M. must have undergone in collecting such a variety of materials, from such a number of volumes, pamphlets, and papers, as he must have perused (some of which are no longer accessible but to the curious), we are of opinion that he deserves great praise for his industry. As a body of information respecting the morals, the manners, the foibles, and follies of our ancestors, we think this work very useful; as a book of reference, still more so. As an amusement, therefore, to the idle, and an assistant to the industrious readers, we unequivocally recommend it to the public.

The Antiquarian Repertory: a miscellaneous Assemblage of Topography, History, Biography, Customs, and Manners. Intended to illustrate and preserve several valuable Remains of old Times. Chiefly compiled by, or under the Direction of Francis Grose, Esq. F.R. and A.S. Thomas Astle, Esq. F.R. and A.S. and other eminent Antiquaries. Adorned with numerous Views, Portraits, and Monuments. A new edition, with a great many valuable additions. In four volumes, quarto. Volume III.

(*Concluded from page* 360.)

To proceed in our consideration of this entertaining work, the next print is of a very curious and correctly delineated figure of a knight in complete panoply, taken from an engraving on a brass plate of uncommon thickness on an altar tomb in the north chantry of the parish church of Trompington, near Cambridge; probably representing one of the ancient family of Trompington, antecedent to the year 1312.

Five plates exhibiting views of the ancient buildings in and about Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk, with the ample descriptions annexed, form a very prominent and pleasing feature in this part of the work. In speaking of the hospital of St. Petronilla, the author is right with respect to *lazar-houses*; they were an appendage to every great monastic establishment. His observations upon the decrease of the *leprosy* and scurvy are ingenious; and although we cannot agree with him in his reprobation of tea, we are as willing as himself to join in praising the medical, and indeed all the other *virtues* of sugar.

Little Saxham church is certainly a very picturesque object; but it seems to us, from the style of its architecture, rather a Norman than a Danish building; the round tower, composed of flint stones, is evidently so: yet by the pointed arch of the windows, together with their enrichments, the body appears still more modern.

The description of a Fish like unto a Man; the extract from the *Popish Courant* respecting the White Bull of Bury; and the Bacon of Dunmow Priory; are curious articles, but have been already before the public.

The monument of the Fitzwalters is delineated from the original, which stands near the south wall of the church of Little Dunmow, Essex. It is said to

represent Walter Fitzwalter (one of the Norman barons who followed the fortunes of William the Conqueror) and one of his wives. The next plate represents the tomb of *the Fair Matilda*, the daughter of Robert Fitzwalter, chastellian, or banner-bearer, of the city of London, whose melancholy story is given in the VESTIGES,* and which we do not conceive has been contradicted by any historian whose authority is sufficient to outweigh the evidence to be deduced from the character of the monarch, even was that evidence (which is not the case) unsupported by collateral facts.

We can only, within our contracted limits, give the titles of many of the valuable articles which remain to be noticed in this volume: such as, the "Letter of Indulgence to those who would contribute to the Reparation of the Chapel of the Holy Cross, in Colchester;" "Account of the Manner of Living of the Abbot of St. Alban's;" "Etymology of the word 'Caliver;'" "Copy of an old Will, and Particulars of Joroval Abbey;" "Curious Description of the Art of War in the Twelfth Century;" "On the Practice of bidding Prayers," &c. "Some Account of the People called Gipsies;" "Mount St. Michael, in Normandy," of which there is a view.

"Among the reliques" (of this abbey) "they shew the skull of St. Aubert, bishop of Avranches, with the impression of the archangel's thumb, after his neglect of repeated warnings to build this church; a fine head of Charles VI. of France, cut in crystal; an arm of a St. Richard, King of England: an enormous gold cockle-shell,† which weighs many pounds, given by Richard the Second, Duke of Normandy, when he founded the abbey; and a great stone which fell upon the head of Louis XI. at the siege of Besancon, without hurting him."

The letter from Sir Christopher Hatton, lord chancellor, to Sir Thomas Smith, secretary of state, is an effusion which, for credulity and folly, would have disgraced *Foresight*.‡ We therefore think, out of regard to the reputation of the writer, Mr. J. ought to have suppressed it.

The portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, if it was intended for her, is like the other portraits which we have seen of that unfortunate lady, in nothing but the *cap* and *ruff*; the features are totally different, and give the idea of a very plain woman. Had she been so, in all probability she would have been much happier.

Richard Castell, THE COCKE OF WESTMINSTER, we have already noticed in the VESTIGES.

Among a great number of PETITIONS which are inserted in this volume, there is one for regulating the payment of wages for the knights of the shires for their service in parliament; another

"*Against the inordinate use of Apparell and Aray of Men and Women, presented Anno* 1463, *and* 64—3*d and* 4*th Ed IV.*

"Prayen the Commyns in this present Parliament assembled, to calle to your blessed remembraunce that in the dayes of youre moost noble Progenitours there hath been dyvers Ordenaunncez and Statutes made in your Reame for the Apparell and Aray of the Commyns of the same, aswell of Men as of Women, soo that noon of theym shuld use nor were noon in ordynat Aray, but oonly accordyng to their degreez. Which Statutez and Ordenaunce notwithstonding, for lack of punyshment, and putting theym in due execution, the Commyns of this youre seid Reame as well Men as Women, have used, and daily usen, excessive and inordynat Arayes, to the grete displeasure of God, empoveryshing of this youre seid Reame, and enriching of straung Reames and Cuntrees, and fynall destroyng of the Husbondrie of this youre seid Reame."

This is the preamble: from the petition, which is long, we learn the several kind of fabrics that were worn, which were velvets, satin, silk; furs of different descriptions, &c. we also in some degree become acquainted with the fashions of those times; for among many other curious particulars, it states,

"And also to ordeyn and stablish, that noo yoman nor oon other persone under that degreez, fro the fest of St. Peter, called th' advincle next comyng, use nor were in the Aray for his body, eny bolsters nor stuffe of Woole Coton or Cadas, nor other stuffer in his Doubtlet, save lynyng accordyng to the same; uppon the peyn to forfeit to youre Highnesse, at every defaute, VIS VIIId."

The other clauses that we shall extract are, "to ordeyn and stablish, that noo Knyght under the Astate of a Lorde, Squire, Gentilman, nor other persone, use, or were, from the fest of All Halowen next comyng any Gowne,

* European Magazine, Vol. XLVIII. chap. vii. page 413.

† This seems to have been a mistake; upon which the editor has made a remark.

‡ Congreve's Love for Love.

Jaket or Cloke," which does not reach a *certain length*, under the penalty of xxs.

"And also to ordeyn and stablish, that noo Taillour make, after the same fest, to eny persone, eny Gowne, Jaket or Cloke, of lesse length, or Doublet stuffed contrarie to the premissez, upon the same peyne at every defaute.

"And also to ordeyn and stablish, that noo Knyght under the astate of a Lorde, Squier, or Gentilman, or other persone, use or were, from the seid fest of Seint Peter eny Shoes or Boteux, having pykes passyng the length of 11 ynches; uppon peyne to forfeit to youre Highnes, at every defaute, xxd.

"And also to ordeyn and stablish, that yf eny Cornyser make eny pykes of Shoen or Boteux, after the seid fest of St. Peter, to eny of the seid persones, contrarie to this Acte, forfeite also to youre Highnes, at every defaute, xxd."

These two last ordinances, it will be recollected, were levelled against the *beaux* of those times, who had adopted the picked toes of their shoes of such an immoderate length, that they turned up, and were, *by chains*, fastened to their knees, in order to prevent their tripping at every step in walking.

In a very curious extract, taken from the original manuscript in the Cotton library, respecting the nomination, establishment, and salaries allowed to the privy council of Henry VI. the following passage occurs:—

"Forthermore, the Kyng consyderyng the grete laboures, costes and deligences, whiche hath fallen to his seid counseillers, in recompence of her said laboures, coustes, deligences, doon and to be doon, hath graunted to the persones hereafter written, yerely for terme of her lyves, the some that folowen; that is to say, to my Lord the Duc of Gloucestre his uncle aforeseide, M M marc, the whiche he hath graunted to hym here afore for attendaunce to his conseile as long as it shuld like hym. Also in the same wyse to Humfrey Erle of Stafford CC marc. Also in the same voyse to the Erle of Northumberland C li. Also to the Erles of Huntyngdon, Salisbury, and of Suffolk, everyche of hem C li. rebatyng in the same somme as muche as they take nowe of the Kyng, by vertue of anny office that thei have of his yift, and yf the seid offices and the proufitz of hem struche not to the seide somme of C li. that thenne of that that shal so faile, the seid Erles shal be paied of that that lackyth in the complishment to everych of hem of the seid somme of C li. And also the Kyng for the causes aforesaide, hath graunted to the Lorde Hungerford, Cromweli, and Typtot, aforesaid, everiche of hem C marc; and to the seide Sir John Stourton, Knt. XL li. And in thees grauntes aforeseide, the Kyng woll that theire letters patentes theruppon to be made, be made for the goode service that thei have doo and shall doo unto the Kyng, and namely for intendance unto his counseile; eche of hem deliveryng ageneward unto the Kyng here countre letters so to be witholden."

The other articles in this volume are, "*Form of a Recommendation of Bishops to the Pope;*" "*Anecdote of William II. surnamed Rufus;*" "*Supposed Representation of the Saxon Deity, Woden:*" which is certainly a mere supposition, because he has nothing Saxon in his form or character: in fact, this god looks much more like a *modern toy* than an ANCIENT IDOL.

There is very considerable merit in the pastoral of Ferdinando, Earl of Derby.

"*The following curious letter was copied from the original by the Hon. Mrs. Boyle Walsingham, and is*" (says the editor) "*most obligingly communicated by the Right. Hon. the Earl of Essex. The lady by whom it was written was daughter and sole heiress to Sir John Spencer, Knt. Lord Mayor of London (36th year of Queen Elizabeth), whose fortune was so immense, that he was proverbially called "The Rich Spencer." She married William, second Lord Compton, and first Earl of Northampton, of that name. By this lord she was mother to the famous Spencer Compton, second Earl of Northampton, who so loyally fell fighting against the Parliamentarians, at Hopton Heath, on Sunday, March* 19, 1642-3. *The present noble earl is lineally descended from this lord and lady.*

"MY SWEET LIFE,

"Now that I have declared to you my mind, for the settleing your Estate, I supposed that it were best for me to bethink what Allowance were best for me; for considering what care I have ever had of your Estate, and how respectfully I dealt with those which both by Laws of God, Nature, and Civil Policy, Wit, Religion, Government, and Honesty, you, my Dear, are bound to, I pray and beseech you, to grant to me your most kind and loving Wife the sum of 1600l. per An. quarterly to be paid.

"Also I wou'd, besides that Allowance for my Apparell, have 600l. added yearly for the performance of Charitable Works; those things I would not, neither will be, accountable for.

"Also I will have three Horses for my owne sadle that none shall dare to lend or borrow; none lend but I, none borrow but you.

"Also I would have two Gentlewomen, lest one should be sick; also believe it is an

indecent thing for a Gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God have blessed their Lord and Lady with a great Estate.

" Also when I ride hunting or hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending; so for each of those said women I must and will have a Horse. Also I will have 6 or 8 Gentlemen, and will have my two Coaches, one lined with Velvet to Myself, with 4 very fair Horses, and a Coach for my Women, lined with sweet Cloth, orelaid with gold; the other, with Scarlet, and laced with Watched Lace and Silver, with 4 good horses. Also I will have two Coachmen, one for myself, the other for my Women.

" Also, whenever I travel, I will be allowed not only Carroches and spare Horses for me and my Women, but such carriages as shall be fitting for all, orderly; not pestering my Things with my Womens, nor theirs with Chambermaids, nor theirs with Washmaids.

" Also Laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away before with the carriages, to see all safe; and the Chambermaids shall go before with the Grooms, that the Chambers may be ready, sweet, and clean.

" Also, for that it is indecent to crond up myself with my Gentleman Usher in my Coach, I will have him have a convenient Horse to attend me either in City or Country; and I must have 4 Footmen, and my desire is that you will defray all the Charges for me.

" And for Myself, besides my yerely Allowance, I would have 20 Gowns Apparel, 6 of them excellent good ones, 8 of them for the Country, and 6 others of them very excellent good ones.

" Also I would have to put in my Purse 2000l. and 200l. and so you to pay my debts. Also I would have 8000l. to buy me jewels, and 6000l. for a pearl chain.

" Now, seeing I have been, and am so reasonable unto you, I pray you to find my Children Apparel and their Schooling, and all my Servants, Men and Women, their Wages.

" Also I will have all my Houses Furnished, and all my Lodging Chambers to be suited with all such Furniture, as is fit, as Beds, Stools, Chairs, Cushions, Carpets, Silver Warming Pans, Cupboards of Plate, fair Hangings, &c. so for my Drawing Chambers in all Houses I will have them delicately furnished with Hangings, Couch, Canopy, Cushions, Carpets, &c.

" Also my desire is, that you would pay your Debts, build up Ashby House, and purchase Lands, and lend no Money (as you love God) to the Lord Chamberlain, which wou'd have all, perhaps your Life, from you; remember his Son, my Lord Walden, what Entertainments he gave me when you were at the Tilt Yard. If you were dead he said he wou'd be a Husband, a Father, a Brother, and said he wou'd marry me: I protest I grieve to see the poor Man have so little wit and honesty to use his friend so vilely; also he fed me with untruths concerning the Charterhouse, but that is the least; he wished me much harm, you know how: God keep you and me from him, and any such as he is.

" So now that I have declared to you my mind, what I wou'd have, and what I wou'd not have, I pray you, when you be an Earl, to allow me a 1000l. more than now I desired, and double Attendance.

" Your loving Wife,

" ELIZ. COMPTON."

The last article in this volume is, " *Remark on a various Reading in the Communion Office of our Liturgy: with a Description of the Records called the Sealed Books of the Common Prayer, and of the Archetype of an Altar-piece therewith exhibited, by* Sir John Hawkins."

We have, as we have enumerated the principal articles that form the preceding volumes, in many instances, observed upon their different merit. We have also made some slight, but general remarks upon the arrangement and conduct of this work, which, subtracting such parts of it as we have reprobated, seems to us to have deserved the encouragement that we understand it has received. This course we mean to pursue with respect to our examination of the fourth and last volume, as soon as it is published; till which period we shall reserve our further observations upon the general character of the whole, and upon the advantage that may be derived from the study of the antiquities of this country; a study which, as a guide to modern times, we exceedingly wish to see still more encouraged, and consequently more extended.

Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, with a new Edition of her Poems, including some which have never appeared before; to which are added, some miscellaneous Essays in Prose; together with her Notes on the Bible, and Answers to Objections concerning the Christian Religion. By the Rev. Montague Pennington, M.A. Vicar of Northbourn, in Kent, her Nephew and Executor. Two volumes, 8vo; second edition, 1808.

(*Concluded from page* 366.)

After having so fully examined the first volume of this work, it will hardly be expected that we should dwell long

on the second; particu'arly as many, nay most of the poetical pieces it contains have been many years before the public. Their merits have, indeed, often been discriminated, and the character of the poetess long since settled: to which we have little further to add than our coincidence with that judgment which has stated that refinement of sentiment and elegance of diction are the characteristics of her muse. In vain, in the poems of Mrs. C. shall we seek for those enthusiastic flights of genius which lift the subject above the stars, while the numbers blaze in their ascent. Like a placid stream, the verse of this volume, generally speaking, rolls, its undulations exhibit the calmness and serenity that pervaded the mind of the author; though regular in its progress, it is frequently animated by piety, every where stamped with morality; and if the few attempts at humour and satire contained in it are not very eminently successful, the reader will consider, that the literary success of Mrs. C. was founded upon a basis so much more solid and permanent, that were the *poetical leaf* taken from *her laurels*, there would still remain enough to cover her brows with immortality. But that this is not likely to be effected, we can assert upon much higher authority than our own, namely, that of the former Lord Lyttelton, who has given an opinion of the poems of Mrs. Carter, which we shall insert, because it is, with respect to most of them, decisive.

"ON READING MRS. CARTER'S POEMS IN MANUSCRIPT.

" Such were the notes that struck the wond'ring ear
Of silent night, when, on the verdant banks
Of Siloe's hallow'd brook, celestial harps,
According to seraphic voices, sung,
" Glory to God on high, and on the earth
Peace and good will to men!"—Resume the lyre,
Chantress divine, and every Briton call,
Its melody to hear—so shall thy strains,
More powerful than the song of Orpheus, tame
The savage heart of brutal vice, and bend
At pure religion's shrine the stubborn knees
Of bold impiety—Greece shall no more
Of Lesbian Sappho boast, whose wanton muse,
Like a false syren, while she charm'd, seduc'd
To guilt and ruin. For the sacred head
Of Britain's poetess the virtues twine
A nobler wreath, by them from Eden's grove
Unfading gather'd, and direct the hand
Of Montagu to fix it on her brows."

These poems, it is stated in an advertisement, are all corrected from the manuscripts, and dated: a method which we much approve, as it exhibits, in their improvement, the progress of the mind of their author.

" The poems," says the editor, " which are printed from Cave's edition, in 1738, are preserved more as literary curiosities than from their intrinsic merit, in which, though some of them are not deficient, they are very unequal to those which were her later productions. But it should be remembered, that they were all written before Mrs. C. had attained the age of twenty years, and that they were thought at the time to be extraordinary proofs of early genius. With respect to those that never have before appeared in print, they were selected from among several others which, having had a cross with a pencil drawn over them, it was supposed her maturer judgment chose to reject. On those which are given to the public there was no such mark of reprobation; and it was, therefore, thought, that the editor might exercise his own discretion upon them."

From these poems we shall extract three, written at different periods of the life of the fair authoress.

"TO MISS HALL. 1749.*

" Thus sunk in fancy's melancholy dream,
The muse her lyre to strains of sorrow tun'd,
The string still vibrates with the mournful theme,
And starting mem'ry dreads the painful sound.

At length 'tis past, the threat'ning danger o'er,
No more I toss on life's tempestuous seas;
But idly slumb'ring on the peaceful shore,
Enjoy the calm of unexpected ease.

Tho' each gay scheme to youth and fancy dear,
In one wild storm is wreck'd, and ever lost,
No fond complaint shall call the fate severe
That lands myself securely on the coast.

Deep in retirement's silent vale confin'd,
The world in all its tempting forms I lose,
Nor idly murmur at the change assign'd,
Forgetful of the blessings it bestows.

As heav'n all-wise determines each event,
May its just laws my ductile passions guide;
Clear the dark brow of sullen discontent,
And check the restless insolence of pride.

Unchang'd my gay serenity of mind,
Tho' ever fix'd on this extremest shore,
As when, my dear Myrtilla, unconfin'd,
With thee I wander'd on the banks of Stour.

* This has never before been published.

Tho' now as several lots our fate divide,
Thro' varying life by different roads we tend,
The same directing Pow'r, our common guide,
Shall re-unite us at our journey's end.

'Till then, attentive to the present hour,
The good it brings with grateful sense we'll taste;*
While virtue shall our future joys secure,
And faithful memory guard the pleasing past."

" TO MRS. MONTAGUE.†

" No more, my friend, pursue a distant theme,
While nearer objects call reflection home.
Farewell the vivid fire, the deep-laid scheme,
Of polish'd *Athens*, and imperial *Rome*.

By fancy led thro' many a *British* age,
O'er winter's melancholy walks we'll stray,
When, once so busy on this mortal stage,
The wearied actors close their short-liv'd play.

O'er the pale sleepers wave the wings of night,
And solemn silence guards their long repose.
May no rude clamour, or detecting light,
Disturb this last retreat of human woes!

May never more return that impious age,
When dire rebellion scourg'd our guilty isle,
When civil discord, and fanatic rage,
Profan'd the shelter of the reverend pile.‡

The mad enthusiast sacks the sacred dome,
He rends the trophy from the hero's bust;
Nor weeping angels o'er the vestal's tomb
From insult shield the violated dust.

Sepulchral darkness felt a painful ray,
And silence, waken'd by the trumpet, fled;
While wanton outrage to the frighten'd day
Unveil'd the mould'ring horrors of the dead.

Barbarian, stop! those kindred atoms claim
The feeling heart, the sympathetic tear;
Stop! and bethink thee of a brother's name,
Nor mock the weakness thou must quickly share.

Ah, gracious God! when erring man has paid
The last sad forfeit of our guilty race,
Thy goodness bids earth's parent bosom shade
Our nature's ruin, and our form's disgrace.

From sin, dark principle of death, refin'd,
This ransom'd dust shall one day quit the tomb,
And rise fit partner to the spotless mind,
In new born glory and unfaded bloom.

While pensive wand'ring o'er this equal scene,
Where blended sleep the humble and the great,
Let wisdom whisper to our souls how vain
The short distinctions of our mortal state.

From yon fair shrine, where letter'd *Wykeham* rests
(Its gothic beauties finish'd from his plan),
A warning voice to high and low attests
The sacred truth, that MANNERS MAKE THE MAN.*

To death is destin'd all we seek below,
Except what virtue fixes for her own:
While the vain flourish of external show
Ends in the blazon'd hearse and sculptur'd stone.

All wealth is poor, unless with gen'rous skill
The lib'ral hand its trusted gift impart;
All pow'r is weak, but that which curbs the will;
All science vain, but that which mends the heart.

Oh! blest with ev'ry talent, ev'ry grace,
Which native fire or happy art supplies,
How short a period, how confin'd a space,
Must bound thy shining course below the skies!

For wider glories, for immortal fame,
Were all those talents, all those graces giv'n;
And may thy life pursue that noblest aim,
The final plaudit of approving heav'n."

The last poem in the volume which is certified to be Mrs. Carter's† was written by her at the age of seventy-seven years; of which the editor, in a note, observes,

" It is supposed that there are very few instances of a poem of so much merit being written at so advanced a time of life. Of the third stanza, in particular, it may be said, that it would not disgrace any poet of any age. The thoughts are, I believe, original; and the versification is excellent. Being the firm persuasion of her heart, it is expressed *con amore*; and how appropriate the praise is to those who know the subject of it, need not be pointed out.

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* Dona præsentis rape lætus horæ.—*Hor.* lib. iii. ode 8.

† To this poem there is no date; but, according to the chronology of the work, it must have been written after the year 1773.

‡ Many of the tombs in Winchester cathedral were defaced by Cromwell's soldiers.

* William of Wykeham's motto.

† There is also a poetical inscription in the cloisters of Canterbury cathedral, which is now ascertained to have been written by her.

"TO VISCOUNTESS CREMORNE,
JANUARY 5, 1795.

"Tho' youth's gay spirit, lull'd in deep repose,
No longer tunes the lyre, nor chants the lay,
Yet still my heart with warm affection glows,
And greets with transport this distinguish'd day.

Thro' many a rolling year may it return;
From ev'ry cloud of dark disaster free;
And still with grateful praise be hail'd the morn
That gave a blessing to the world and me!

Friend of my soul! with fond delight each hour
From earth to heav'n I see thee urge thy race;
From ev'ry virtue crop the fairest flow'r,
And add to nature ev'ry winning grace.

"Father of light! from whose unvailing source
Descends each perfect gift, each guiding ray,
Oh! lead her safe thro' life's perplexing course,
And guide her safe to happiness and thee."

The reader will, from these specimens, perceive the general character of Mrs. Carter's muse to be as we have stated; but he will, perhaps, with us, wonder at some of the rhythmical defects which are, in several instances of the first and last stanza of the last, and indeed in many other of the poems in this volume, too apparent, and which, if they did not arise from inattention, shew that her ear was not sufficiently attuned to the harmony of numbers to merit the exuberant, the unequivocal praise bestowed on her by Lord Lyttelton, however exquisite we may deem his lordship's judgment, as exercised upon those that came under his inspection.

The second division of this volume contains miscellanies in prose, consisting of letters, passages, thoughts, and extracts, and including numbers XLIV. and C. of the Rambler, which were formerly printed at the end of her volume of poems. These pieces seem most admirably adapted to the work in which they were at first inserted; and we have no doubt, when Dr. Johnson lamented the paucity of correspondents to his Rambler, but that he sent many a sigh after such articles as those contributed by Mrs. C. The latter of these is a piece of grave *irony*, which, if we blot *bear-gardens* from the list of fashionable amusements, would suit the present times quite as well as the age when it was written.

From this entertaining part of the work we shall make a few extracts; though, like the brick which the pedant carried in his pocket, they will scarcely be deemed a specimen of the building.

"DAVID HUME.

"POOR wretched David Hume! I hear one of the dreadful legacies he has left to the world is in favour of suicide, and the other against the immortality of the soul. It is strange indeed that any one who had arg ed himself out of that belief should feel any concern about the immortality of a name. There is something so groveling and base, so unworthy of every generous power of an intelligent being, in the endeavour of levelling itself to the condition of a clod, that one would wonder that even pride could not prevent it—if any instance was to be found wherein pride ever effected any good where principle failed.

"David Hume had the popular character of being good-natured: could any good-natured man write in commendation of suicide? Even upon his supposition of no future account, how is it possible that, with the least degree of real benevolence, he should not start with horror at the mischiefs which the admission of such a doctrine must introduce into society! One would think a moment's reflection on the confusion and distraction of those unhappy families in which such a dreadful accident has ever happened, might have checked the pen of any author less malevolent than a demon."

* * * * *

"ON DR. JOHNSON'S FEAR OF DEATH.
1783.

"I am very glad to hear that Dr. Johnson is so much better. At the time of his attack, probably, some Latin passage was in his mind, which occasioned his prayer to be clothed in that language rather than his own.* You

* "This, however, by his own letters, appears not to have been the case: he perceived that he had a paralytic attack, and composed a Latin distich, in order to discover whether his intellects were affected, and in what degree. The experiment must have been inconclusive, for the same failure of genius which caused him to make bad verses would have prevented him from discovering it."

This seems to be a conclusion upon false premises: the proof that the intellects of Dr. J. were not affected lay in his desire to try them: had his faculties been hurt, such an idea would never have entered his mind. Swift, in his last gleam of mental convalescence, made as good a verse as he ever did in his life; but it was the effect of a sudden

'wonder that an *undoubting* believer and a man of piety should be afraid of death:' but it is such characters who have ever the deepest sense of their own imperfections and deviations from the rule of duty, of which the very best must be conscious; and such a temper of mind as is struck with awe and humility at the prospect of the last solemn sentence, appears much better suited to the wretched deficiency of the best human performances, than the thoughtless security that rushes undisturbed into eternity."

* * * * *

"LORD FALKLAND.

"*Sandleford*, 1764.

"I AM exceedingly delighted with Berkshire. The prospects are so elegant, *and* soft, and riant, that the view keeps one in perpetual good humour. You will conclude that I cannot have been so long in this neighbourhood without visiting the spot where

'Falkland fell, the virtuous and the just.'

Yet surely very merciful was that blow which rescued a good man from the severe struggle of conflicting duties, and the necessity of taking part in a quarrel where both sides were so fatally in the wrong. There are no monuments of the battle of Newbury but a mount where the cannon is said to have been planted, and a large oval, surrounded by a trench, where they buried the dead.

"One cannot help feeling particular joy and thankfulness on seeing nothing but images of rural plenty and peace on a spot once so sadly marked by all the horrors of the most horrid war.* Yet at the same time to reflect that this scene of bloodshed and fury was transacted in the midst of prospects smiling with every beautiful, every softening object, renders it still more shocking, and increases one's astonishment at the perverseness of human guilt, which is thus perpetually frustrating every gracious intention of Providence for universal happiness."

* * * * *

"SIR JAMES MACDONALD.†

"I AM extremely sorry to read in the papers, that Sir James Macdonald is dead. He was, so far as I had an opportunity of knowing his character, the most extraordinary young man I ever knew. He studied very hard, was a scholar, and a mathematician; and yet at twenty I have heard him talk with a knowledge of the world which one could not have expected to hear but from the experience of old age. He had great and noble schemes for the civilization and improvement of his own country, and appeared, upon the whole, to be one of those superior spirits which seem formed to shew how far the powers of humanity can extend. Providence has, no doubt for wise and good ends, withdrawn him from a world which he seemed so uncommonly qualified to improve and adorn. Poor Lady Margaret Macdonald must be in inexpressible affliction."

* * * * *

"ON A SEXTON'S EPITAPH. 1781.

"My time passes chiefly in packing and unpacking; though I travel with as little encumbrance as is possible for any animal not clothed with wool or feathers.

"In amusing myself with reading the epitaphs in Marlborough church-yard, I saw inscribed on a fair tomb-stone, 'Sacred to qualities that adorn a Parish Sexton.' My first notion was ridicule; but a little sober reflection led me to consider, that in the hour when the parade of all adventitious finery is stripped off, and nothing remains but naked spirit, the simple qualities of this honest grave-digger, distinguished for his 'punctuality and diligence in preserving the decorum of public worship,' will make a more advantageous appearance than the celebrated exploits of an Alexander or a Cæsar."

The third division of this volume contains "Notes on the Bible, and Answers to the Objections concerning the Christian Religion." "These Notes on the Bible," it is said, in the introduction, "were not written by Mrs. Carter with any view to publication:" and, perhaps, their publication might as well have been withheld, as we find very few that are new: but it is also said, that they are mere coincidences of opinion with other eminent writers: at any rate, the sense of most, and the words of many of them, are to be found in other places.

The last part of this volume consists of "Letters from Mrs. Carter on the same Subject;" and, with the fragment "on Good Friday;" "Thoughts on the Old Testament;" and "A Morning Prayer;" very properly terminate a work, which, as recording the friendships, the habits, the labours, amusements and the progress of a life of literature of extreme length and of extreme piety, will be found equally instructive and entertaining. The many eminent and amiable characters that are drawn forth; the variety of anecdotes to be found in it; and, above all, the excellent moral system, deduced from the most dignified examples, which it inculcates; renders it, in our opinions, inestimable. The learning, the

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impulse, a momentary *impromptu*, which he could neither have *designed* nor judged of.—*Editor.*

* Bella—plusquam civilia.—LUC.

† Eldest brother to the present Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

virtues, and the talents of the lady whose memory it records, have, for a long series of years, been so well known to the public, that upon this subject it is unnecessary to say more. Yet when we considered the force of her genius, dedicated, in the only way that genius ought to be dedicated, to the praise and honour of her Creator, we have felt it impossible to say less.

The Fall of Portugal; or, the Royal Exiles. A Tragedy, in Five Acts. 8vo.

This is an historic drama founded on the invasion of Portugal, and the subsequent usurpation of its regal government by the French troops, to gratify the unbounded ambition of a lawless tyrant. It may be classed with the immortal Shakspeare's historical tragedies, compiled from some of the most remarkable and affecting events recorded in the annals of England. Next to the destiny of our own country, that of its ancient and faithful allies cannot but be deeply interesting to every liberal-minded British subject. The decline or fall of nations attached to us, through successive ages, by the bonds of amity and the reciprocity of commercial interests, must naturally excite sympathetic commiseration, and is, therefore, a proper subject for an epic poem: such is the present composition, being a narrative of occurrences in the late subversion of the Portuguese monarchy, detailed in the pleasing dramatic form, adapted to representation, but better suited for the tasteful and judicious reader in his study, the uniform tenor of the plot being void of that complicated intricacy which would render inferior pieces more successful on the stage.

The story, however, is truly affecting; the principal incidents are well known to have happened at Lisbon, and the fictitious decorations which animate and complete the drama are neither unnatural nor improbable, as in some of our admired modern tragedies. The principal characters in the *dramatis personæ* are real personages, though some of them assume feigned names. They consist of the Prince of Brazil, regent of Portugal—The Archbishop of Lisbon—The Archbishop of Braga—Junot, general of the French troops—Alvarez, a Portuguese courtier—Emanuel, Admiral of Portugal—Alonzo, commander in chief of the army—Mountford, ambassador of England—Bellegarde, ambassador of France—French conspirators, the tools of Bellegarde.——The Princess of Brazil—Elvira, a young lady, related to the house of Braganza, beloved by Alvarez, &c.

The main plot rests upon the alternative of the departure of the prince, the royal family, and the courtiers attached to them, or their remaining at Lisbon, and submitting to be dependent on the fallacious offers of friendship held out to them by the French ambassador and Junot, on the part of the tyrant Napoleon. The secondary plot consists of the mutual affection of Alvarez and Elvira, which is cancelled on the part of Elvira, upon her discovering that Alvarez is a traitor to his prince, and leagued with the French ambassador to betray his country. Tempted by the delusive prospect of being raised to the throne of Portugal by the French, he confides the secret, in an unguarded moment, to Elvira, who, disdaining to share a crown obtained by treason, nobly resolves to prefer duty to love and ambition, and rescues the prince from the impending danger, by disclosing the foul conspiracy: however, she stipulates for the life of her lover, but too late; for Alvarez being arrested and thrown into prison, swallows poison before she arrives to announce his pardon.

The third act has but one continued scene—*A Council Chamber.* The prince, the Archbishops of Lisbon and Braga, Emanuel, Alonzo, Alvarez, and other officers of state, debating the grand question of embracing the proposals of Napoleon, or of embarking for the Brazils. Alvarez alone urges every argument to persuade the prince to accept the proffered friendship of Buonaparte: the rest of the counsellors suspect him, and all advise the embarkation.

With respect to the poetry, and the patriotic design of the author, to excite the just indignation of the united kingdom of Great Britain against the common enemy of mankind, we think there cannot be a dissentient voice throughout the hosts of critics; all must agree in approving the sentiments and the versification: as a specimen of both, we have borrowed the speech of the Archbishop of Braga in council:—

"Say, shall we crouch beneath the galling yoke;
Lament our bondage, like the captive sons

Of fall'n JUDEA, near EUPHRATES, swell'd
With tears, when *Zion* was the mournful theme?—
Your wisdom rightly judges; let us fly,
O prince! and seek your western realms of peace";
There patient wait the gracious will of heaven.
Ere long, I trust, our earth that mourns its fate,
May burst again in song. Methinks I see
The hand of heav'n stretch'd forth for our deliv'ry,
To rid the world of the destroying spirit.
Prophetic, I behold his hour of fate;
I feel earth shake beneath the mighty fall
Of this colossus that bestrides the world.
He, who rush'd forth, his breath a burning blast.
That scorch'd the fruits and blossoms of the land;
He, whose unsated sword, with impious sweep,
Spread devastation; he, whose fiend-like voice
Howl'd 'midst the horrors of a ruin'd world,
And hurl'd defiance at th' Omnipotent,
Lies pow'rless; a mean piece of humble clay;
The scorn of every foot that deigns to tread it.
A remnant of thy people shall be sav'd,
More glorious to return; the iron bonds
Shall burst in sunder—desolation cease—
Our joyless city raise her drooping head,
And hymns of gladness fill our streets again."

We add four lines from the final speech of the Archbishop of Lisbon, for a reason explained in the note beneath.

"Hope whispers,* heav'n not long permits his crimes!
Rais'd from obscurity, the gaudy bubble,
Inflated by the breath of fools and flatterers,
Mounts for a minute's space, and melts in air!

T. M.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

COVENT-GARDEN, *May* 24.—A new comedy, called "MATCH-MAKING; OR, *'Tis a wise Child that knows its own Father*," was presented for the first time, for the benefit of Mrs. Charles Kemble. We take this to have been a translation from the French; but, though it served the temporary purpose of a benefit, it has not been heard of since.

DRURY-LANE, *May* 26.—The present month has been made remarkable in theatrical annals by the departure from the stage of three actresses, of distinguished merit, and in high favour with the public. On this evening, Miss POPE set the example of retirement, after a continuance of more than *fifty years* in the same theatre;* but, as a MEMOIR, accompanied by an excellent PORTRAIT, of this lady, was given in our LIst volume, p. 243, we need do little more in this place than notice her concluding performance. The character in which she took her leave of the stage was that of *Deborah Dowlas*, the temporary *Lady Duberly*, of Mr. Colman's *Heir at Law*; a part which she played for the first time, as well as the last; and that so well, that we quite forgot it was the one, and only wished it had not been the other. After this, she came forward in the dress of *Audrey*, and spoke a very few lines of farewell in that character; in which she said, that *Audrey* had parted from *Touchstone*, and was now come to part with her other friends. She then expressed her thanks for the kindness with which she had always been treated, and withdrew amid the loudest plaudits. In retiring from the public scene, Miss Pope has shown the discretion and judgment which have always governed her conduct, and has forcibly illustrated the observation of the poet, that

——"Wisdom's triumph *is well tim'd retreat*,
As hard a science to the fair as great."

Having by her abilities and her prudence acquired a competency, she does not linger on the stage till the infirmities of declining life excite compassion rather than produce merriment; but, with health and spirits unimpaired, retires into a domestic circle of numerous friends, whom she has long enlivened with her talents, and attached to her by her domestic virtues.

The author of "*Critical Essays on the Performers*," thus sums up the character of Miss Pope:—

"In parts of mere farce, like that of stupid *Audrey*, in *As You Like it*, Miss

* We find her name in the original *dramatis personæ* to Mr. Garrick's farce of Lilliput, 8vo. 1757.

* These words, the beginning of an admired song composed by Dr. Wolcott, *alias* Peter Pindar, for Madame Mara, led to an inquiry, by a scrutinizing friend; which ended in a discovery that the doctor is the author of this tragedy, which makes ample amends for some of his former reprehensible poems.

Pope must yield, I think, to Mrs. Mattocks; but in true comic humour, and in temperate unaffected nature, she yields to no actress on the stage; and it is a very considerable praise to her judgment, and her general manners, that in the present rare gentility of the stage, she is the only natural performer of the old gentlewoman. With features neither naturally good nor flexible, she manages a surprising variety of expression; and with a voice originally harsh, and now enfeebled by age, her variety of tone is still more surprising. None of her deficiencies, in short, are acquired, and she contrives that they shall injure none of her excellences. With perpetual applause to flatter her, and a long favouritism to secure her, she has no bad habits; and when even the best of our actors are considered, it is astonishing how much praise is contained in that single truth."

May 30.—Madame Storace made her final appearance on the stage, as *Floretta*, in *the Cabinet*, being her benefit-night. After the conclusion of the opera, she sung the following farewell address, which is attributed to the pen of Mr. Colman:

Think, think not this a vain obtrusion,
And, oh! accept my heart's effusion;
We meet no more, dear friends, adieu!
Retirement's calm I owe to you.
My breast with gratitude is swelling,
Where'er I raise my rural dwelling—
I'll cry—your bounty bade me rear it,
And train the peaceful woodbine near it.
From *Belgrade's Siege* since I'm retiring,
New *Lillas* will keep up the firing;
Adela cedes to other powers,
Old Drury's nightly *Haunted Towers*;
Floretta—no one's zeal was stronger,
Is of this *Cabinet* no longer;
Henceforth *no songs*, while *supper's* bringing,
Of your first *Margaretta's* singing.
Much honour'd friends, who deign to listen,
No studied tear I've taught to glisten.
Oh! no, this moment's fond distress,
Is more than music can express;
My voice would not these chimes be ringing,
But that it falters less in singing.
Lov'd patrons, on this night we sever,
Farewell!—and bless you all for ever!

Although repeatedly cheered by her friends, at the conclusion of the last line she sunk under her feelings, and was carried off the stage, apparently in a senseless state.

Drury-lane, *June* 1. A new traditionary play, in three acts, from the pen of Lumley St. George Skeffington, Esq. was produced for the first time; being for the benefit of Messrs. Russel and Gibbon. It was called "The Mysterious Bride," and was the first serious effort, in the dramatic way, of its author; his former productions being comedies.

The characters and fable are as follow:

Almaric	Mr. Putnam,
Oswald	Mr. Raymond,
Armanski	Mr. H. Siddons,
Karll	Mr. Eyre,
Miesco	Mr. De Camp,
Storck	Mr. Maddocks,
Orloff	Mr. Cooke,
Bolmann	Mr. Palmer.
Elisena	Mrs. H. Siddons,
Olfrida	Mrs. Harlowe,
Gertrude	Mrs. Sparkes,
Marian	Mrs. Bland.

Scene—*Transylvania.*

Time—*The Fourteenth Century.*

The first scene discloses Olfrida, who, in a dialogue with a confidential officer that attends her in a retired castle, develops the plot which her brother Oswald has contrived, to unite her with the prince of Transylvania; and in this conversation, the circumstances which attended the supposed death of the Bohemian ambassador, and the seizure of the princess Elisena, are detailed—Elisena is then brought in by Oswald, and placed in confinement, while he prepares for her assassination, and for the departure of himself and sister, whom he has instructed to personify the princess of Bohemia. After giving directions to the assassins, Oswald sets out to meet his master—but the beauty and innocence of Elisena prevail on the bravoes to forego their inhuman design—and they consent to take her clothes to Oswald as evidence of her death, furnishing her with the garb of a female peasant, in which she is afterwards hired as a servant by the keeper of an inn on the road leading to the capital of Transylvania. The second act introduces the princess performing her new duties in servitude, where she captivates the heart of an honest rustic, who is afterwards particularly serviceable to her. The prince shortly afterwards arrives at the same inn, accompanied by Oswald and the fictitious princess—In endeavouring to avoid the prince, Elisena is observed, and he is instantly struck with her appearance.—Oswald and the confidential officer are despatched by the prince to the capital, and Olfrida is left by herself to support her imposture during the remainder of the journey. She, however, discovers the princess in her disguise; and, jealous and alarmed at the impression which Elisena makes on the prince in a subsequent interview, Olfrida takes an opportunity of communicating her threats to the unprotect-

ed princess, who is afraid to disclose herself to the prince, and who, terrified and agitated with her distressed situation, faints in the arms of the rustic attendants; it having been previously arranged, that she should be removed from the inn, by her faithful admirer, Miesco, to the garden of the Transylvanian palace, where the princess hoped to avow herself in time to prevent the consummation of the conspiracy. The third and last act opens with the discovery that Armanski, the Bohemian ambassador, had been saved from drowning by peasants, and had arrived at the court of Transylvania. After making himself known to the officer in whom Oswald and Olfrida had reposed their confidence (and who proved to be a person of the Bohemian embassy, that repented of the treachery in which he had been unwillingly engaged), he ascertained that the Princess Elisena was alive, and had been seen at the inn by Olfrida, who, having reported the circumstance to Oswald, persons were sent out to scour the country, and seize her wherever she might be found. Elisena had, however, reached the garden of the palace, under the protection of the trusty Miesco, to whom she discovers herself in order to be relieved from his solicitations for marriage; and the ambassador having contrived to send a letter to the prince, entreating an interview in the garden, Almaric, proceeding to meet Armanski, encounters the fair Elisena, who had determined to disclose herself, and is demanding justice, when the sudden appearance of Olfrida drives her with terror from the prince's presence. Olfrida, excusing her absence, withdraws, and gives instructions to seize Elisena, who is placed in the charge of the officer, who immediately communicates the circumstance to Armanski. The prince and Armanski meet immediately afterwards; when the latter denounces the conspiracy of Oswald, and the imposture of his sister, who shortly appears; and their guilt is established by a mysterious manner of opening a medallion which had been entrusted to Armanski, and the portrait of which testified the identity of the real Princess of Bohemia.

This play, which is very creditable to the taste and talents of its author, a gentleman well known in the fashionable world, was heard with great attention, and crowned with frequent applause. The language is easy and natural; yet, when occasion required, it became sufficiently dignified, without degenerating into bombast. The plot is interesting in itself; and the interest is judiciously made to rise with the progress of the piece. Some of the characters are well drawn, and there is a due discrimination observed throughout. Two or three of the incidents are admirably managed, and highly productive of stage effect. A scene between the innkeeper and his wife, respecting the hiring of *Elisena*, in which goodness of heart, and jealousy, seem contending for the ascendancy, is well conceived, and manifests no inconsiderable knowledge of human nature; and the excellent acting of Mr. Palmer and Mrs. Sparks gave to the picture a truly comic and pleasing effect.

Mrs. H. Siddons's performance was chaste and impressive. In the scene, particularly, where she attracts the notice of the prince, by the elegance of her language, and the dignity of her deportment (so finely contrasted with those of *Olfrida*), she was remarkably happy; as she was also in the scene where she discovers her rank to the love-stricken *Miesco*.

Nor should we pass over in silence the striking merits of Mr. H. Siddons in this piece: his development of the plot, which is well conceived and written with spirit, was delivered with unusual force and effect, and drew down an involuntary burst of applause. Messrs. Putnam, Raymond, and Decamp also deserve praise for their strenuous exertions; the latter much excelled his usual scale of ability; and the rest of the *dramatis personæ* acquitted themselves with zeal and success.

Mrs. Bland sung a charming Neapolitan air (selected, as we understand, by Mr. Skeffington, and arranged by Rosselli) with sweetness and simplicity, and was unanimously encored. The overture and the rest of the music is Mr. Bishop's.

The prologue, by the author, a classical production, was spoken with great animation and propriety by Mr. Putnam: and an epilogue, by the celebrated Mrs. Piozzi (announcing a matrimonial lottery scheme), was humorously delivered by Mr. Russel.

Four distinct rounds of applause testified, in a very decided manner, the general approbation of the audience.

COVENT-GARDEN, *June* 7. — Mrs. MATTOCKS withdrew from the stage, after a theatrical life of pretty near *sixty years!* The play (for her benefit) was *the Wonder*; and Mrs. Mattocks performed *Flora* in a manner which added to the regret that the audience felt at her intended secession. There were three first appearances; *viz.* Mr. Cooke, in *Don Felix*; Mr. Emery, in *Gibby*; and Miss Smith, in *Violante*; by whom these parts were well sustained.

After the play, Mr. Cooke, having finished the recitation of *Garrick's One to Shakspeare*, conducted Mrs. Mattocks to the front of the stage; when she spoke a prose address in her own character; in which she assured the audience of the gratitude that she felt for favours continued to her during fifty-eight years; and that she now retired to make room for others of greater ability, and to prepare herself for a journey that all mortals must take. She then courtesied most gracefully, and withdrew, evidently much agitated, conducted by Mr. Cooke, who supported her during the whole of her address. That she was deeply affected by the event, was plainly evinced throughout her whole speech by a faltering accent, which no art of acting could attain; and the whole house were prepared to feel for her, as she said with *Letitia Hardy*, "This is the most awful moment of my life." Her modest reliance upon better substitutes for her place was received with unanimous cries of "*Impossible, Never!*" and as she spoke her concluding "farewell," there was scarcely a dry eye in the theatre.

It is a lamentable reflection, that the histrionic is the only art whose professors can leave nothing to posterity but the tradition of their excellence. We can feel but little respect for the names of performers that we have never seen; and there is no one, perhaps, whose employment it is to afford mental entertainment to the public, that is so much talked of when living, and so little when dead, as the actor. On the stage it is much if "a great man's memory outlive his life half a year;" and even those few individuals who make the histories of theatres their study, find it very difficult to discover even the line of characters which were acted by players not one hundred years deceased. That this may not be the case with Mrs. Mattocks, the eminent performer who has now taken leave of the stage, we may inform posterity, as far as we are able, of the peculiar cast of those talents, with which our present readers are fully acquainted, and whose loss they cannot too deeply lament. Mrs. Mattocks, then, excelled in the talkative lady's maid, and the affected old lady. Her best characters of the former cast were, her *Intriguing Chambermaid*, her *Betty Hint*, her *Muslin*, her *Lucetta*, and the part in which she took leave of us, *Flora*, in the *Wonder*; and of the latter, her *Miss Lucretia Mactab*, and her *Widow Warren*. When representing a servant, there was a certain pert curiosity in her look, and obtrusive officiousness in her action, that completely convicted her of the true presumption of the lady's maid; and, in point of gossip, her words seemed rather to fly than to fall from her lips. But in her soliloquies, Mrs. Mattocks could muster up a very ruminating frown, and could deal out her thoughts, so as to express little more than a word, for instance, to a stitch of her knotting, which she very naturally used to take up, during her soliloquy in the *Way to Keep Him*. In the mistress, she was quite as humorous, if the little caricature with which her parts of this kind were coloured prevented her from being equally natural; and we may justly doubt whether the *Widow Warren*, and (now Miss Pope too has left the stage) *Miss Mactab*, will ever boast so rightful an owner as Mrs. Mattocks.

Of this lady also we have recently presented our readers with a PORTRAIT and a MEMOIR (Vol. LII. p. 251). It is due, however, to her character to observe, that at no period did she ever "scant" her duty from motives of caprice or private pique, but was always ready, attentive, and respectful; and the lovers of genuine histrionic merit will still think that her theatrical career terminated too soon. We sincerely wish that she may long continue in private life to enliven and enjoy society.

We understand, that Mrs. Mattocks might have long since retired, but for the failure of theatrical schemes of great extent at Birmingham and other places, in which Mr. Mattocks had embarked; and to the liquidation of which, we find, his widow had since his death devoted a very considerable portion of her income.

June 8.—A Mr. KING made his *debût*, with considerable success, as *Dick*, in *The Apprentice*, for Miss Norton's benefit.

June 9.—The *Road to Ruin* was performed, for the benefit of the Misses ADAMS; the elder of whom made her first appearance in a dramatic character, as *Sophia Freelove*. Her performance evinced the possession of a good taste, and considerable talents for this department of the theatrical art. She played

with much ease, and with a natural simplicity which rendered the part very interesting. In the entertainments of dancing which followed, the four sisters exerted themselves greatly, and displayed much grace and agility.

HAYMARKET, *June* 15.—Mr. Colman opened his elegant summer theatre this evening, for the season. The entertainments were, Mr. Lewis's play of *The Castle Spectre*, with the interlude of *Sylvester Daggerwood*, and the farce of *The Lying Valet*. Mr. Young played *Osmond* with judgment, and displayed the horrors of a guilty mind with great effect. In the scene where he is awakened by his dream, his excellence drew forth unbounded applause.

Mrs. BELLAMY, wife of Mr. B. of Covent-garden theatre, came forward, for the first time at this house, in the part of *Angela*. She was received with the most cheering plaudits, but, till her second scene, was not in full possession of her powers. Mrs. Bellamy is middle-sized, her figure very good, her action graceful, and her air commanding. In the scenes with *Osmond* she displayed great energy, and a just conception of her part. She was also very happy in the description of her vows to *Percy*. Her appearance is prepossessing, and received every advantage from an elegant and becoming dress. We have no doubt but Mrs. B. will be a favourite with the public.*—Mrs. Davenport, in *Alice*, and Mr. Liston, in *Matley*, performed with their usual excellence.

The proprietors have selected an attractive company; among whom, besides the before-mentioned, are Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Taylor, Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Liston, and Mrs. St. Leger.

DRURY-LANE, *June* 17.—The season closed with *The Belle's Stratagem*, and other entertainments. Mrs. Jordan was to have played *Letitia Hardy*; but being indisposed, Miss Ray performed the part. The house was exceedingly crowded. At the end of the play, Mr. Wroughton came forward and addressed the audience. He said, he was deputed by the proprietors, on this last night of the performances, to return their thanks for the encouragement which had been afforded to the labours of the theatre during the season which was now expired. They had also directed him to state, that the period which might elapse before the re-opening of the theatre should be employed in preparing such pieces, in all the various departments of the drama, as seemed to the proprietors worthy of public approbation. In the name of the performers, one and all, Mr. Wroughton begged leave to express the gratitude they felt for the indulgences they had received. To exert their best talents for the gratification of the public, would always be their highest ambition.

* This lady, we believe, was formerly Miss GRIST; the original *Edward*, in *Three Weeks after Marriage*, *Lucy*, in *One Hour in a Day*, *Edward*, in *Three Weeks has but One Fault*, and *Sophia*, in *The Road to Ruin*.

AN ADDRESS,

Written for Mrs. MATTOCKS, *on her leaving the Stage, in the hope she would have been able to speak it at her Benefit, June 7, 1803.*

BY JOSEPH MOSER, ESQ.

THRO' varied nature's circulating space
Revolving time steals on with rapid pace,
Leading his party-colour'd train of hours,
His offspring in succession quick devours.
The progress from the cradle to the grave
Flows in a stream, like wave impelling wave;
While hope and pleasure, disappointment, strife,
Display the elements of human life;
And shew that beings, from their youth to age,
But "fret and strut their hours upon the stage,"
'Till, when their toilsome anxious course is o'er,
The curtain drops, and they are seen no more.
The awful moment's come that I've suppos'd;
The curtain's dropp'd: my mimic life is clos'd.
To these my long lov'd scenes I bid adieu,
And turn my thoughts to gratitude and you.
Yet, ere I part from this my fav'rite spot,
Let me contemplate my distinguish'd lot;
Reflect, that thro' a long, long course of years,
I've oft beguil'd you of your smiles or tears;
From race to race the gen'rous current run,
As kind indulgence spread from sire to son.
When trembling Juliet rais'd your mothers' sighs,
And pity's incense dew'd their brilliant eyes;
Or when, divested of my tragic pomp,
They hail'd with joy the abigail or romp;
Or greeted with applause my youthful lays,
As Nysa, or Mandane, sought their praise;
Nay, still with pride how does my bosom swell,
To think how oft you've honour'd Lady Bell!
Yet tho' strong feelings do my heart move,
Those feelings also warn me to retire;

And, turning over life's more serious page,
Remember, *all* my friends have left the stage.
Let me then once more cast my eyes around,
Once more contemplate this enchanted ground:
'Tis done! Receive my ling'ring last adieu!
Warm is my heart with gratitude to you:
To you, my patrons! whose indulgent pow'r
Cheers my last accents at this awful hour.

POETRY.

COMMEMORATION OF MR. PITT'S BIRTH DAY, MAY 28.

AT the great commemoration of Mr. Pitt's birth-day, at Merchant Taylors' Hall, the chairman (the Duke of Beaufort) requested Mr. Fitz-Gerald to recite "The Independent Tribute to the Memory of Mr. Pitt," written soon after his death. The lines produced so impressive and powerful an effect upon that immense assembly, and the call to hear them again was so universal, that Mr. Fitz-Gerald was obliged to repeat them a second time. The following is a correct copy, with additional lines:—

AN INDEPENDENT TRIBUTE
TO THE MEMORY OF THE
RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT.

Written by WILLIAM THOMAS FITZ-GERALD, *Esq.*

SCARCE had the tear that dew'd our NELSON's hearse
Call'd forth the tribute of each patriot verse,
When PITT in manhood's prime resign'd his breath,
And join'd the hero of his choice, in death.
Long had he stood THE ATLAS of the state,
By men who lov'd him not—acknowledg'd GREAT!
Contending parties, charm'd, attentive hung
On TULLY's periods flowing from his tongue;
His matchless eloquence all bosoms fir'd,
Which those who most oppos'd him most admir'd!
His upright breast pursu'd no selfish end,
At once the monarch's and the people's friend!
And when he trusted to himself alone,
He seldom err'd—his faults were not his own.
Thro' many a civil storm he firmly stood,
The object of his life his country's good!
And, 'till his plans by Austria's fate were cross'd,
The liberties of EUROPE were not lost—
Amidst the wreck he left this island free,
Safe in her strength, and sov'reign of the sea:
And if his spirit be allow'd to know
The mortal struggles of this world below,
PITT will for England feel a guardian's care,
And all her sorrows, all her triumphs share;
For ere to death his parting sigh was given,
The PATRIOT cried, "OH, BLESS MY COUNTRY, HEAVEN!
Tho' plac'd where strong temptations might allure,
The MINISTER OF ENGLAND STILL WAS POOR.
Do justice, Britons, to his spotless mind,
Who GOVERN'D KINGDOMS LEFT NO WEALTH BEHIND!

ON THE APPOINTMENT OF THE LAST NEW BARON OF THE COURT OF EXCHEQUER.

Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius!*

WELL skill'd in art of special pleading,
In crown law, and in statute reading,
His merits no man ever doubted,
And bad sham-pleas he always scouted.
Sometimes, by dint of sur-rebutter,
He'd throw young "*Absque*"† in a gutter!
For most o' th' benches had form'd judges,‡
Whilst at the bar himself still drudges,
'Till (circuit colleague, now) Lord Eldon
Thought it high time *he* should be well done,
And of his sovereign's pleasure *bonum*,§
Appointed *him unus baronum*:‖
And now SIR GEORGE, in quoife and ermine,¶
Sits with his brethren, to determine
On writs of right and writs of error,
To many a sad law-wight a terror:
Is amply paid for his past labours,
And keeps the peace among his neighbours.

W. P.

The ENIGMA in our last, by the late EDMUND LECHMERE, Esq. answered by CATHARINE BAYLEY.

Addressed to the River DON, *near Aberdeen.*

DELIGHTFUL *Don!* thy murm'ring stream,
As thro' thy beauteous bridge** it pours,
Has seldom been the poet's theme;
For few have rov'd thy dingled *shores.*

Meand'ring sweetly on thy way,
Prolific as the teeming sea,
Upon thy native bed of clay
Ten thousand *wantons* worship *thee;*

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* The baron's name is Wood.

† *Absque*—a name familiar with traverse pleaders.

‡ The late lord chancellor, the present lord chief justice of England, and some puisne judges, had been his pupils.

§ The king uses the words "*good pleasure*" in all gratuitous appointments.

‖ *Unus baronum domini regis de* Scaccario, *&c.*

¶ A judge's robes, &c.

** The work of Inigo Jones.

Phœbus in autumn woos thee long,
Then *bears thee to a softer bed*—
When *Boreas*, resolute as strong,
Pursues thee round the mountain's head—

Thus, from a cloud, thou turn'st to SNOW,
And, from thy lover's chilling sigh,
Impatient seek'st thy home below,
Ere *Phœbus* bore thee to the sky—

On *feathery* wings to earth she flies,
The child of *Boreas*, spotless SNOW;
And *Phœbus*, 'neath the burning eyes
She melts—the lot of all below—

To water once again she turns,
Each *wanton's* joy—her mother's pride,
Brings forth her mother—fills her urns,
And swells the *ocean's* briny tide.

*** *We have received several other* ANSWERS, *and most of them correct; but we have not room to insert them.*

ODE FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1808.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ. P. L.

NOT with more joy, when, gathering round,
Dark mists the face of heav'n deform;
When howls the wind with hollow sound,
Preluding to the rising storm;
We thro' the severing clouds descry
Of cheering light a golden gleam,
And hail awhile the clearing sky,
And feel awhile the genial beam;

Than now, when, spreading wide and fat,
Roars the tremendous peal of war,
We bless of peace and joy the ray,
That gilds the happy hours of GEORGE's natal day.

From regions wrapp'd in endless snow,
Eternal winter's drear domain,
To where Sol's fervid axles glow
Incessant o'er the arid plain,
The muses look with anxious eye
To see the clouds of discord fly,
That the loud clarion's warlike sound,
Which awes a trembling world, may cease,
And all their tuneful choir around
May strike the lyre to notes of peace,
The scenes of horror and of death be o'er,
And fell ambition grasp her iron rod no more.

Vain are their hopes, their vows are vain;
War still protracts his bloody reign!
And when these halcyon hours are past
That lull awhile the stormy blast,
The muse again, in martial lays,
Must bid her voice the song of battle raise;
Must shew that all the joys that smile
On Britain's heav'n-protected isle,
Call on her sons with ten fold might
To stem the threat'ning waves of fight,
Whelm in the ensanguin'd tide their country's foes,
And guard with giant arm the blessings heav'n bestows.

JOURNAL OF THE PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
SECOND SESSION OF THE FOURTH PARLIAMENT OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

(*Continued from page* 389.)

HOUSE OF LORDS.

APRIL 28.

LORD Hawkesbury laid on the table certain returns, moved for by Lord Sidmouth, relative to the detention of Danish merchant ships.

Lord Sidmouth stated, that there were still wanting additional documents, which were necessary to be produced, and for which he moved an address to his majesty.—Agreed to.

29. Lord Sidmouth, in looking over the returns which had been made yesterday, found that two of the orders had been entirely overlooked. He now moved that returns be made to them forthwith. Ordered. His lordship then postponed fixing the day for making his motion till the papers should be on the table.

MAR. 2. Lord Ellenborough brought in a bill for the relief of persons detained in prison under executions for sums not extending 20*l.* exclusive of costs; according to which, the debtor is to be entitled to his release, at the expiration of twelve calendar months from the period of his first confinement, on application to any of the superior courts in Westminster-hall, his effects still remaining liable. This his lordship stated to be merely an experimental measure.—Read a first time, and ordered to be printed.

3. Earl Moira presented a petition from the debtors in the gaol of Leicester, praying relief.

Lord Beauchamp presented a petition from the mayor and corporation of Worcester, against all reversionary sinecure places and pensions.—Ordered to lie on the table.

4. Counsel was heard in the Roxburgh estate appeal cause.

5. Lord Grenville, on account of the absence of Earl Grey, postponed his motion on the catholic petition till the 27th inst. for which day the Lords were ordered to be summoned.

Lord Grenville, as a reason for not bringing forward a motion for the repeal of the

Orders in Council, stated the prevalence of a report, that in consequence of the probability of the re-establishment of a good understanding with the United States of America, government had it in contemplation to take a step which would render any such motion unnecessary.

Lord Hawkesbury rose merely to prevent his silence being construed into an assent to the truth of what had just fallen from the noble lord.—Here the matter dropped.

The Scotch Judicature bill was committed.

A pretty long discussion took place on the preamble and one or two of the clauses of the bill.

6. The Scotch Judicature bill went through a committee, and the report was ordered to be received on Saturday, and to be printed.

Lord Lauderdale gave notice that he would, in the course of the sessions, move for a digest of the different proceedings of the court of Session in Scotland, relative to acts of *sederunt*.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

APRIL 12.

MR. GRATTAN presented a petition from the body of the Roman Catholics in Ireland, similar to that presented by Lord Grenville in the House of Lords.—He stated, that there were a great number of names attached to the petition which were not in the hand-writing of the parties themselves; but he wished it to be received only as the petition of those who had actually subscribed it.

A long discussion ensued on the point of form; and at length Mr. Grattan stated, that he would rather take on himself the responsibility of withdrawing the petition, than expose the House to the odium which must result from the rejection of it. He should send back the petition to Ireland, to have it regularly signed, and should present it again on the 16th of May.

DEFENCE OF THE COUNTRY.

Lord Castlereagh brought forward a measure for adding to the internal defence of the country. His object was, to have a regular subsidiary force, amounting to six times the number of the militia, as proposed by Mr. Yorke some years ago. On this principle it would appear, from the last returns of the *Volunteers*, that there was now a deficiency of about 30,000 men. But there were besides deficiencies of particular counties, which would render the whole number necessary to be called out about 60,000. This he proposed should form a local militia, and should be balloted for, in their different counties, in proportion to the deficiency of volunteers in each, from among persons between the ages of 18 and 35. Persons might be allowed to volunteer into this force; but no substitutes should be allowed, nor any exemptions made *but at a very high fine*. To render this force as similar as possible to the existing militia, the officers should possess the same requisites as to property, except in one instance, that whoever had held the rank of field officer in the army, might hold the same rank here, without regard to any such qualification. Volunteer corps might, if they chose, transfer themselves, with the approbation of his majesty, into this local militia. The period of service during the year to be 28 days, exclusive of the days for assembling, marching, &c. for which pay to be allowed. The expense would not exceed that of the present volunteer establishment. It would not be so great as that of Mr. Windham's Training bill, and would not exceed 4l. a man for the year. A regimental force of 400,000 men would thus be kept up, ready at all times to act with the regular army and the militia—a force which, he submitted, was amply sufficient for any emergency, amounting as it would do in time of war to 650,000, and even in time of peace to 600,000 men, besides the trained population of the country.

Mr. Yorke approved of the substance of the proposition.

Mr. Windham begged of gentlemen on the other side to put two questions to themselves—1st, What necessity there was for the proposed measure?—2d, Whether it might not be traced to the motive of wishing to bring back the old system of having soldiers for life?—Leave was given to bring in the bill.

It appears from the statement of the noble lord, that the whole of our force, of every description, for the defence of the country, will be as follows:—

Regular army for home defence		200,000
Militia... British	330,000	
Irish	70,000	400,000
Local militia		60,000
Making a regimented force for home defence, independent of the volunteers, of		660,000
Volunteers		290,000
Total force		950,000

The Chancellor of the Exchequer obtained leave to bring in a bill for making more effectual provision for stipendiary curates, and for their residence on their cures.

The report of the committee of ways and means was agreed to.

13. Colonel Stanley obtained leave to bring in a bill for regulating the settlements of the poor.

The Vauxhall Bridge bill was read a second time.

Lord Binning presented the report of the Sugar committee. After some observations from different members, it was ordered to be printed.

The Stipendiary Curates bill was read a first and second time, committed, and ordered to be reported on the 28th April.

Mr. Biddulph proposed resolutions for selling the crown lands, and transferring the property arising therefrom to the hereditary revenue of the crown. This was not acceded to, and, requiring the concurrence of the crown, of course fell to the ground.

The report of the committee of supply was brought up, and, after some observations, agreed to.

Further evidence was adduced in support of the Orders in Council.

14. The Speaker and the House went to the House of Lords, and heard the royal assent given to the bills mentioned in the commission.

Mr. Graham presented a petition from the South London Water Works Company against the Vauxhall Bridge bill.

Mr. Estcourt moved for returns of the effective strength of the militia, on the 1st July, 1807, and 1st April, 1808, with the number who volunteered into the army, and the numbers wanted, on 1st April, 1808, to complete each regiment.—Ordered.

Adjourned to Tuesday se'nnight.

26. Mr. Jekyll presented a petition from the prisoners confined for debt in the King's Bench, praying relief,—Ordered to lie on the table.

Mr. Grant presented a petition from the East India Company, stating certain embarrassments under which they at present laboured, and praying a loan from the country, to the amount of 1,200,000l.—On the question for referring the petition to the committee now sitting on East India affairs, a pretty long conversation ensued, Mr. Grant and others maintaining that there were funds much more than sufficient to repay any such loan; while, on the other hand, Mr. Creevy and others doubted that fact, and conceived that any advance to the Company, in the present state of their affairs, must be esteemed a gift, and not a loan. The question, however, was at length agreed to.

27. Mr. Alderman Coombe brought in a bill to render child-stealing an indictable offence. Read a first time, to be read a second time on Monday, and to be printed.

Leave was obtained to bring in a bill to provide for the burial of drowned human bodies, cast on shore on the coasts of England, in consequence of shipwreck or otherwise.

In a committee of supply, after some discussion, the Irish estimates for the year were voted.

In a committee of ways and means, the sum of 2,253,111l. as a surplus arising in consequence of funding exchequer bills for the service of the year 1807 outstanding, was granted to his Majesty for the service of the year 1808.

The clothing of the militia, adjutants, subalterns, &c. for Great Britain, was, as usual, voted out of the land tax; and for Ireland out of the Irish consolidated fund.

29. Mr. Tremayne brought in a bill to provide for the burial of dead bodies cast on shore on the coast of England, to be read a second time on Thursday.

Mr. Long obtained leave to bring in a bill to accelerate the auditing of the accounts of the paymaster-general of the forces.

In a committee of supply, a long debate took place on the question for granting 9,250l. for the support of 250 students of the Roman catholic persuasion at Maynooth; Sir J. Newport having moved to extend it to 13,000l. as had been done by the late ministry. On a division, the numbers were—For the larger grant, 58; for the lesser, 93.

In a committee of ways and means, Mr. Foster proposed a more gradual assessment of the fire-hearths.

Mr. Lethbridge proposed a duty of 5l. 5s. on double barrelled guns, which was opposed; and on a division the numbers were—For the motion, 17; against it, 56.

May 2. Sir S. Romilly took his seat for Wareham.

Mr. Alderman Shaw presented a petition from the prisoners confined for debt in Ludgate gaol, praying relief by an Insolvent Act.

Mr. Robarts presented a petition from the city of Worcester in favour of the Reversion bill.

Mr. Huskisson obtained leave to bring in a bill for the better collection of the duties on malt, and the preventing of frauds on the revenue in the manufacture thereof.

The Local Militia bill was read a second time, after a pretty long discussion, Lord Castlereagh having previously stated his intention to move certain amendments in the committee. First, to make an exception in favour of those who had already served in the militia, or paid the penalty on account of non-service. Second, That volunteers might transfer their services into the local militia, and that their officers might accompany them without possessing the requisite qualification. Third, That a local militia-man transferring his residence into a different county or place, might transfer his military service also. Fourth, That the family of a local militia-man during his absence on duty should be entitled to the same allowances as the family of a general militia-man; to be advanced by the officers of the parish in the mean time, and afterwards refunded by the receiver-general of the district; and, by another provision, his majesty was to be enabled to place those corps, when out on duty for the stated periods, under the direction of officers of the line.

4. Mr. Alderman Shaw presented a petition from the butchers of London and Westminster, against the bill now pending, for preventing the damaging of raw hides and skins.

The Lord Advocate of Scotland moved, that the House do go into a committee, to consider of the propriety of making provision for such of the judges in the courts of Session and Justiciary, and barons of Exchequer in Scotland, as, by reason of superannuation, infirmity, or otherwise, might retire from the Scotch bench.

Mr. J. Abercrombie objected to the comprehending of the barons of Exchequer in any such grant. They were not to be regarded as judges, but as holders of sinecure places.—After a pretty long discussion on this point, the House divided—For the speaker's leaving the chair, 68; against it, 25.

Having gone into the committee on the question for granting three-fourths of their usual salary to judges, on their retiring from the bench, the same to be paid out of the fund from which judges' salaries, and other expenses connected with the administration of justice in Scotland, were defrayed;

Mr. Bankes objected to the fund; and contended, that, if proper to be granted, the allowances in question should be paid out of the pension list, which in Scotland had increased *eight-fold* during the present reign.—On this, another long discussion took place, but the motion was carried.

In a committee on the Local Militia bill, it was split into two—one for England, and a separate bill for Scotland.

In a committee of Ways and Means, the sums of three millions and of 1,500,000l. were ordered to be raised by exchequer bills, for the service of the year.

5. Mr. L. Foster was declared duly elected for the university of Dublin.

Mr. Sheridan presented a petition from Mr. St. J. Mason, a barrister of Ireland, stating, that he had been confined for nearly three years, had been badly treated while in confinement, and at length, on the charges against him being found to be utterly groundless, been discharged, with the total ruin of his property, and great injury to his health. The petition, therefore, prayed relief.

After some conversation, it was ordered to lie on the table.

Mr. Biddulph opposed the going into a committee on the Assessed Taxes bill. A division took place; when the motion for going into the committee was carried—50 against 21. The measure afterwards passed through a committee.

On bringing up the report of the committee of supply, as to the grant to Maynooth College, a very long and animated debate, full of asperity and personalities, took place; Sir J. Newport, Colonel Mathew, Lords H. Petty, Milton, and Porchester, Messrs. C. W. Wynne, Laing, Herbert, Ponsonby, Grattan, Barham, W. Smith, and Tierney, contending that 13,000l. should be the sum granted; and Sir A. Wellesley, Messrs. Perceval, Wilberforce, Stephen, and Dr. Duigenan arguing for the smaller sum of 9,250l. The two last gentlemen went the length of thinking that no grant whatever ought to have been made. On a division, the numbers were—For the larger grant, 82; for the smaller sum, 106; majority, 24.

6. The Scotch Judges' Salary bill was brought in by the Lord Advocate, and read a first time.

The bill for preventing child-stealing went through a committee.

Bills for raising three millions and one million and a half by issues of exchequer bills, were brought in, and read a first time.

INTELLIGENCE FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

TUESDAY, APRIL 12.

THIS Gazette contains two despatches from Major-gen. Sherbrooke, commanding his majesty's troops in Sicily, to Viscount Castlereagh. The first, dated Messina, the 8th February, states the surrender of Reggio to the French on the 3d, and that four Sicilian gun-boats had fallen into the enemy's possession; and also confirms the loss of the Delight sloop of war; which, in endeavouring to recover the gun-boats, got on shore on the Calabrian coast on the 30th of January, and it being found impossible get her off, she was burnt. On this occasion, Captain Handfield, with several of his ship's company, were killed, and Captain Seccombe, of the Glatton, who was on board the Delight, was dangerously wounded, and died on the 3d of February.

The second despatch is dated the 28d February, and encloses the following report from Lieutenant-colonel Robinson, the commandant of Scylla Castle, stating the evacuation of that place. General S. adds his highest approbation of the conduct of that officer, and the officers and men serving under him in the castle, and of the naval officers and seamen under Captain Otway, employed to bring away the garrison.

SIR, *Messina, February* 13, 1808.

In obedience to your orders, I have the honour to report the particulars of what occured since the first appearance of the enemy before Scylla.

After being invested by General Regnier's army during seven weeks, and battered for six days by fourteen pieces of heavy ordnance, the little castle of Scylla has fallen into his hands: but I have the heartfelt satisfaction to add, that not one of the gallant garrison placed under my orders has become his prisoner.

In the latter end of December, the arrival of troops and ordnance stores at Semmara left me no room to doubt the enemy's intention of besieging Scylla, and parties of the peasantry were accordingly sent out to render the passes of Solano impracticable, and to create obstacles to his advance, by cuts across the various paths which lead from the heights of Milia down to Scylla. This work, as well as the levelling of fences, &c. proceeded rapidly and effectually, under the direction of Captain Nicholas, assistant quarter-master-general; when, upon the 31st of December, the advanced workmen, and the out-posts of the masse, were driven in by three French battalions, and a detachment of cavalry under General Millet, which took post upon the heights above us; and on the following day Regnier brought up two more battalions, and spreading his outposts to Favezzina, Bagnara, &c. completed the investment of the town. At this time the garrison of the castle consisted of about 200 British, and from 400 to 500 masse occupied the town.

The enemy's troops were now incessantly employed in forming the roads necessary for bringing his heavy ordnance from Semmara, while we laboured to render the approach to Scylla difficult, and harassed the French by constant attacks on their outposts with parties of the masse, and occasionally with boats. In some of these partial actions the enemy suffered severely; particularly in a night attack at Bagnara, where the voltigeurs of the 23d light infantry were cut to pieces.

Owing to these checks, the French were retarded until the 6th of February, when they descended the heights in force, and came within a distant range of our guns; and from this day they honoured our little castle with all the detailed precautions of a regular siege, in covering their approaches and communications. The skirmishes between the enemy and the masse became very serious: the latter displayed great gallantry; and, enjoying the support of the castle guns, obliged the French to purchase their advance with heavy loss; but, on the 9th, were obliged to yield to the numbers of the enemy, who assailed the town on all sides; our guns, however, covered their retreat; and I had the satisfaction of sending off these brave peasants to Messina, without leaving a man in the enemy's hands.

The force which General Regnier had brought to besiege Scylla, consisted of a body of cavalry, the 23d light infantry, the 1st, 62d, and 101st, of the line, in all about 6000 men; with five twenty-four pounders, five eighteens, and four mortars, besides field-pieces.

On the morning of the 11th, he opened his batteries, directing his efforts to the destruction of our upper-works, and the disabling of our guns; while under cover of this fire, he laboured to establish two breaching batteries, at three or four hundred yards distance. It was not, however, till the 14th, that our parapet, and guns were rendered totally useless; nor till then did the slaughter abate, to which their parties employed on the breaching batteries were exposed from our grape and shells.

From this time our defence was confined to musketry, as our guns lay buried under the ruins of the parapet, and the close fire from five twenty-four pounders became incessant. In the mean time we discovered him attempting to mine the right bastion, upon which he continued at work for three nights, but I apprehend without the expected success.

In the night of the 15th, the French pushed round the foot of the rock, with the intention of destroying the sea-staircase, but we happily discovered them, and beat them off, with the slaughter to which their desperate situation exposed them.

The fire from the breaching batteries had been variously directed till the evening of the 16th, when they bent their undivided fury against the left bastion with such success, that the breach would probably have been practicable by the following evening. It was under these circumstances that I received your orders to evacuate the castle, and have the great satisfaction of reporting, that we accomplished this yesterday morning, in full view of the enemy, and without leaving an individual behind. The approach of the boats from Faro gave the French full intimation of our design; but the tempestuous state of the weather obliged us to seize the short opportunity of an hour's lull. Every battery poured its utmost fire upon the castle, and subsequently upon the boats; while infantry, with field-pieces, tried the breach on either side.

The garrison was drawn off in succession, and the embarkation effected with the greatest order, notwithstanding the tremendous fire of grape, shells, &c. Our loss in the operation was small; and before we were a musket shot distant, the French were in the fort.

The masterly arrangement of the transport boats and men of war launches on this occasion does high honour to Captain Trollope, of his majesty's ship Electra, who personally superintended this service; and the conduct of the officers and men under him was marked with all the coolness and dexterity of British seamen. I regret to add, that one of them was killed in the operation, and ten wounded, some of them dangerously. The uniform good conduct of the garrison which I have had the good fortune to command, demands my warmest gratitude; and their intrepid spirit during the siege is hardly more commendable than the zeal with which they went through the heavy fatigues that preceded it.

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The detachment of the royal artillery was highly conspicuous; the excellence of their gunnery was proved by the severe losses which the enemy has sustained; and I cannot too strongly express my sense of the skill and indefatigable zeal which Lieutenant Dunn has displayed throughout the siege.

I feel highly indebted to the exertions of Captains Cruikshanks of the 62d, Jordan of the 27th, and Pringle of the 21st, as well as to the officers and men under them.

From Lieutenant Dickons, of the engineers, I received every assistance; and my adjutant, Lieutenant Hudfield, of the 35th, has been throughout indefatigably zealous.

I cannot conclude, sir, without expressing my particular thanks to Captain Nicholas, assistant quartermaster general, whose abilities and activity rendered him eminently useful; and I have the satisfaction of reflecting, that the support I have received from all ranks has enabled me to sell Scylla dear; and that General Regnier has obtained possession of this little heap of ruins with the loss of several hundreds of his best troops.

A return of our killed and wounded is annexed: we have lost some gallant men, but, considering the weight of the enemy's fire, the number is by no means great.

I have the honour to be, &c.

G. D. ROBERTSON, Lieut. Col. Commandant, Scylla Castle.

To Major-general Sherbrooke, commanding his British Majesty's Troops in Sicily.

Return of the Killed and Wounded of the Detachments forming the British Garrison of the Castle of Scylla, in Calabria, from the 4th to the 17th of February, 1808; viz.

Royal Artillery—3 gunners, killed; 1 bombardier, 8 gunners, wounded.

27th Reg. 1st batt.—3 rank and file, killed; 14 rank and file, wounded.

58th Reg.—3 rank and file, killed; 6 rank and file, wounded.

62d Reg.—2 rank and file, killed; 2 rank and file, wounded.

Total—3 gunners, 8 rank and file, killed; 1 bombardier, 8 gunners, 22 rank and file, wounded.

J. CAMPBELL,
Messina, Feb. 20, 1808. Brig. Gen. Adj. Gen.

[By this Gazette, we learn also, that his majesty's ship Medusa, Captain the Hon. D. P. Bouverie, captured, on the 4th instant, L'Actif, a lugger privateer, of Dieppe, 14 guns.]

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

MADRID, MAY 20.

THE king, the Prince of Asturias, their royal highnesses the infants Don Carlos and Don Antonio have abdicated the crown and their right thereto, as appears by the following documents, viz.

"I have thought proper to give my beloved subjects this last proof of my paternal love. Their happiness, tranquillity, prosperity, and preservation, and the integrity of the dominions that Divine Providence had placed under my sway, have been the sole objects of my constant care during my reign. Every step and measure that have been adopted since my exaltation to the throne of my august ancestors have been directed to those just purposes, and could not be directed to any other. This day, in the extraordinary circumstances in which I am placed, my conscience, my honour, and the good name I ought to leave to posterity, imperiously require of me that the last act of my sovereignty should be solely pointed to that end; viz. to the tranquillity, prosperity, security, and integrity of the monarchy whose throne I quit, to the greatest happiness of my subjects of both hemispheres. Therefore, by a treaty, signed and ratified, I have ceded to my ally and dear friend, the Emperor of the French, all my right to Spain and the Indies, having stipulated that the crown of Spain and the Indies is always to be independent and entire, as it was under my rule, and likewise that our holy religion is not only to be the predominant one in Spain, but the only one to be observed in all the dominions of the monarchy. Of all which you will take due notice, and communicate it to all the councils and tribunals of the kingdom, chiefs of provinces, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, and to all the justices of districts, in order that this last act of my sovereignty may be notorious to all and every one in my dominions of Spain and the Indies; and you are all to concur and assist in carrying into effect the dispositions of my dear friend the Emperor Napoleon, as they are directed to preserve the peace, friendship, and union between France and Spain, avoiding disorder and popular commotions, the effects of which can only be havoc and destruction of families, and the ruin of all.

"Given in Bayonne, in the imperial palace of the government, the 5th May, 1808.

I, THE KING.

"*To the Governor, ad interim, of my Council of Castile.*

"Don Fernando, Prince of Asturias, and the infants Don Carlos and Don Antonio, grateful for the love and constant fidelity that all Spaniards have manifested toward them, with the most poignant grief see them in the present day plunged into the greatest confusion, and threatened with the most direful calamities resulting therefrom; and knowing that it arises, in the major part of them,

from the ignorance they are in of the causes of the conduct their royal highnesses have hitherto observed, and of the plan now chalked out for the greatest happiness of their country, they can do no less than endeavour to undeceive them, in order that its execution may suffer no impediment; and at the same time to testify to them the sincere affection they profess for them.

"They cannot consequently avoid manifesting to them, that the circumstances in which the prince, by the abdication of the king his father, took the reins of government, many provinces of the kingdom, and all the frontier garrisons being occupied by a great number of French troops, and more than 60,000 men of the same nation, situated in the metropolis and its neighbourhood, and many other data that no other person could possess; all conspired to persuade them, that being surrounded by rocks and quicksands, they had no other remedy but to choose among many evils, the one that would be the least productive of calamity—as such they fixed upon a journey to Bayonne.

"On their royal highnesses' arrival at Bayonne, the prince, then king, unexpectedly found that the king his father had protested against his abdication, pretending it had not been voluntary. Nor having accepted the crown but in the good faith that the abdication was voluntary, he had scarcely ascertained the existence of the protest, when, through filial respect, he restored the crown; and shortly after, the king his father renounced it in his name, and in that of all the dynasty, in favour of the Emperor of the French, in order that, looking to the welfare of the nation, he should elect the person and dynasty who are to occupy it hereafter.

"In this state of things, their royal highnesses, considering the situation they are in, the critical circumstances of Spain, in which all the efforts of its inhabitants in favour of their rights, will not only be useless, but mournful, as they would only cause rivers of blood to flow, and cause the loss at least of a great part of the provinces, and of all the ultramarine possessions; and reflecting, on the other hand, that it would be a most efficacious remedy against so many evils, for each of their royal highnesses to adhere by himself separately to the cession of their rights to the throne, already made by the king their father; reflecting also, that the said Emperor of the French binds himself in this case to preserve the absolute independence and integrity of the Spanish monarchy, and of all ultramarine possessions, without reserving to himself, or dismembering the least part of its dominions; to maintain the unity of the catholic religion, property, laws, and usages, which he secures for the future, and on a sound basis; also the power and prosperity of the Spanish nation: their royal highnesses believe they give the greatest proof of their generosity, love, and gratitude for the affection they have experienced in sacrificing, as much as is in their power, their personal interest for the benefit of the country, adhering as they have done, by a particular agreement to the cession of their rights to the throne, absolving all Spaniards from their duty in this respect, and exhorting them to look to the interest of their country, remaining tranquil, and expecting their happiness from the sage disposition and power of the Emperor Napoleon, and by shewing their readiness to conform thereto, they will give their prince and the two infants the greatest testimony of their loyalty, as their royal highnesses give them of their fatherly love and affection, by giving up all their rights, and forgetting their own interests to make them happy, which is the sole object of their wishes.

"*Bourdeaux, 10th May,* 1808."

"I, THE PRINCE.
"CARLOS.
"ANTONIO.

MADRID, *May* 30.—This day the council of Castile held an extraordinary assembly, in pursuance of a command from his Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Berg, lieutenant-general of the kingdom; in order to proceed to the execution of a decree and a proclamation of his majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, and protector of the confederacy of the Rhine.

The Imperial decree was to the following effect:—

"NAPOLEON, *Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederacy of the Rhine,* &c.

"The king and the princes of the house of Spain having ceded their rights to the crown, as is known by their treaties of the 5th and 10th of May, and by their proclamations published by the junta and the council of Castile, we have decreed, and do decree, ordered and do order as follows:—

"Art. I. The assembly of the notables, which has already been convened by the lieutenant-general of the kingdom, shall be held on the 15th of June, at Bayonne. The deputies shall be charged with the sentiments, desires, and complaints of those they represent; and also with full power to fix the basis of the new government for the kingdom.

"II. Our cousin, the Grand Duke of Berg, shall continue to fulfil the functions of lieutenant-general of the kingdom.

"III. The ministers, the council of state, the council of Castile, and all civil, ecclesiastical, and military authorities, are, as far as is requisite, confirmed. Justice shall be administered under the same forms, and in the same manner as is usual.

"IV. The council of Castile is charged with the publication of this decree, and with the affixing it on all places where it may be necessary, that no one may pretend ignorance of the same.

"Given in our imperial and royal palace at Bayonne, the 25th of May, 1808.

(Signed) "NAPOLEON."

MADRID, *June* 3.—This day was published, in the name of his majesty the Emperor of France, &c. a proclamation to the Spanish nation. The following is a translation of the more important passages:—

"Spaniards! After a long lingering disease, your nation sunk into decay, I have seen your sufferings; I will relieve them. Your greatness makes a part of mine.

"Your princes have ceded to me all their rights to the Spanish crown. I will not reign over your provinces, but will acquire an eternal right to the love and gratitude of your posterity.

"Your monarchy is old; it must be renovated, that you may enjoy the blessings of a renovation which shall not be purchased by civil war or desolation.

"Spaniards! I have convened a general assembly of the deputies of your provinces and towns, that I may know your desires and wants.

"I shall lay down my rights, and place your illustrious crown upon the head of one who resembles me; securing you a constitution which will unite the salutary power of the sovereign with the liberties and rights of the Spanish nation. It is my will, that my memory shall be blessed by your latest posterity, and that they shall say—'He was the restorer of our country.'

"Given at Bayonne, 25th May, 1808."

By virtue of a mandate of his Imperial and Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Berg, dated the 22d instant, the existing commission of consolidation of the royal *Vales* is abolished. The commission is in future to be composed of the president of government, of the supreme council of Castile, two ministers of the same council, a minister of the council of the Indies, and of the council of the Factory, and a secretary. The functions entrusted to this commission are, to secularize and sell, as far as is requisite, the church lands, and to despatch all other pressing business.

The late King of Spain, his wife, and minister, have been sent to Fontainbleau, where the diversion of hunting has been prepared for the deposed sovereign. The Prince of Asturias and Don Carlos have likewise arrived at Valency, their place of destination for the present, as ordered by Buonaparte.

[We stop the press to announce the formal ACCESSION OF JOSEPH BUONAPARTE TO THE THRONE OF SPAIN.]

Of late, we rejoice to find, the tide of affairs has turned in favour of the Swedes in Finland. The Russians have been driven from the posts they first occupied, and victory has every where attended the Swedes. Of the several advantages gained, one in particular is of a singular nature. It occurred on the island of Aland, where a body of Russians had landed, and became very unwelcome guests. In this state of things, a brave clergyman of the island, having concerted a plan with the farmers, dashed on their foes: and in the conflict many of the Russians fled, but the Russian commander, and several of his men, took shelter in a barn, where, after some parley, they surrendered, and were taken over to Gresslcham in boats.

Such is the state of degradation to which the King of Prussia has been reduced by Buonaparte, that he has been obliged publicly to vindicate his conduct, in consequence of a charge preferred against him in the Hamburgh paper, of having suffered a vessel to enter one of his ports, having on board articles of British colonial produce. His large army has dwindled to 5,000 men.

TUSCANY has formally been UNITED TO FRANCE; and it is declared, that the whole coast of the Mediterranean sea must form part of the French territory.

The PAPAL DOMINION is pronounced at an end. The reason which Buonaparte gives in his decree for *deposing the Pope, and annexing the whole of the ecclesiastical states to the kingdom of Italy*, is, that his holiness "has constantly refused to declare war against the English." And "the gift of the lands which compose the ecclesiastical states was made by our illustrious predecessor CHARLEMAGNE for the benefit of christendom, but not for the succour of the enemies of our holy religion."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

MAY 24.

A COURT of aldermen was held at Guildhall; when the lord mayor laid before them two letters he had received from T. Rowcroft and R. Lea, Esqrs. resigning their office of Aldermen for the wards of Walbrook and Coleman-street: which were read, their resignations accepted, and his lordship requested to issue precepts for wardmotes to be held for the election of other gentlemen in their room.

28. The friends of the late Mr. Pitt celebrated the anniversary of his birth-day; the Duke of Beaufort in the chair: it is supposed that about 900 persons sat down to dinner. Mr. Quin recited an ode, and Mr. Fitzgerald likewise a poetical effusion [see page 462] on the merits of the departed statesman. Among the company present were the lord chancellor and the Swedish ambassador. On the health of the last being drank, Mr. Canning rose, and, in the name of

the ambassador, thanked the company. It was highly flattering to him, that his sovereign had the good wishes of a people so distinguished for their loyalty and attachment to their own.

28. John Atkins, Esq. of Austin Friars, was elected alderman for Walbrook ward without opposition.

30. Sir R. Phillips declined the poll for the vacant alderman's gown, for Coleman-street ward, in the room of R. Lea, Esq. resigned: the numbess at the close were—for William Plomer, Esq. 80—Sir R. Phillips, 55.

31. Sir T. Hardy (Lord Nelson's captain) attended at the chamberlain's office, Guildhall, where he was presented with the freedom of the city, and an elegant sword voted to him by the corporation of London.

Bullock, the bankrupt whose case was reported the other day by the recorder, and who was then respited, has received his majesty's pardon, upon condition of his being transported to new South Wales for life.

The young gardener, who some time ago killed his master, Mr. W. Chivers, at Clapham, by a blow with a spade, goes out to Botany Bay, in company with Bullock, on board the Admiral Gambier.

JUNE 4. Thomas Russell and Joseph Smith, two dustmen, were capitally convicted at the Old Bailey sessions, of stealing unbound books out of the cellar of Mr. Asperne, in Cornhill, to the amount of near 140l. It appeared in evidence, that Mr. Asperne, having suspicion of the prisoners, employed Cartwright to watch them, who detected them in the act. Books to the value of 30l. were found on their persons, and concealed in their baskets. It was the third time that books had been missed after they had been taking the dust away; but they had never shewed any disposition, since their apprehension, to point out where, or to whom they had disposed of the property.

10. Two Spanish noblemen, Viscount Materosa and Don Diego de la Vega, arrived at the Admiralty, from Spain. They assert, that one sentiment of indignation against the French pervades Spain, but particularly the provinces of Asturias and Gallicia. Gallicia is in a state of insurrection; and even the women are, by their speeches and example, animating the men to take up arms against the invaders. All Asturias is rising, and has already on foot an army of 40,000 men. These gentlemen are deputed by the provisional governments of Asturias and Gallicia, at the head of which are the Marquis de Santa Cruz and the Marquis de Oviedo, noblemen of considerable importance, to solicit the aid of Great Britain, in rescuing them from the tyranny and oppression of the French, against whom they had declared war. They have brought several official documents with them; among these are a full power from the assembly to enter into and conclude any treaty or alliance with this country to assist and promote their cause, a letter to our gracious sovereign, and a proclamation to the inhabitants of Spain in general. The latter states, that the act by which the king and family of Bourbon have abdicated the throne in favour of whomsoever Buonaparte might be pleased to appoint, being an act of force, and not of choice, they consider themselves absolved from their oath of allegiance as far as refers to the appointment of a successor, inasmuch as in case of abdication, the power reverts to the people, from whom it emanated; and consequently that they are determined to appoint a successor, and to maintain his rights by force of arms; and it concludes by calling upon all loyal Spaniards to join their cause. This proclamation was issued on the 20th of May, and by the 26th, 20,000 men had assembled at Oviedo, to take up arms.

Our ministers, we understand, have determined to aid the cause of the high-minded patriots of Spain, in every way within their power.

17. The freedom of the city of London, with a sword, value 200 guineas, were presented to Admiral Duckworth.

To such extraordinary perfection has the manufacture of worsted stockings been brought at Norwich, that a pair was some days since, at Leicester, drawn through a wedding-ring of the ordinary size. An idea of the delicacy of the texture will be formed from the information that a wholesale house in that town ordered a dozen pair, at the price of a guinea and a half a pair.

BIRTHS.

AT his house, in Montague-street, Russell-square, the lady of Sir Henry Fitzherbert, Bart. of a son and heir.

At Little Chelsea Park, the lady of John Warren, Esq. of a daughter.

In Hertford-street, the Right Hon. Lady Rous, of a daughter.

The wife of Mr. Johnson, of No. 11, Shepherd's market, was safely delivered of three fine girls, all which are likely to do well.

The Right Hon. Lady Forbes of a son.

MAY 26. At Eversham, about four miles from Pocklington, Mrs. Rudd, wife of Mr. John Rudd, a very respectable farmer at that place, was safely delivered, without any assistance, of one male and two female children—live, and likely to do well.

JUNE 20. At Camberwell, Mrs. Asperne, jun. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

AT the Duke of Athol's house, in Portman-square, Captain R. M. Murray, of the 15th dragoons, only son of Sir James M'Gregor Murray, Bart. to Lady Elizabeth Murray, youngest daughter of his grace.

At St. Anne's church, Westminster, the Rev. Thomas Leigh, rector of Wickham Bishops, Essex, and of St. Magnus, London-bridge, to Emma, only daughter of W. Morris, Esq. of Havering-hall, Essex.

The Hon. John George Dalrymple, nephew and heir to the Earl of Stair, to Miss Manners, daughter of Lady Louisa Manners.

Lieutenant Colonel Nicholl, to Miss Lewis, of Holborn.

At Edinburgh, J. H. Rigg, Esq. to the youngest daughter of the late Major Melville.

N. Menzies, Esq. of Menzies, to Miss Balfour.

At Ayr, on the 3d instant, Adam Wilson, aged 93, to Margaret Robb, aged 71. Adam's second wife lately left him a widower; and when he conceived the days of mourning had elapsed, he paid his addresses to Margaret. Margaret had none of the nunnish coyness about her that resists every approach of sung swains. She was distinguished for condescension; and the fate of many connections had made her often lay claim to the title of widow. On the death of her late lord, she retired from the enjoyments of life to the parish poor-house, there to moralise on her many adventures. Adam having singled her out as the object of his wishes, pressed his suit with such gallantry, that he succeeded in drawing her from her seclusion; and nothing prevented them from getting the happy rite solemnized last month, but a prudent concern for their *progeny*; as tradition has declared it unlucky to tie the matrimonial knot in May.

At Deptford, Mrs. Collings, widow of the late Mr. Collings, of Saffron-hill, after waiting a disconsolate widow three months, to the nephew of her late husband (and an apprentice to her), aged 19; the bride is 48, her eldest daughter is 17, and she has a numerous issue besides.

At St. James's church, Mr. Rushbrook, to Miss Davers, daughter of Sir C. Davers, Bart.

J. H. Hogarth, Esq. of Bedford-place, to Miss Harriet Hole, third daughter of the late J. Hole, Esq. of Islington.

Dr. H. Fraser, to Charlotte, third daughter of the late S. Welles, Esq. Castle-hill, Wycombe, Bucks.

At Swaffham Prior, Cambridgeshire, R. Wilkinson, Esq. of New Norfolk-street, Grosvenor-square, to Catherine, eldest daughter of the late J. P. Allix, Esq. of Swaffham-house.

MONTHLY OBITUARY.

LATELY, in Cork, Mrs. Duke, relict of the late Edward Duke, of Bandon, aged 105 years: she enjoyed the happiness of seeing 197 of her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren; and was perfect in her intellects to the last moment.

At Belfast, in consequence of bruises he received in falling from a vessel at the quay, Robert Gemmill, Esq. merchant.

At Ham-court, T. Bland, Esq. colonel of the South Worcestershire volunteers.

At Tweedmouth, Margaret Watson: while sitting at the sacramental table, in Tweedmouth meetinghouse, just after receiving the cup, she fell from her seat, and instantly expired.

At his house in Castle-street, St. James's, Mr. Henry Pride; who to a very enlightened mind added every social virtue; in him the poor have lost a benefactor; his connection and extensive acquaintance a most excellent man. He was styled *the pride of all his friends*.

At Inkberrow, Worcestershire, in his 87th year, J. Fortescue, Esq. captain in the royal navy; the eldest officer in the superannuated list, and probably the last survivor of the memorable crew of the Centurion, who accompanied Lord Anson in his celebrated voyage round the world.

John Matthews, Esq. solicitor of Newnham, Gloucestershire, aged 60. In the beginning of last month the clothes of Mrs. Matthews caught fire, and occasioned her death; in endeavouring to extinguish the flames, Mr. Matthews was so much burnt, that he lingered ever since in a most painful manner.

At Llanvon, near Aberystwith, Jeremiah Davies, the Welch dwarf, aged 58, measuring only 46 inches in height. His person was the perfection of symmetry, which is rarely found in a dwarf.

At Stirling, Mr. Alexander Cunningham, merchant there, aged 80, leaving considerable sums for charitable purposes, under the directions of the magistrates and council of that town.

Soon after his return from South America, Lieutenant J. W. Butler, of the royal horse artillery.

At Asleed, aged 82, Captain J. Coutts.

At Adwick-le-street, in consequence of a fall from his horse, Edward Lynch, Esq.

Thomas Edwards, Esq. of Kilsane, near Llandillo.

At a very advanced age, Mr. S. Goadby, of Spital-square, brother of the late Mr. Robert Goadby, of Sherborne.

Mrs. Byrne, of Cabinteely, near Dublin, in consequence of a fractured skull, occasioned by a stone thrown into her carriage on the night of a late masquerade in that city. This lady, whose maiden name was Devereux, was a native of the county of Wexford. She married —— Byrne, Esq. of Cabinteely, a gentleman of very large fortune, and a near relative of the Marchioness of Buckingham. Mr. Byrne died some time since, leaving two daughters, who inherit his estates, and to whose education and improvement Mrs. Byrne devoted her whole time.

At Bath, Miss Villiers, daughter of V. W. Villiers, Esq. and niece to the Right Hon. Lord St. John.

In a decline, at his brother's house, in Chelmsford, Mr. John Ffitch, son of the late W. Ffitch, Esq. of Felsted; aged 35.

Mr. E. Beaumont, a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood of Chatham.

At Hertford, Mr. Alderman Kimpton.

At Mr. Jackson's house, at Epsom, Miss Adelaide Gorcham, sister to the late Mrs. Jackson.

At Haverhill, in Suffolk, W. Hayward, Esq.

At his house, at Hammersmith, Mr. D. Clegg, Gent.

J. Chetwynd, Esq. second son of Sir G. Chetwynd, Bart. of Grendon, Warwickshire, &c.

May 5. At Canterbury, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Isaac Elton, Esq. of Stapleton, and wife to Charles Walton, Esq. captain in the fourth, or queen's own regiment of dragoons. This lady, a few days subsequent to the period of her becoming a mother, having raised the sash of her apartment for the benefit of fresh air, in leaning out, unfortunately lost her equipoise, and was precipitated into the street; when the extreme violence of the concussion produced a fracture of her skull, which rendered ineffectual the utmost exertions of professional skill; she survived the catastrophe, in a state of insensibility, for some hours, and expired on the following morning.

In Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, Mr. Burton, epaulette-maker.

9. At Strowen, General Sir Thomas Stirling, Bart. colonel of the 41st regiment of foot.

11. Of an apoplectic stroke, at Lytchet, Matravers, Dorset, the Rev. G. Trenchard, LL.D. rector of that parish, and also rector of Langton Matravers, in the isle of Purbeck.

13. At the age of 17, Richard, the eldest son of R. P. Collings, Esq. collector of the customs of Bristol. On the preceding Monday, as he was riding with his parent, on the Stapleton-road, his horse took fright and suddenly passed his father, who observing his son firmly seated, prudently declined pursuing him with any great haste; on his overtaking him, however, he found that his horse had thrown him, and he beheld his son speechless, and supported by some passengers, who were near the spot. On surgical assistance being procured, a dreadful fracture was discovered; which, baffling the skill of the most eminent of the faculty, he languished in extreme pain till the Sunday evening following.

17. At Ballygurton, county Kilkenny, Ireland, aged 118, Dennis Carrol, farmer. In his long life, he is said never to have experienced an hour's sickness; and he retained the full possession of his faculties to the last moment.

18. At Clifton, Mrs. Auriol, aged 82.

19. At the Earl of Lanesborough's, at Cheltenham, Lady Charlotte Dubadge, the earl's aunt.

After an illness of four days, at Clifden, the seat of the Countess of Orkney, the Right Hon. Lady Ann O'Brien, daughter of the late William, Earl of Inchiquin, and Anne, Countess of Orkney, and sister of the late Countess of Orkney. Her ladyship was in her 89th year, and retained her perfect intellects till within five minutes of her death. Her remains were conveyed to Taplow, and placed in the same vault with those of her brother-in-law the late Marquis of Thomond.

21. Mr. Hall, master of the great hotel, Crescent, Buxton.

At Norwich, aged 72, James Beevor, Esq.

At Blackheath, aged 83, P. Macleod, Esq. of Bread-street.

At Hammersmith, in the 53d year of her age, Lady Gertrude Cromie, only daughter and heiress of Ford, fifth Earl of Cavan, and wife of Sir Michael Cromie, Bart. of Stacumnie, in Ireland.

After a short illness, at the age of 25 years, the Hon. and Rev. Pierce Butler, third son of the Earl of Carrick, and rector of Kilskeer, in the diocese of Meath. There have been few individuals whose premature death has excited, in all ranks of the community, a deeper or more universal regret: for the virtues of the deceased were many, and his faults fewer in number and smaller in magnitude than generally fall to the lot of mortals. In domestic life, amiable and endearing; in the discharge of his pastoral functions, persevering and ardent. Attached to his vocation from principle, he was zealous without bigotry, religious without austerity, and charitable without ostentation. As a christian pastor, he knew no distinction between his parishioners;

"But, in his duty, prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;
And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way."

His earthly remains were deposited in his parish, amidst the deep and sincere lamentations of those whose interests he held as his own, and whose affections he ever preferred to personal emolument.

22. Aged 43, Mrs. Ann Rebecca Smith, many years governess of a ladies' seminary, in Orange-street, Leicester-square.

23. At Chesterton near Cambridge, aged 75, Mrs. Robinson, relict of the Rev. Robert Robinson, a celebrated nonconformist clergyman.

24. In his 81st year, the Rev. James Burgess, vicar of Rickling, Essex.

Sir Thomas Bonsall, of Fronfrairth, Cardiganshire.

At her house, in Green-street, the Right Hon. Lady Anne Lumley Saunderson, daughter of Thomas, the third Earl of Scarborough, and aunt to the present earl, and to Earl Ludlow; her ladyship was in her 80th year.

At Seaton Delaval, Northumberland, the Right Hon. John Lord Delaval, at an advanced age. The general benevolence of his lordship's disposition will cause his loss to be severely felt. He is succeeded in his estates, which are very large, in Northumberland, Lincolnshire, and Yorkshire, by his brother, Edward Hussey Delaval, Esq. on whose decease, without issue, they will descend to Sir Jacob Astley, Bart.

At Brockton Hall, in the county of Stafford, after a long and painful illness, which he bore with the most exemplary patience and resignation, in the 19th year of his age, James Read Chetwynd, Esq. third son of Sir George Chetwynd, Bart. of Grendon Hall, Warwickshire. He was a young man of the most promising abilities, universally beloved by all who knew him, for his affable disposition and many amiable qualities.

26. Mr. John Reside, of Drumaul, farmer, aged 102 years. His long life adds another instance to the many we have upon record, of the effects of temperance on the human frame. Temperate in all his meals, he enjoyed almost uninterrupted good health till near his last. He was, perhaps, never intoxicated during his whole life; and his manner of living more resembled that of the ancients, than the pampered and voluptuous sons and daughters of the present day.

27. At her house in Dean-street, South-Audley-square, Mrs. Hotham, eldest daughter of Sir John Dyke, of Lullingstone-castle, in the county of Kent, Bart. and widow of Lieutenant-colonel Hotham, eldest son of Sir Beaumont Hotham, late one of the barons of his majesty's court of Exchequer.

Clement Winstanly, Esq. of Braunston house, vice-lieutenant for the county of Leicester, aged 69.

28. At Hartlebury Castle, aged 88, the Right Rev. Richard Hurd, D.D. lord bishop of Worcester. The classical erudition of this respected and reverend gentleman, and the purity of his manners, occasioned his appointment to be tutor to the Prince of Wales and his brother the Bishop of Osnaburgh, now Duke of York. This honourable situation he soon exchanged for the mitre; being first promoted to the see of Lichfield and Coventry, and afterwards to that of Worcester. Upon the death of Prince Octavius, in 1783, Dr. Hurd delivered an impressive oration on that mournful occasion, at St. George's chapel, Windsor, which deeply affected the royal auditory. The same year, on the decease of Doctor Cornwallis, Archbishop of Canterbury, his majesty offered the vacant primacy to the Bishop of Worcester; but his lordship declined accepting it, alleging, that "he was so happy in his diocese, he wished not to change." This is a trait in the bishop's character, which will not be soon forgotten. He was the reverend prelate whose carriage and person were assailed by the "*No Popery*" faction of 1780, and who only preserved his life by taking refuge in a house in Palace Yard. Dr. Hurd had improved great natural sagacity by profound acquirements in both sacred and profane knowledge, and has left behind him several monuments of his industry and zeal, at once creditable to himself and honourable to his profession. [See a PORTRAIT and MEMOIR of this venerable bishop, p. 403.]

28. At the house of Mr. Thomas Branch, New Bond-street, aged 85, Francis Villion, Esq. He was a man of an extremely studious disposition, and great literary accomplishments.

29. At Eythorn, near Dover, the wife of Dr. Morgan.

30. At Lambeth, suddenly, Mr. Burnham, coal-merchant.

In consequence of a fall from his horse, Patrick Fagan, Esq. an eminent merchant of Cork.

In Dublin, of a locked jaw, in consequence of a fall from his horse, Thomas Moore, Esq. of Moor-Brook, county of Mayo, barrister at law.

31. At Broadstairs, Mrs. Bayley, of Fort-Cliff.

At Stepney Green, Miles Walker, Esq.

JUNE 1. William Read, Esq. of Greenwich.

2. At Gateshead, in the county of Durham, the wife of William Hawkes, Esq.

Suddenly, Charles Kamphmuller, Esq. German professor to the Royal Military College, High Wycombe.

Sir Alexander Dick, Bart. of Preston-field, near Edinburgh.

3. At Whitby, aged seventeen, Miss Fanny Pierson, second daughter of Mr. Thomas Pierson, of that place. This young lady had a narrow escape from death, when an infant, in falling over the West Cliff, at Whitby, by which accident her arm was broke. The

nurse, in whose charge she was, attempting to prevent her fall, was precipitated over along with her, and killed upon the spot.

At Newton-hall, near Chester, Mrs. Elizabeth Parker, wife of George Parker, Esq.

In Dublin, at an advanced age, Charles Ward, Esq.

4. Drowned, at Worthing, thirteen miles west of Brighton, Newton Barton, Esq. private secretary of Mr. Addington (now Lord Sidmouth) during his administration, and a fellow of New College, Oxford. In the morning, apparently in good health, he went to take a walk by the sea-side. Not long after, however, he was found drowned, in very shallow water. His clothes had been previously taken off, carefully rolled up, and left on the sand, which indicated that he had been induced, by the favourableness of the morning, to bathe, and justifies a supposition that a fit had seized him, and occasioned the fatal catastrophe. The coroner held his inquest at the Steyne Hotel, though the body had been removed from that to a private house, on the following morning; and, after a very long deliberation, returned a verdict of Accidental Death. The remains of the unfortunate gentleman were inferred in the church-yard, at Broadwater.

Mrs. Millington, wife of Mr. Millington, of Holborn.

5. Aged 49, Mr. Benjamin Ayrey, distiller, Tooley-street.

At Inverness, John Anderson, aged 71. He was considered as one of the best composers of Scotch music since the days of Oswald.

At Lincoln, William Richard Wilson, Esq. aged 71, many years an active magistrate.

7. Suddenly, Mr. Loats, of Woodyat's Inn, in Dorsetshire. Mr. L. was remarkably corpulent, and had, for a short time, been ill of a dropsy, but his friends had no fear that his life was in immediate danger; and he was himself so little apprehensive of it, that he had insisted on Mrs. Loat's going that evening to the theatre at Blandford, in compliment to the volunteers, while he remained at home to mind the business of the house. He had been conversing with cheerfulness, and, observing that he had talked till he was thirsty, he ordered a glass of water; after drinking which, he sunk back in his chair, and instantly expired.—Mrs. Loats was called by express from a place of public festivity to behold the melancholy reverse which her own home presented:—she had left it a few short hours before, in consequence of the affectionate solicitude of her husband to promote her happiness;—she returned, and found that husband a corpse!

The same night, suddenly, of a paralytic seizure, Mr. Kerby, stocking manufacturer, of Blandford, formerly of the Tax-office, London. The same afternoon, only a few hours before his dissolution, he had been speaking of the good state of his health, and detailing to a friend the plan of a little tour round the coast, which he intended to engage in before the expiration of the summer.

At Sidmouth, Devon, aged 20 years, Miss Russel, daughter of Sir Henry Russel, Knt. chief judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Calcutta.

Oliver Wilson, Esq. stock-broker, South-street, Finsbury-square.

8. At Finchley, aged 82, Mr. John Purser, of Drury-lane theatre. He was an unassuming useful actor, and in some comic characters was very respectable.

9. In his 67th year, Mr. Edmund Kershaw, of Newington-green.

10. Mr. Robert Wooton, of Nottingham. He was known by the appellation of "The Steeple Climber," having been famous for repairing spire steeples, without the use of scaffolding. In this dangerous undertaking he used only ladders, hooks, and belts. In 1789, he repaired St. Peter's steeple, Nottingham, and, after having finished it, he beat a drum round the top of it, and drank a bottle of Nottingham ale there, in the presence of thousands of spectators.

11. In Liverpool, on his way to Bath, the Rev. John Crellin, late vicar-general of the Isle of Man, and father of the Hon. Deemster Crellin, one of the judges of that island.

Richard Waller, Esq. of Bevis Hill, Southampton.

12. In Doctors' Commons, Mrs. Fenton, wife of Perrot Fenton, Esq. deputy marshal of the admiralty.

At Sutherland, aged 61, Cuthbert Sharpe, Esq.

13. At Brighthelmstone, the Rev. Ralph Sneyd, rector of Jevington, and domestic chaplain to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

In his 68th year, Sir R. Kerrison, Knt. many years an eminent banker at Norwich.

14. At his house, at Richmond, in Surrey, aged 70, Sir John Day, late advocate-general of Bengal, descended from a respectable family of this country, which settled in Ireland at the beginning of the 17th century.—He was a man of distinguished abilities and disinterested integrity, firmly attached to his king and country; his character was not less amiable in private life, than irreproachable in public. His studies were not merely professional, but extended throughout the various branches of polite literature and useful knowledge; his conversation was animated and instructive, and his manners dignified and benevolent. In his youth he was intimately acquainted with George Lord Lyttelton, Garrick, Goldsmith, and many others of the literary world; and, his death will be lamented by a numerous circle of friends, to whom he was endeared by every social charm of unaffected hospitality. He married the eldest daughter of Nicholas Ramus, Esq. which lady is left to deplore the loss of an affectionate and beloved husband.

In consequence of bursting a blood-vessel, George Moller, Esq. of Church-row, Fenchurch-street.

At Old Windsor, in his 65th year, John Walkden, Esq. of Highbury-place, Islington, one of the court of assistants of the Worshipful Company of Stationers.

15. At Haslar, near Portsmouth, Capt. William Yeo, governor of the naval hospital there.

Mr. Claridge, registrar of pamphlets, at the stamp-office.

16. At his house, at Kentish-town, after a long and painful illness, John Benj. Hooper, Esq. in the 30th year of his age.

After a very short illness, aged 64, John Ryle, of Macclesfield, Esq. Every quality that constitutes a good, an useful, and a virtuous character, was centred in this man: he acquired an opulent fortune with a character which calumny itself could not stain. Affectionate to his relatives, charitable to the poor, and liberal to all, his best monument is engraven on the hearts of those who had the happiness to know him.

17. At his house, Above-bar, Southampton, at an advanced age, Colonel Heywood, deputy-warden, ranger, and wood-ward of the New Forest, and a member of the corporation of Southampton. He was an old acquaintance of his majesty, and the royal family, and, at his house they usually took their residence when they went to that town.

Mrs. Baker, wife of Mr. Isaac Baker, late of Charing-cross. She was one of the unfortunate passengers with a Portsmouth coach, on the 18th of May, which was overturned near Putney; when several persons had their limbs broken, others their sculls fractured, and others more or less bruised. Mrs. Baker was obliged to suffer the amputation of her thigh the same night.

19. At his house, in High-street, Mary-la-bonne, in the 71st year of his age, Alexander Dalrymple, Esq. a man, who, by his abilities, and the incessant labour of half a century, had attained the well-earned reputation of undisputed pre-eminence beyond all his contemporaries in the important science of hydrography. Mr. Dalrymple was dismissed from his situation of hydrographer to the British navy, on the 28th of May last; and, we understand, that, in the opinion of his medical attendants, he died in consequence of vexation resulting from that event. He is said to have left behind him a paper explanatory of the transaction. [See a PORTRAIT and MEMOIR of him, Vol. XLII. p. 323.]

20. Aged 74, at her house, in Pond-street, Hampstead, Mrs. Gregory, widow of Thomas Gregory, Esq. late principal of Clifford's Inn.

Mr. Reynolds, Craig's-court, Charing-cross.

At Kew, aged 84, Thomas Tunstall, Esq.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Bahia, in the Brazils, the Duke de Cadaval. He was high Steward of Portugal; was married to the Duke of Luxemburgh's daughter, by whom he had several children; and was very popular among the Portuguese. His death was brought on by excessive fatigue and sufferings on the voyage; as the royal family and court hurried on board their fleet, without the common necessaries of food or clothing.

At Quebec, on the 22d of February last, in the 47th year of his age, the Honourable Henry Allcock, his Majesty's chief justice of the province of Lower Canada. His malady was a bilious fever, in some degree occasioned by too intense application. The following we extract from the Quebec Mercury:—"With the deepest regret we announce the death of the Honourable Henry Allcock, chief justice of this province. In the exercise of his judicial duties he evinced the advantages which attend the forming of a legal scholar at the English bar; and in the various high offices which he filled, he acquitted himself with the utmost credit. He was an upright, assiduous and able judge; his memory was retentive, his judgment clear and penetrating; his mind irradiated the dark code of provincial jurisprudence; his language was singularly select and perspicuous; and his judgments and decisions cannot be remembered without a pleasure tempered by regret. In the habitudes of private life his manners were characteristic of an Englishman—sincere and unaffected, yet affable and conciliatory. In a word, his public and private virtues will have a long continuance in the hearts of the old and of the new subjects of this province, and his death he mourned with general and unfeigned sorrow."

At Charleston, South Carolina, in the 25th year of his age, Mr. George Woodham, late of Covent-garden theatre. This young man's powerful retentive faculty and brilliant musical abilities enabled him to take Mr. Braham's part in "The Cabinet," on that gentleman's secession, at three hours notice; in which he displayed great science, and received general approbation. He came by his death in an *encore*, where his exertion burst a blood-vessel; after which he survived but a few days.

His Serene Highness Frederick George Augustus, Landgrave of Hesse, at Grosgerau, on the 19th ult. in the 49th year of his age.

At Vienna, on the 5th of April, the Hon. John Theophilus Rawdon, brother to the Earl of Moira.

In the island of Antigua, on his way to join his regiment, Lieutenant-colonel J. S. Smith, of the 4th West India regiment.

At Demarara, Alexander Fraser, Esq.

In the West Indies, Captain James Ayscough, of the Hawke sloop of war.

At Malta, George Benjamin Lyon, Esq. only son of the late John Lyon, Esq. of the county of Devon.

Lately, at his estate in Esthonia, Augustus Von Kotzebue, the celebrated dramatist.

MONTHLY STATE OF COMMERCE, *London, 20th June*, 1808.

THE BRAZILS. *(Continued.)*

Already has the arrival of the regal government in this country been attended with beneficial consequences to commerce, inasmuch as the prince regent has reduced the duties on imports from 30 per cent. which they have hitherto been, to 24; a measure which must undoubtedly operate powerfully in favour of trade. He has also, by proclamation, thrown open the ports of these colonies to his allies, who were before excluded, except through the channel of Lisbon. From these promising beginnings we may consequently augur, that our intercourse with them will prove advantageous to both parties.—It is, we think, more than probable, now that the chief government is become resident, that advantage will be taken of all those benefits which the bounty of our Creator has bestowed with an unsparing hand upon this land; that its fertile soil will no longer remain uncultivated to the extent which it at present is; its fisheries neglected; or its rivers unexplored, which promise an abundance of riches (not fish) rarely to be met with in any other part of the globe.

It is scarcely to be credited, how ignorant these people are with respect to the interior of their country; and although the Portuguese have been in possession of it for so long a period, yet such has been the jealousy of their government, both in Europe and here also, that they have, by their efforts, succeeded in stifling and suppressing all information relative thereto; so much so, that at this hour it is hardly to be imagined how scanty are the materials for forming a description of any part of it beyond the coast; except permission could be obtained to search the valuable library left by that politic and enlightened society, the Jesuits, at Bahia; in that case, as part of it consists of manuscripts in which are recorded all the discoveries made by those fathers in the internal parts of South America, who, it is well known, penetrated much further therein than any other individuals, and by which they were enabled to treasure up those accounts which, if ever permitted to see the light, will abundantly satisfy the curious, and at the same time fill up a chasm in the history of this continent at present vacant. But with such suspicion have all attempts to explore the contents of the aforesaid library been hitherto attended, that although the books have been huddled together in a neglected room, covered with filth, and approaching to decay, yet with all this seeming neglect, every endeavour to obtain admittance to them has been frustrated, and the almost inestimable information they contain is at present lost to the world.

(To be concluded in our next.)

London, May 25, 1808.

The Court of Directors of the United Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies do hereby declare, that they will put up to sale on Tuesday, August 9, prompt the 11th November following,

Private trade, privilege and prize indigo, chests, 11,200, more or less.

Also on Friday, June 24, prompt the 16th of September following,

Private trade.....933
Privilege.....2,051
} bales cotton wool.

SALES OF WEST INDIA PRODUCE,

May 20th to May 28th.

398 hogsheads, 253 bags coffee.....sold from 68s. 6d. to 104s. 0d. per cwt.

May 28th to June 4th.

372 hogsheads, 6 tierces sugar.....from 64s. 0d. to 71s. 6d. per cwt.
199 ditto, 200 bags coffee.....from 71s. 6d. to 106s. 0d. per cwt.
318 bales and bags cotton wool.....from 1s. 0½d. to 2s. 1½d. per lb.

June 4th to June 14th.

330 hogsheads, 87 barrels, 560 bags coffee..from 58s. 0d. to 119s. 6d. per cwt.
7 serons, 4 boxes, 3 barrels indigo.....from 5s. 3d. to 9s. 9d. per lb.

June 14th to June 21st.

204 hogsheads, 15 tierces sugar.....from 61s. 0d. to 72s. 6d. per cwt.
1,193 ditto, 118 barrels, 1,983 bags coffee....from 51s. 0d. to 116s. 6d. per cwt.
5 barrels white Jamaica ginger.....106s. 0d. per cwt.
230 bags Barbadoes ditto..... from 80s. 0d. to 82s. 0d. per cwt.

Average price of brown or Muscavado sugar, computed from the returns for the week ending May 25th, was 38s. 6⅞d. per cwt. exclusive of the duties of custom payable thereon.

Ditto for the week ending June 1, was 39s. 2d.

Ditto for the week ending June 8, was 40s. 8½d.

SALES OF AMERICAN PRODUCE.

May 20th to May 28th.

141 bags Surinam and Demarary cotton wool sold from 1s. 4½d. to 2s. 1½d. per lb.
31 barrels 2 casks pearl-ashes ..... from 59s. 6d. to 69s. 0d. per cwt.
385 ditto Carolina rice ..... from 40s. 6d. to 42s. 0d. per cwt.
52 bags Brazil ditto ..... from 36s. 6d. to 40s. 6d. per cwt.
7,817 Brazil hides ..... from 0s. 3d. to 0s. 5½d. per lb.
5,050 Buenos Ayres ditto ..... from 0s. 4½d. to 0s. 5½d. per lb.

May 28th to June 4th.

657 bags Surinam, Demerary, and Berbice cotton wool ..... from 1s. 0½d. to 2s. 1½d. per lb.
418 ditto Brazil ditto ..... from 1s. 9d. to 2s. 3d. per lb.

June 4th to June 21st.

137 bags Surinam and Demerary cotton wool .... from 0s. 11d. to 2s. 0d. per lb.
38 barrels pearl-ashes ..... from 73s. 6d. to 74s. 6d. per cwt.
7 ditto pot ditto ..... from 84s. 0d. to 0s. 0d. per cwt.
121 ditto Carolina rice ..... from 37s. 0d. to 37s. 6d. per cwt.

Alum, English	ton	£	22	0	0	to	23	0	0
Aniseeds, Alicant	cwt.		7	15	0		8	5	0
Ditto German			0	0	0		0	0	0
Ashes, American Pot			3	17	0		4	10	0
Ditto Pearl			3	13	0		4	2	0
Barilla, Carthagena			4	4	0		4	6	0
Ditto Sicily			3	10	0		3	16	0
Ditto Teneriffe			3	19	0		4	0	0
Bark, Oak British, 45 cwt.	L.		35	10	0		37	0	0
Ditto Foreign			10	10	0		15	0	0
Brandy, Cogniac	gal.		1	2	0		1	8	0
Ditto Spanish			1	0	0		1	1	0
Camphire, refined	lb.		0	4	10		0	5	0
Ditto unrefined	cwt.		19	10	0		22	0	0
Cochineal, garbled	lb.		1	2	0		1	10	0
Ditto East Indian			0	4	6		0	6	6
Coffee, fine	cwt.		5	15	0		6	0	0
Ditto ordinary			3	5	0		4	5	0
Ditto Mocha in Time			10	5	0		10	10	0
Copperas, Green	lb.		0	7	3		0	8	0
Ditto White			2	0	0		2	5	0
Cotton-wool, Surinam			0	2	0		0	2	2
Ditto Jamaica			0	1	4½		0	1	8
Ditto Smyrna			0	1	4		0	1	6
Ditto Bourbon			0	2	1		0	2	6½
Ditto Pernambucca			0	2	3		0	2	5
Ditto East Indian			0	1	3		0	1	4
Currants, Zant	cwt.		4	15	0		4	18	0
Deals, Dantz. Fir, 3 in.	40 f. piece		2	12	0		2	15	0
Ditto 2½	36		1	2	0		1	12	0
Ditto 2	30		1	8	0		0	0	0
Elephants' Teeth 1. 2. 3.	cwt.		30	10	0		35	10	0
Ditto 4. 5. 6.			24	0	0		30	0	0
Ditto Scrivell			18	0	0		24	0	0
Figs, Turkey			5	5	0		5	10	0
Flax, Riga	ton		105	0	0		110	0	0
Ditto Petersburg, 12 head			105	0	0		110	0	0
Fustick, Jamaica			15	15	0		17	0	0
Ditto Cuba			19	0	0		20	15	0
Galls, Turkey	cwt.		5	10	0		7	10	0
Geneva, Hollands	gal.		1	3	0		1	5	0
Ditto English			0	9	6		0	14	0
Ginger, Jamaica, White	cwt.		4	16	0		6	12	0
Ditto Black			3	5	0		3	10	0
Ditto Barbadoes			3	16	0		4	5	0
Ditto East Indian			3	5	0		4	6	0
Gum Arabic, Turkey	cwt.		7	5	0		12	10	0
Ditto Seneca			3	0	0		5	10	0
Ditto Sandrach			8	8	0		9	0	0
Ditto Mastic	lb.		0	5	8		0	6	0
Ditto Tragacanth	cwt.		24	10	0		26	10	0
Hemp, Riga Rhine	ton		105	0	0		0	0	0
Ditto Petersburg clean			104	0	0		105	0	0
Ditto East Indian			70	10	0		95	0	0
Hides, English	lb.		0	0	2½		0	0	4
Ditto Buenos Ayres			0	0	3		0	0	6
Ditto Dutch salted			0	0	3½		0	0	8
Ditto Spanish			0	0	3½		0	0	8
Indigo, Caracc. No. 1 & 2			0	10	6		0	11	0
Ditto East India Blue & Purp.			0	9	2		0	12	0
Ditto Brittil			0	5	6		0	6	6

Iron, Pig, British	ton	£	7	0	0		9	0	0
Ditto, in bars			15	0	0		16	0	0
Ditto Swedish, bars			23	0	0		24	10	0
Ditto Norway			24	0	0		25	0	0
Ditto Archangel			25	0	0		26	0	0
Juniper Berries, German	cwt.		5	5	0		5	10	0
Ditto Italian			3	4	0		5	8	0
Lead in pigs	fod.		27	0	0		28	0	0
Ditto red	ton		26	0	0		27	0	0
Ditto white			42	0	0		42	1	0
Lignum Vitæ, American			16	0	0		25	0	0
Ditto Tortola			0	0	0		0	0	0
Logwood, Camp.			16	10	0		18	0	0
Ditto Honduras Chipt			11	15	0		12	15	0
Ditto Unchipt			10	5	0		11	0	0
Ditto Jamaica Chipt			11	15	0		12	5	0
Ditto Unchipt			uncertain						
Madder Roots, Smyrna	cwt.		5	18	0		6	10	0
Ditto Dutch Crop			7	10	0		8	16	0
Mahogany, Honduras	ft.		0	1	3		0	1	8
Ditto Jamaica			0	1	2		0	2	0
Ditto Hispaniola			0	1	3		0	2	3
Molasses	cwt.		1	11	6		1	12	6
Oak plank, 4 & 3 inch	load		11	0	0		12	0	0
Oil, Lucca	25 gal. jar		1	10	0		1	13	0
Ditto Spermaceti	ton		95	0	0		96	10	0
Ditto Whale, Greenland			29	0	0		31	10	0
Ditto Southern			34	0	0		36	0	0
Ditto Florence	half chest		4	0	0		4	5	0
Opium, Turkey	lb.		3	0	0		3	5	0
Orchilla, Canary	ton		225	0	0		250	0	0
Ditto Cape de Verd			130	0	0		150	0	0
Ditto Madeira			0	0	0		0	0	0
Pimento	lb.		0	1	6		0	1	8
Pitch, American	cwt.		0	15	0		0	16	0
Ditto Stockholm			0	19	0		1	0	0
Ditto Archangel			0	17	6		0	19	0
Quicksilver	lb.		0	4	7		0	4	9
Raisins, Bloom	cwt.		7	5	0		8	0	0
Ditto Malaga			2	12	0		3	10	0
Ditto Sun			4	15	0		5	8	0
Ditto Muscadine			10	0	0		12	12	0
Rice, Carolina			1	19	0		2	8	0
Ditto East Indian			2	0	0		2	15	0
Rum, Jamaica	gal.		0	4	6		0	5	6
Ditto Leeward I.			0	3	9		0	4	6
Saltpetre, East India Rough	cwt.		3	7	0		3	8	0
Ditto British Refined			3	12	0		3	13	0
Shellach			5	0	0		10	0	0
Sumack, Faro			1	7	0		1	9	0
Ditto Malaga			1	8	0		1	10	0
Ditto Sicily			1	7	0		1	9	0
Ditto Oporto			0	0	0		0	0	0
Silk, Thrown, Piedmont	lb.		0	0	0		0	0	0
Ditto Bergam			0	0	0		0	0	0
Silk, Raw, Chilm, 3 Mos. Sm.			0	0	0		0	0	0
Ditto 6 ditto			1	18	0		2	10	0
Ditto Bengal, Sm. Sk. g.			1	2	0		1	10	0
Ditto Novi			1	10	0		2	10	0
Ditto Organzine			3	0	0		4	10	0

		£	s	d	to	£	s	d
Sugar, Jamaica	C.	3	4	0	to	4	0	0
Ditto East India		3	4	0		4	15	0
Ditto Lumps		5	5	0		5	10	0
Ditto Single Loaves		4	15	0		5	0	0
Ditto Double Ditto	lb.	0	1	3		0	1	9
Tallow, English	cwt.	4	10	0		0	0	0
Ditto Russia, candle, white		4	10	0		4	12	0
Ditto, yellow		4	14	0		4	16	0
Ditto, Buenos Ayres		4	10	0		4	12	0
Tar, Archangel	B.	2	0	0		2	3	0
Ditto, Stockholm		2	2	0		2	4	0
Ditto, American		1	15	0		2	2	0
Tin in blocks	cwt.	5	18	0		0	0	0
Ditto, Grain, in blocks		7	7	0		0	0	0
Turpentine, American		1	15	0		1	17	0
Tobacco, Maryl. yellow	lb.	0	1	3		0	1	6
Ditto, Mid. brown		0	0	9½		0	0	11
Ditto, Long Leaf		0	0	7½		0	0	8½

		£	s	d	to	£	s	d
Tobacco, Virg. York River	lb.	0	0	7	to	0	0	9½
Ditto, James River		0	0	7½		0	0	9½
Wax, English	cwt.	15	15	0		17	10	0
Ditto Dantzic		15	0	0		15	15	0
Ditto African		9	15	0		11	0	0
Ditto American		14	15	0		15	10	0
Whale-fins, Greenland	ton	26	10	0		28	0	0
Ditto S. Fishery		24	0	0		26	0	0
Wine, Red Port	pipe	75	0	0		105	0	0
Ditto Lisbon		85	0	0		95	0	0
Ditto Madeira		74	0	0		125	0	0
Ditto Calcaretta		90	0	0		100	0	0
Ditto Sherry	butt	80	0	0		98	0	0
Ditto Mountain		65	0	0		80	0	0
Ditto Vidonia	hogs.	70	0	0		85	0	0
Ditto Claret	hogs.	44	0	0		98	0	0
Yarn, Mohair	lb.	0	4	6		0	8	10

PRESENT PRICES

OF

Canal, Dock, Fire Office, and Water Works Shares, &c. &c.

21st *June*, 1808.

London Dock Stock .....119l. per cent.
East India ditto .....119l. per cent.
West India ditto.....155l. per cent.
Commercial Dock Shares .....127l. ditto
Grand Junction Canal .....110l. per share.
Grand Surrey Canal .....60l. per share.
Imperial Fire Insurance ..... 11½ per cent. premium.
Globe Fire and Life ditto.....Shut
Albion ditto ditto ..... 2 per cent. premium.
Hope ditto ditto.....25s. per share premium,
Rock Life Assurance..... 5s. per share premium.
East London Water Works .. ...50 guineas per share premium.
West Middlesex ditto.... .....15l. per share premium.
South London ditto .....50l. per share premium.
London Institution ..... 84 guineas per share.

LEWIS WOLFE and Co. Canal, Dock, and Stock Brokers,
No. 9, Change-alley, Cornhill.

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c.

BY THOMAS BLUNT, No. 22, CORNHILL,

Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty,

At Nine o'Clock, A. M.

1808	*Barom*	*Ther.*	*Wind.*	*Obser.*	1808	*Barom*	*Ther.*	*Wind.*	*Obser.*
May 26	29.67	63	NE	Rain	May 10	29 80	58	N	Fair
27	29.71	62	W	Fair	11	29.95	61	W	Ditto
28	29.95	62	S	Ditto	12	30.01	64	W	Ditto
29	30.07	64	SE	Ditto	13	30.08	68	SW	Ditto
30	30.19	65	SE	Ditto	14	29.96	69	SSW	Ditto
31	29.90	68	E	Ditto	15	29.78	62	NW	Ditto
June 1	29.79	62	NW	Rain	16	30.03	63	W	Ditto
2	29.96	60	WSW	Fair	17	30.06	67	SW	Ditto
3	29.71	63	SE	Ditto	18	29.97	66	SW	Ditto
4	29.54	64	SSE	Rain	19	29.98	70	WNW	Ditto
5	29.67	58	SW	Ditto	20	29.96	69	NW	Ditto
6	29.72	54	NW	Fair	21	29.92	70	SSE	Ditto
7	29.76	56	NW	Ditto	22	29.75	69	E	Ditto
8	29.76	61	W	Ditto	23	29.71	62	S	Rain
9	29.62	59	WSW	Rain	24	29.86	68	SW	Fair

EACH DAY'S PRICE OF STOCKS FOR JUNE, 1803.

Days	Bank Stock	3 per Ct Consols	3 per Ct Reduc	4 per Ct Consol	Navy 5 per C	New 5 per Ct	Long Anns.	4 per Ct Scrip.	Imp. 3 per Ct	Imp. Anns.	Irish 5 per Ct	Irish Anns.	So. Sea Stock.	So. Sea Anns.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills.	State Lot Tickets.	Cons. for Ac.
May 21	———	67¼ a 3/8	67¼	84⅝	100	———	18⅝	———	66¼	———	———	———	73	———	176¾	2s pr.	9s pr.	20l 19s	69⅛
28	———	67⅛ a ¼	66⅞	83	99⅞	———	18 9-16	———	———	7 9-16	———	———	———	———	———	1s pr.	9s pr.	20l 19s	68⅞
30	holiday																		
31	239	67⅛ a 68½	67⅛	84⅞	100¼	———	18 11-16	2¾	66¼	———	———	———	———	———	178	par	6s pr.	20l 19s	69⅛
June 1	239	68 a ⅛	67½	84¾	100⅜	———	18 11-16	2¾	66⅜	———	———	———	———	———	178½	1s pr.	6s pr.	21l 0s	69⅜
2	———	68¼ a ⅜	67¼	84¾	———	———	18¼	3¼	66	———	———	———	———	———	178½	1s pr.	6s pr.	21l 0s	69⅛
3	———	———	68½	85⅛	———	———	18⅜	3¾	67⅜	———	97	———	———	———	———	1s pr.	———	21l 0s	70
4	holiday																		
6	holiday																		
7	holiday																		
8	241	———	69¼	85⅞	———	———	19 1-16	4½	68	———	———	———	———	———	———	1s pr.	6s pr.	21l 0s	70½
9	243	———	69⅛	86	———	———	19 1-16	4½	———	7⅝	———	———	———	———	———	1s pr.	6s pr.	21l 0s	70⅝
10	———	———	69	85¼	———	———	19	4	67⅞	7⅞	———	———	———	———	———	1s pr.	7s pr.	21l 0s	70⅞
11	holiday																		
13	———	———	68⅞	85⅝	———	———	18 15-16	4	———	———	96¼	———	———	———	———	1s pr.	7s pr.	21l 0s	70⅜
14	243½	———	69	85¾	———	———	18 15-16	4	———	7⅞	96¼	———	———	———	———	1s pr.	6s pr.	21l 0s	70⅛
15	———	———	69⅛	85¼	———	———	18 15-16	4	68⅛	7⅞	———	———	———	———	———	1s pr.	7s pr.	21l 0s	70⅜
16	———	———	69¼	86	———	———	19 1-16	4	———	7 11-16	———	———	———	———	———	1s pr.	7s pr.	21l 0s	70⅝
17	———	———	68⅞	85⅞	———	———	19	3¾	67¾	———	97¼	———	———	———	———	1s pr.	6s pr.	21l 0s	70⅝
18	———	———	68¾	85¾	———	———	19	3¾	65⅞	———	———	———	———	———	———	1s pr.	6s pr.	21l 2s	70¼
20	———	———	68¼	85	———	———	18 15-16	3	———	———	96⅝	———	———	———	———	1s pr.	7s pr.	21l 2s	69⅞
21	———	———	68⅝	84¾	———	———	18⅞	2¼	———	———	———	———	———	———	———	1s pr.	6s pr.	21l 2s	69¾
22	———	———	68⅜	84½	———	———	18⅝	2½	67¼	———	96¼	———	———	———	———	1s pr.	7s pr.	21l 2s	69¼
23	———	———	68⅛	83¾	———	———	18⅝	2	———	7 11-16	———	———	———	———	———	par	7s pr.	21l 2s	69⅝
24	holiday																		

EDWARD F. T. FORTUNE, Stock-Broker and General Agent, *No.* 13, Cornhill.

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